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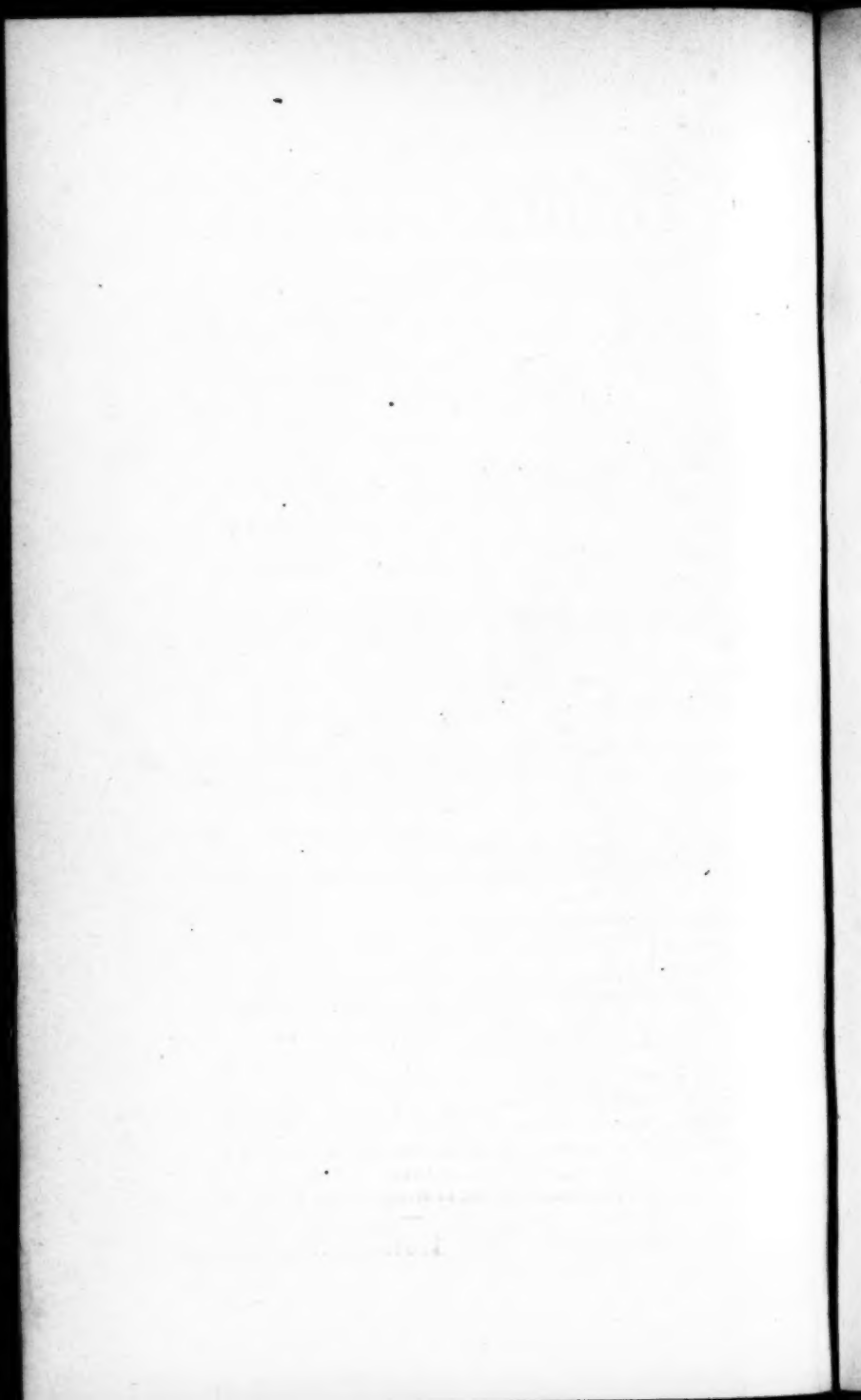
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A LARGE picture requires innumerable studies of detail. Every head, every hand, each figure and each ornament must be thought over and sketched and studied as if the artist's object was, in each case, to show how it, and it alone, stood in the original scene. The painter has thus two great departments into which his labour divides itself. The study of minute, separate parts, and then the combination of all these details into one harmonious whole.

The work of the historian contains a similar division. Unless he has felt that nothing can be too small, too insignificant for his attention, he does not deserve to be allowed to use the pen of the writer of history. His broad views will be bold fallacies, and his sweeping generalizations will simply mislead. In ordinary life, we should be incapable of giving an account of any complicated chain of events unless we had noticed with accuracy and care each succeeding circumstance. We are quite unable to give a truthful sketch of the character of any one with whose daily, and even trivial, actions we are not familiar. It is just so

with the historian. His studies must condescend to the minutest particulars, if his "philosophy of history" is to deserve the name. What can he tell us of the tendencies of an epoch or the causes of its events, if he is not familiar with the great men of the time? And how can he become familiar with a great man unless he follows his career step by step? The work, therefore, of the biographer is the necessary antecedent of the historian—it is of a humbler order, but without it history cannot exist. To this we are becoming fully awake, and the work of our time seems to be acknowledged in the main to be, the accumulation of materials by which those who come after us may re-write the history that, erring in sins, partly of omission and partly of commission, has been mistaught to those before us. Thus kings and queens, and princesses, chancellors and chief justices, statesmen and artists, every one of note and many of none, have now their biographers. It is to be hoped that the writers of true history that are to come, who are to read and digest all these things, will not omit the Lives of the Saints from the elements with which they have to deal, as has been too much done in times gone by. And we hope that the saints may find worthy biographers from time to time, as the ancient records are exhumed and the old manuscripts deciphered; for as fresh discoveries are made our books become almost as antiquated and out of date as "Brown Bess" is beside the modern *armes de precision*.

St. Thomas of Canterbury has, we are thankful to remember, been by no means forgotten in our time. Both in periodical literature and in more permanent works he has been treated of with a happy frequency that reminds one of the astonishing number of biographers that took it in hand to record his actions soon after his death. We are glad of it for many reasons, and not least for this, that unless his life and character be thoroughly appreciated, it is impossible that the history can be understood, not only of England under Henry II., but of Christendom under Pope Alexander III. But the work has by no means been permanently accomplished. Further materials for the biographer must necessarily from time to time be discovered which it is his business to assimilate and work up ready for the hand of the future historian. Indeed we have heard rumours and received accounts which show that some such additions to our sources of information have been made

even since the appearance of the most recent lives of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The wonderfully interesting French metrical Life by *Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence*, completed as he tells us within four years of the martyrdom, and speaking to us in the very language of the time of St. Thomas, has been used, it is true, by Professor Stanley, by Canon Morris, and by Canon Robertson, in their respective compilations, but they have by no means exhausted the information it has to afford. The edition printed by Immanuel Bekker (Berlin 1838), has been completely supplanted by the charming little volume* that we owe to M. Hippeau, Professeur a la Faculté des Lettres a Caen.

Of all ancient sources of information none surpass letters in value and interest. Although we have in Dr. Giles's disorderly collection perhaps 1,000 letters of the time, all more or less relating to the controversy, it is with the liveliest pleasure that we have heard that Mgr. Liverani, a Roman prelate, has discovered 112 others hitherto unpublished. Of these, one only is from the pen of the Saint himself; a short letter of no consequence, recommending some one whom he was sending to Rome. But its presence in the collection suggests to us that these are Roman copies of letters that have escaped Alan of Tewkesbury and the other English collectors. The other letters, we are told, are a medley—many refer to the questions about St. Thomas, and amongst the writers are Gilbert Ffoliot, Bishop of London, Hilary Bishop of Chichester, Roger, the Archbishop of York, the Abbot of Malmesbury, the Bishop of Le Mans, the Archbishop of Rouen; and there is one of Henry II., relating as many others of the collection do, to the Canonization of St. Edward. There are also letters of Alexander III., and one of Victor IV., the Antipope, which is described as being the most interesting letter of the series, its purport being to invite the English to acknowledge him. On this subject, the nearness of England and especially of Henry II. to schism, we may expect in the course of time more information. We are not aware that any Life of St. Thomas or of Henry II. has quoted the Act of the schismatical Barbarossa, recording the Canonization of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, *sedula petitione carissimi amici nostri Henrici*

* Paris, chez Auguste Aubry, 1859.

Regis Angliæ inducti, assensu et auctoritate Domini Paschalis, the Antipope. For further light on this and kindred subjects, we anxiously look for the publication of these letters by Mgr. Liverani, feeling sure, from the five volumes he has recently published on the Life and Letters of John X. and Honorius II., that we may expect scholarly and careful editing.

Of ancient biographies of St. Thomas two are most assuredly to be classed *inter desiderata*. Of the works of Benedict of Peterborough, and William of Canterbury, only those fragments have yet been published which are found in the curious Mosaic, made up of *five* old writers, and called the *Quadrilogus*. Benedict wrote an account of the martyrdom of which he was a witness, as well as the most curious and singularly interesting catalogue of miracles at the shrine. The book on the Miracles has been published; it is the still more valuable work on the martyrdom that we are anxious to obtain. Perhaps the hint or conjecture contained in one of Mr. Morris's notes may be useful to any one who has access to libraries of old manuscripts that have not yet fully yielded up their treasures; that "judging by Joscelyn (Hearne's Avesbury, 280), it probably begins with the words *Cum apud hominum fidelium mentes*."*

Of William of Canterbury, personally, little or nothing has hitherto been known. Dr. Giles says that "he is *probably* the prior of Canterbury who occurs as the writer of one of the letters, † but this is simple conjecture.

This most careless editor might have taken the trouble, when publishing the extracts from this writer contained in the *Quadrilogus*, to have separated those portions which were clearly not his, inasmuch as they appear in their proper context in the works of other writers. Several pages out of the thirty-three, attributed to William, are extracts from Herbert de Bosham. The remainder show us that the work of William of Canterbury is not inferior in graphic

* Life and Martyrdom of St. Thomas Becket. By John Morris, Canon of Northampton, 1859, p. 398.

† Vita S. Thomæ, Ed. Giles, Oxon, 1845, vol. ii. p. 7. Has Dr. Giles misunderstood a passage in an author of the next generation? "Monachi Willermus atque Rogerus, quorum prior Cantuariensis, Pontiniacensis vero alter." (tom. cit. p. 52.)

narrative to any of the contemporary biographies. Amongst other anecdotes there is one which we have not seen in an English dress. It relates that the wife of Hugh de Morville, the knight who is usually depicted at the martyrdom with his sword but half unsheathed, having been repulsed in her advances by a youth named Lithulf, entertained the feeling respecting him that Potiphar's wife felt for Joseph, and one day asked him as if in sport to gallop up towards her and her husband with his sword in his hand. As he did so, the treacherous woman called out, "Huwe of Moreville, war, war, war, Lithulf haveth his swerd ydrawen." Lithulf was condemned to death for attempting his master's life, and died by being thrown into boiling water.* The form of the English words, the fact that the wife of a Norman knight should be said at this time to have spoken to her husband in English, and the manner of Lithulf's death, all render the story worthy of notice.

A paper in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association*,† by Mr. Francis Joseph Baigent, drew attention to a manuscript in the library of Winchester College, which has a peculiar interest attached to it as being one of three which remain of the gifts of the founder, William of Wykeham, and the only one of those named in his will. It is a magnificent manuscript of the twelfth or thirteenth centuries. It commences with a stray leaf, giving an account of the meeting of the kings of England and France at Montmirail, on the Epiphany, 1169. It opens with this remarkable speech of Henry II. to Louis, which may account for the French monarch having taken part with Henry against St. Thomas, on this occasion, for the first and only time. "On this day, my Lord King, on which the three kings offered their gifts to the King of kings, I commend myself, my sons and land, to your keeping." Louis answered, "Since the King who received the gifts of the kings hath inspired you thus, let your sons show themselves that they may possess their lands by the title of our clemency." This glimpse of the humiliations

* *Quadrilog*, Ed. Lupus. Brussels, 1682, vol. i. p. Ed. Giles, vol. ii. p. 31.

† Part I., vol. x., published April 30, 1854.

to which Henry was ready to submit in order to deprive St. Thomas of his friends, is in strict accordance with the account we have of his offer to give Prince Richard, afterwards our Cœur de Lion, into the charge of King Louis, by which offer he had induced Louis to arrange the subsequent meeting at Montmartre.*

To return to our MS. After this leaf, follows a life of St. Thomas, in two books, occupying 108 pages. There then begins another work relating the miracles of St. Thomas, in six books, of which the last is imperfect. These occupy 328 pages. This work is of a very similar character to the books of miracles written by Benedict of Peterborough, and its publication would probably confer as great a treat on all students of the manners of our ancestors. Benedict's† is one of the most amusing books we ever came across, and the Winton MS., furnishing a fresh set of similar details, promises to be of equal interest.

The work, beyond all doubt, is the yet unpublished Life, written by William of Canterbury. The fragments preserved in the *Quadrilogus* fit naturally into the context, so that the authorship of William of Wykeham's beautiful legacy is absolutely certain. Its publication is greatly to be desired; for William of Canterbury is one of the best class of witnesses. He was himself a monk of Canterbury, and not only is the earliness of his date proved by his place in the *Quadrilogus*, and the mention of his name by Herbert, Gervase, and Philip of Liege, but he makes a remark respecting himself in the short prologue to the Winchester MS. showing his personal knowledge of the saint which makes us very anxious to hear his evidence. He says‡ that he received at the saint's hands both

* Morris's *St. Thomas*, p. 269.

† Edited by Dr. Giles, for the Caxton Society, 1850.

‡ Sed et privata causa martyr scriptorem suum compellit ad obsequium. Vivens quippe in carne sanctus eum dignatus est ad ordines promovere et monachili habitu induere, vivensque in cœlo nichilominus servo suo tenetur ex promisso. Nam cum miracula ejus quæ in scedulis occultabat incorrecta et imperfecta, rogaretur a fratribus exponere transcribenda, ait ei in visu noctis, Elige tibi quod vis. Hac audita voce, misericordiam in se martyris intellexit, volentis laborem suum quem ipso premonente subierat, immo donum proprium remunerare.

his orders and his religious habit. It is remarkable that this was the happy lot of Gervase also, and that St. Thomas should have ordained yet another of his biographers, Roger of Pontigny.

It is not only to the works written expressly on the life of St. Thomas that we may look for additional information, but other Saints' Lives and the records of various chroniclers have been by no means ransacked by his recent biographers. Mr. Morris has given us some interesting particulars of St. Thomas's last day upon earth from Giraldus Cambrensis in Wharton's *Anglia Sacra*, to which Mr. Robertson makes no reference; but neither of these writers has quoted the work of Giraldus De Instructione Principum, which contains some curious details respecting King Henry II. and his family. We content ourselves with inserting in this place a translation of an anecdote* respecting St. Thomas when at Pontigny. The saint had a habit, when he was wearied by study, of visiting his clerics in turn, and asking them what they had discovered of interest in the course of their reading. On one occasion coming thus to Alexander the Welshman, he asked him what book he had in hand, and was told "All Martial's Works." "A very proper book for you," rejoined the Saint, for Alexander was a facetious man, as Herbert as well as Giraldus has recorded of him. "The book is worth transcribing," he said, "if it were only for the two lines I was reading just as you came up: they so exactly fit our case.

"Di mihi dent, et tu, quæ tu Trojane mereris,
Di mihi dent, et tu, quæ volo si merui."†

The saint was so pleased that he had a transcript made of the Martial. It is amusing to find an illustration like this of the assertion in his Life that "the saint made use of his stay in this religious house to get copies made for the Church of Canterbury of all the best books in the French libraries." (*Morris*, p. 175.) Giraldus in this passage speaks of Alexander as "Archdeacon of Bangor." We have not seen this mentioned elsewhere, but there

* Published by the Anglia Christiana Society, 1846, p. 186.

† Gods and thou grant me! Trojan, what thy merits claim,
Gods and thou grant my wish! if I deserve the same.

can be no doubt that it is, as Mr. Brewer remarks in his note, our old friend Alexander Llewellyn, whom Herbert de Bosham describes as "called in his own language, Cuelin, by surname and nation 'the Welshman': pleasant in talking, and in pleasant speech profuse." When we think of Alexander's brave remonstrances after the saint's fall at Clarendon, for he was the well-known cross-bearer on that occasion; of the funny little jokes with which he kept up the spirits of the party in exile, of which we have one droll specimen when St. Thomas put on the Cistercian habit; and when we remember how well he deserved Herbert's praise, "All his merits lay not in his mouth, for his hand was as ready as his tongue, and what is very valuable in his nation, his fidelity was equal to his work," being the bearer of the saint's last letter to the Pope and leaving Canterbury on the St. Stephen's day before the martyrdom:—we are pleased indeed to see that our worthy Alexander attained Ecclesiastical dignity and became Archdeacon of Bangor before his death. Giraldus, himself a Welshman, would have had better opportunities of being aware of this promotion than Herbert, whose intercourse with Alexander probably ended when the tie that bound them in their master's service was broken.

Mr. Brewer (whose editorship of this volume and the *Battle Chronicle* for the Anglia Christiana Society is worthy of all praise) quotes a story of St. Thomas and the *sortes* from Fordun's *Scotichronicon* very similar to that given by Giraldus. "When Thomas," he says, "was seeking safety by flight early one morning, as he was walking alone and meditating on the sadness of his condition, he was met by a certain clerk. 'Whither away?' he inquired. 'I am going,' quoth the scholar, 'to school at Canterbury. For I have heard,' he continued, 'that it pleases our noble Archbishop to maintain poor scholars. I have hopes therefore of finding support under the wings of his fatherly affection and goodness; for I am but a poor orphan, and have no means of supporting myself.' 'And what book art thou reading, my son,' replied the Archbishop kindly, 'and where is thy lesson?' 'Cato,' answered the scholar, 'and here is my lesson—

'*Esto animo fortis, cum sis damnatus inique.*'

"The saint took the verse for an omen, as a message of

comfort from Almighty God ; and telling the clerk that, when he next saw the Archbishop, he should approach him with confidence, and, asking his charity, show this verse for a token ; he gave him some money and they separated with mutual comfort."

To these we may add a few more stories from *Lambarde*,* an historian of the County of Kent of the seventeenth century. They are sneeringly told, but they are valuable records of local traditions, the memory of which should not be lost ; and there is a piquant quaintness in the manner in which they are told.

"If Edmund Hadhenham, the penner of the chronicles of Rochester, lye not shamefully, (which thing you know how far it is from a monke) then at such time as King Henrie the Seconde and Lewes the French King were, after long warre, reconciled to amitie, Lewes came over to visit King Henrie, and in his return homeward saluted Saint Thomas of Canterburie, made a princely offer at his tombe, and (bicause he was very fearefull of the water) asked of Saint Thomas, and obtained, that neither he in that passage, nor any other from hencefoorth, that crossed the seas between Dover and Withsand, should suffer any manner of losse or shipwracke."—p. 162.

The passage from Dover or Sandwich to Whitsand, now Gallicized into Ouessant, seems to have been the favorite transit of our ancestors. Of all the marvels of that time few are so great as the readiness with which the channel was crossed, and that in mere boats or barges, when our kings held sway on either shore.

"Polydore Virgil (handeling that hot contention betweene King Henrie the Seconde and Thomas Becket) saith that Becket (being at the length reputed for the king's enimie) began to be so commonly neglected, contemned and hated, that when as it happened him upon a time, to come to Stroude, the inhabitants thereabouts (being desirous to despite that good father) sticked not to cut the taile from the horse on which he roade, binding themselves therby with a perpetual reproach : For afterward (by the will of God) it so happened that every one which came of that kindred of men which had plaied that naughty pranke, were borne with tailes, even as brute beasts bee."—p. 356.

One more extract from Master *Lambarde*.

"It was long since fancied, and is yet of too many believed, that

* *Perambulation of Kent*. Chatham, 1826.

while Thomas Becket lay at the olde house at Otford (which of long time, as you see, belonged to the Archbishops, and whereof the olde hall and chapell onely doe now remaine) and sawe that it wanted a fit spring to water it, that he strake his staffe into the drie ground, (in a place thereof now called Sainct Thomas Well) and that immediately the same water appeered, which running plentifully, serveth the offices of the new house till this present day.

"They say also, that as he walked on a time in the olde Parke, (busie at his praiers) that he was much hindered in devotion by the sweete note and melodie of a Nightingale that sang in a bush besides him: and that therefore (in the might of his holinesse) he inioined that from thenesfoorth the no birde of that kinde should be so bolde as to sing thereabout.

"Some men report likewise, that forasmuch as a smith (then dwelling in the towne) had cloyed his horse, he enacted by like authoritie, that after that time no smith should thrive within the parish."—p. 460.

Saying good bye to Lambarde, some of whose tales we fear Canon Morris would place in his chapter of legends, we turn, in fulfilment of our task of gathering up the fragments that remain lest they perish, to the *Life of St. Godric*, where we find an interesting mention of *St. Thomas*. A monk of Westminster was on a visit to the holy hermit of Finchale, who asked him, one day, whether he knew Thomas "the new Archbishop of Canterbury." The monk replied that he knew him, and added, "And do you know him, Sir?" *St. Godric's* answer was, "With my bodily eye I have never seen him, but with the inward eye of my heart I have often seen him, and I know him so well, that if now I were to see his face, though no one were to tell me and he were to be placed amongst many persons whom I did not know, I should recognize him immediately." The monk not making any remark, *St. Godric* continued: "I wish to send him some secret messages, if you will be my messenger." His companion expressed readiness, provided there was nothing wrong in the message. The old man smiled and said that he hoped his injunction would be good. "When you see him," he said, "remember, I pray you, to salute him in the name of poor *Godric*, and say that he must steadily persevere in carrying out those things which he has resolved to do, for all the things he has resolved are most pleasing and acceptable to Almighty God. Yet he will suffer very great adversity, and he will very soon be

driven into exile from England, he will for some time remain a stranger and a sojourner in foreign lands, until the period of his appointed penance is fulfilled. At last he will return to England, to his own archiepiscopal see, and he will then be loftier in dignity than when he left England. For that Archbishop and Malcolm King of the Scots, of all the rich men between the Alps and the furthest limits of Scotland, are the two who will be most pleasing and acceptable to God. And King Malcolm will receive from God the penny of the heavenly reward. Now when you have told him this, I beg you to send me by some one his absolution of my sins, written and sent me by him." "Why do you ask his absolution?" inquired the monk, "seeing that you are not of his flock." "I know that it will benefit me," said St. Godric, "and therefore I ask you to send it to me." The monk marvelled at this conversation, for St. Thomas had not been very long Archbishop, and people did not think that he had seriously lost the King's favour. On his return he went with his abbot to St. Thomas at "Warenes Stanes" near Windsor, and when our saint had heard St. Godric's message, he made enquiry from the abbot respecting him. "I recommend you," said the abbot, "to receive his message with gratitude, for he often foretells things to come." The next morning St. Thomas wrote to him, sending the absolution he had asked for, and recommending himself to his fatherly prayers. Within three months of the prediction, the biographer of St. Godric tells us that it was fulfilled by the exile of the saint.

When St. Thomas had spent some years in exile, the same monk being once more in the neighbourhood, consulted St. Godric respecting it. "The Archbishop of Canterbury has now been a long time in exile, and there seems to be no possible hope left of a reconciliation, for we have heard that so many adverse things press upon him, that we are afraid he will never again return to England." "Yet a little while longer," replied St. Godric, "will he suffer his exile, for he has not yet passed his time of penance. Then the king will permit him to return to his see in Kent, with greater power and honour than when he went into exile."

The day before the passion of St. Thomas, this same monk, who was at Canterbury on business, asked the archbishop whether he remembered the message he had

brought him from St. Godric the pious hermit. "Right well do I remember it," said St. Thomas, "but he has passed from this world to the Lord, and it is some time since we sung our funeral mass for him. I know that he did not need our help, for he is happily reigning with Christ in heaven. The message that he sent me by you, came to pass as he said, for I went into exile only Archbishop of Canterbury, and now I have returned Legate of all England."*

There is another similar narrative in another part of the same life, which, from the interest of being thus enabled to link two English saints together, we may be permitted to give at equal length. Reginald, the monk of Durham, who wrote the life, speaks here in the first person.

"It was now midlent, and the vigil of St. Cuthbert's day had come, (March 19), on which his monks from all parts are accustomed to meet in chapter for the feast. And since I had kept half my Lent with the man of God (St. Godric) I spoke to him about it on the evening before that I might get his leave to say mass early the next morning and go home. As I was about to start after mass, I knelt for his blessing, when he smiled and said, 'Though you are in such a hurry to go, it is possible that before you leave the gate you may come back again.' I went out, and immediately met some Cistercian abbots, who made me return, and asked to be allowed to speak to the man of God. I went in to him, and he said with a smile, 'See, how soon you have returned.' I then thought of his words, and when the interview with the abbots was over, I returned to ask his leave to depart: he gave it me with his blessing, but he added, 'If you go now, before you get out of the garden fence, you may be obliged, however unwillingly to return again.' I did not give much consideration to his prediction, but I started for Durham as quickly as I could. But before I was clear of the place, a brother in grey met me, who called upon me in the name of the Holy Trinity to stop and hear his message; and he commanded me in the name of the lord Thomas Archbishop of Canterbury then in exile, that in virtue of the Holy Spirit and of obedience, I should tell no man what he was about to tell me, until I saw the end. This I promised. Having received the message of the lord archbishop to the servant of God, I returned into his cell, and timidly and anxiously I began to consult him on some text of Scripture. He saw that there was something that I wished to say to him, and

* *Libellus de Vita et miraculis S. Godrici, Heremitæ de Finchale, Auctore Reginaldo Monacho Dunelmensi*—Surtees Society, 1845. P. 236, §§ 222-225.

so he said : ' You always treat me like an unlearned person with your circumlocutions : say briefly and plainly what you are thinking of, and I will willingly answer you as God shall enable me.'

" Somewhat confused by this truthful and pleasant speech, but taking courage, I said that I wondered exceedingly why the long altercation between the king and the archbishop had not been brought to an end by the mediation of some of the nobles. He answered : ' Because both of them did wrong in the gift and the receipt of that dignity, and therefore the Lord hath chastised them both with the rod of their own fault ; but the Lord's clemency can bring good out of men's evil and give a good end to evil beginnings.' Then speaking freely I told him all. ' Sir,' I said, ' a messenger from the exiled Archbishop of Canterbury is outside, and binding me by the authority of the archbishop and by solemn pledges he has told me that he has come here as his secret messenger, so secretly that scarcely any even of his domestics were aware of it, for if he were taken by the king's officials, he would certainly be punished with death. His Lordship of Canterbury ordered him to give his precept in a secret manner to whichever of the monks of Durham he found in attendance upon you. So in his name and as his messenger and in the name of the Holy Trinity he bade me secretly go to you, whom he called the servant of God, and tell you his message. Three times you have sent to the Archbishop the knowledge of secret and future things, in each of which he has found you to be a true prophet in the Spirit of the Lord ; for in each of them the end has come to pass as you have foretold. In the name of the Holy Trinity he adjured me to ask of you how long this dissension will last, when he will be in accord with the king, and whether he shall ever return to England, or what the end will be ; for on these points he is very anxious. Now he prays you as a father, he adjures you as a fellow-soldier, he asks of you as an ancient servant of the Lord, to tell him by me the end of all this calamity, for he has heard that you have predicted of him that within seven years his exile should have a happy end, and now those years have all but elapsed and they have brought him sorrow rather than consolation.'

" After a long silence, he replied—' Three times I have sent him secret messages which the Holy Ghost revealed to me and which I felt would come true in his regard ; and now tell his messenger who is outside that when you came to me for leave to go home, I foresaw how your journey would be hindered. Tell him not to be troubled if for a little while he have much to suffer, for the longer the trial is, the fuller will be the crown, and the light burden of this tribulation brings forth an increase of everlasting beatitude. For within six months peace by word of mouth will be made between him and the king, but Godric will not then be living here ; and within nine months his honours and possessions will be restored to him, and he will return to his See in Kent, where not long after an

end shall come to him altogether and of all things—an end that shall be for his saving good, his joy and perfection ; and to many men a remedy of salvation, a help and consolation. Tell these last words of mine frequently to his messenger, and repeat them again and again, for by the help of the Holy Spirit, as soon as he has heard them, the Archbishop will know their secret meaning. And there will be greater joy amongst all the English for his return than there was sorrow for his exile.

“ I then went out and told all this to his messenger, but nothing would satisfy him but that he should be admitted to speak to the servant of God ; and when I had obtained this for him, St. Godric rehearsed to him over and over again what I have given above, and repeatedly told him that he must remember that in a little while the end of all was coming. Having received his blessing we departed together, and we understood nothing of the prophetic things we had heard. Once more I returned, after I had had his blessing, and he said :—‘ This morning you were in such haste to get to Durham ; now you will not get there for the Chapter but you will be there by dinner time.’ It happened as he said, and finding the monks going to the refectory, his prophecy came back to my mind.

“ In about two months after this the man of God departed this life, and before the martyrdom of my Lord of Canterbury none of these words came to my memory ; but after the solemn martyrdom of the Archbishop’s death, then all the ambiguity of the prophecy was made clear. For all things happened as the man of God had foretold, and the end came as the Spirit of God had made known to him.”*

Mr. Stevenson, who edited this interesting volume for the Surtees Society, remarks that this prophecy was uttered in 1170, on the 19th of March, that St. Godric died on the 21st of May, that it was in October that St. Thomas of Canterbury was, “ to all appearance ” reconciled to King Henry, and his martyrdom followed on the 29th December. These dates show that Hoveden, † the chronicler, was mistaken when he says that the death of St. Thomas was revealed to St. Godric at Finchale, on the day on which it happened, for St. Godric, as we have seen, predeceased St. Thomas seven months.

Speaking of the connexion between St. Thomas of Can-

* Vita S. Godrici, pp. 293, 297, § 27 — 280.

† Eodem die passio beati Thomæ revelata est beato Godrico Anachoritæ per spiritum sanctum apud Finkhale, qui locus distat Cantuaria plusquam per (? ter) centum sexaginta milliaria. Savile—Scriptores post Bedam, 1601, p. 522.

terbury and the Saints of Durham, we are not aware whether any notice has been taken of a passage in the compilation which on the strength of the superscription of a manuscript belonging to Sir Thomas Phillips, Dr. Giles publishes under the name of Philip of Liege. Whosoever it may be, it is certainly not later than the generation next after that of St. Thomas, and it contains this anecdote.

"When he raised from the earth to his shrine the blessed Cuthbert, the bishop beloved of God and venerable amongst men, and touched each of his limbs and his face and all the members of the saint which had suffered no corruption though six hundred years had passed, for he had lived a virgin from his childhood, famous for holiness and miracles, the king asked the archbishop how he presumed to touch all the members of so great a saint; on which the man of God replied—'Do not wonder, sire, at this, that with my consecrated hands I have touched him, for far higher is that sacrament which day by day I, as other priests, handle on the altar, the blessed body of Christ which is committed to three orders of priests, deacons, and subdeacons.'"

Roger Hoveden is the narrator of the following miracle. "One day the Archbishop was sitting at the table of Pope Alexander, when his domestic placed before him a bowl of water. The Pope reached for it and tasted it, and found it to be an excellent wine, and saying, 'I thought you drank water,' put it back before the Archbishop, when straightway the wine returned to its former taste of water."† It is a pretty story, but we are afraid that it cannot stand, any more than Hoveden's story of St. Godric, for it is constantly mentioned that St. Thomas was not a water-drinker. "Being of a very chilly temperament, water did not agree with him, so that he never drank it, and but seldom beer, but he always took wine, though in great moderation and with all sobriety."‡ The testimony of Garnier of Pont Sainte Maxence is to the same effect.

"Le meillur vin useit que il poeit trover;
Mès pur le freit ventreil, eschaffé le beveit;
Kar le ventreil aveit et le cors forment freit.
Gimembre et mult girofre, pur eschalfer, mangeit;
No pur quant tut adès l'ève od le vin mesleit."§

* *Anecdota Bedæ, &c.* Ed. Giles. Caxton Soc., 1851, p. 234.

† Hoveden ap., Savile, p. 520.

‡ *Herb. de Bosham—Vita*, Ed. Giles, vii. p. 70.

§ Ed. Hippeau, p. 136.

So that Hoveden's miracle, we fear, must be classed with the legend of the carp, which we cannot help quoting in all its quaintness, although it has been already published.

"And anon after Saynt Thomas came to come (to Sens) on Saynt Marcus day at afternone. And whan his Cature shulde haue brought fysshe for his dyner, because it was fastynge day, he coude gette non for no money, and came and tolde his lorde Saynt Thomas so, and he bad hym by such as he coude gete, and than he bought flesshe and made it redy for theyr dyner, and Saynt Thomas was served wt a capon rosted and his men with boylled mete and so it was that ye pope herde yt he was come and sent a cardynall to welcome hym, and he found hym at his dyner etynge flesshe, whiche anon retourned and tolde to the pope how he was not so perfyght a mā as he had supposed. For contrary to the rule of the church he eteth thys day flesshe. The pope wold not believe hym but sent another cardynall whiche for more evydent toke the legge of the capon in his kerchyf and affermed the same. And opened his kerchyf before ye pope and he founde the legge tourned in to a fysshe called a carpe and when ye pope sawe it he sayde they were not trwe men to say suche thynges of this good bysshope, they sayde feythfully yt it was flesshe that he ete. And after this Saynt Thomas came to ye pope and dyd his reverence and obedience whome ye pope welcomed and after certayne comunycacions he demaunded hym what mete yt he had eten and sayde flesshe as ye have herd before bycause he coude fynde no fysshe and very nede cōpelled hym thereto, than ye pope understode of ye myracle that the capons legge was tourned in to a carpe of his goodness granted to hym and to all them of ye dyocise of Canterbury lycēce to ete flesshe ever after on Saynt Marcus day whan et falleth on a fysshe day and pdon all whiche is kepte and accustomed." *

¶ We wonder very much whether there was any such dispensation to eat meat on St. Mark's Day in the diocese of Canterbury, which served as the foundation of fact for this curious legend. It reminds us somewhat of the grave old narrator's account of how, on some great occasion, "two fountains sprung up, one of wine and the other of water: that of water remaineth unto this day." Was the sequel of the capon's leg being changed into a carp in the Cardinal's kerchief, "kept and accustomed?" If so, it is singular that our Catholic ancestors should have lost

* Morris's *Life of St. Thomas*, p. 376. We have restored the spelling of the "*Lyfe of Saynt Thomas of Caunturbury*" published by Rycharde Pynson.

the tradition, for amongst ourselves, St. Mark has been a day of abstinence until very lately. By a Rescript of July 8, 1781, Pope Pius VI. abrogated the fast which, in consequence of an immemorial tradition, the English Catholics kept on all the Fridays of the year, with the exception of the Paschal Season. The Pope then refused to dispense with the abstinence on St. Mark's Day and the three Rogation Days, which the Vicars Apostolic had asked at the same time; but this was granted by Pope Pius VIII. by a Rescript dated May 29, 1830.

In 1696, a life of St. Thomas was published at Lucca, by John Baptist Cola, *della Congregazione della Madre di Dio*. It consists in the main of a translation of that published in French by Beaulieu, in 1674, but it also contains, distinguished by italics, a few anecdotes collected from other sources by the translator. At page 179 he mentions the Italian families of whom he had heard as claiming descent from the banished relations of the saint. Of these he gives the first place to "F. Andrea Minerbetti," a Knight Commander of the Order of St. John at Florence, and then he enumerates the "Signori Becchetti" of Piacenza, Fabriano, Verona, of Sacca in Sicily, and of Berceto in the territory of Parma, to which latter place he attributes the possession of a precious relic of our saint. He then speaks of the "Signori Morselli" of Vigerano and Piacenza. In the former place this family rejoiced in the possession of a fountain which St. Thomas had caused to spring up miraculously on one of his journeys to Rome, which favour they recorded by engraving on the city insignia, which it was their privilege to carry in procession on St. Mark's day, the following verses, in which the Morselli celebrate their devotion to St. Mark and to St. Thomas of Canterbury.

"Clarorumque tribus, Morsellorumque propago
 Marcola, quæ gemino nitet illustrata decore.
 Nam licet Huic soli, cum Marci festa geruntur,
 Vexillum patriæ populo præferre precanti,
 Ilæc etiam in terris Sanctorum munere gaudet;
 Nam sibi conspicuum Thomas pater ille beatus
 Præsul arenosis fontem impetravit in arvis."

But by far the most interesting of all the narratives of this book, which we have not seen mentioned elsewhere, is the account of a vision of St. Catherine of Bologna. In

order to devote herself to prayer this saint had deprived herself of her natural rest to such an extent that her spiritual daughters, fearing both for her mind and body, implored her to devote less time to this holy exercise. St. Catherine, after asking fervently for God's guidance, fell asleep and saw St. Thomas of Canterbury, to whom she was particularly devoted, appear to her in his pontifical vestments, and make a sign to her to observe what he should do. She noticed that he prayed for some time and then devoted a while to rest, and then returned again to prayer; and then, drawing near to St. Catherine, he gave his hand to her to kiss, on which she awoke and saw him and kissed his hand before he disappeared. The account of this the saint wrote in her Breviary "which is still amongst her relics at Bologna," with these words:—"Oratio pro Sancto Thomâ meo gloriosissimo Martyre, tam benignissimo, qui manus suas sanctissimas concessit mihi, et osculata sum illas in corde et corpore meo; ad laudem Dei et illius scripsi, et narraui hoc cum omni veritate." In both the lives of St. Catherine given by the Bollandists (March 9), this is narrated, with a slight variation in the words written by the Saint in her Breviary. "S. Thomas meus gloriosissimus et clementissimus Patronus," one says are the words used respecting our great English martyr by the wonderful virgin who now for four hundred years has dwelt incorrupt amongst her Poor Clares at Bologna.

We now ask the reader to turn with us to the Chronicle of Battle Abbey, and to permit us to enter into an examination of the portion of it that relates to St. Thomas at greater length than we have hitherto done with any of our collection. It well deserves greater notice than has been taken of it. By Mr. Morris it has been dismissed in a single paragraph; Mr. Robertson, to the best of our recollection, makes no allusion to it whatever; and Lord Campbell mentions it with his usual inaccuracy. "One day, at a meeting of the clergy, some bishops affected to talk in highflown terms of their *being independent of the royal authority*; but the Chancellor, who was present, openly contradicted them, and, in a severe tone, reminded them that they were bound to the King by the same oath as men of the sword, 'to be true and faithful to the King, and truth and faith to bear of life and limb and earthly honour.'" As this Battle controversy took place when St. Thomas was Chancellor, and as his only concern with

it was his official position as Chancellor, it being a report of one of the earliest, if not the earliest, trial extant, it was well worthy of a fuller notice and greater attention from the historian and present holder of the Great Seal. It is a pity that, before Lord Campbell stereotyped his book and brought it to "as perfect a state as he could hope that it might ever attain," he did not correct some of the blunders in his life of St. Thomas. For instance, he tranquilly says,* "There has been an unfounded supposition recently started that Becket was of the Norman race. His Saxon pedigree appears from all contemporary authorities." The precise reverse of this is the truth. Not a single contemporary writer calls him a Saxon, and Fitz-Stephen, to whom Lord Campbell makes frequent and lengthy reference, says that his father, Gilbert Becket, was from the village of Tierrie, in Normandy. Lord Campbell has chosen to follow Thierry, the historian of the Norman Conquest, and as he happened to have a crotchet on this point, he has misled his English disciple; but this is no excuse for Lord Campbell's wanton assertion respecting "all the contemporary authorities" whom he evidently had not consulted.

Again he says, "Ffoliot, Bishop of London, publicly accused him of plunging a sword into the bosom of his mother, the Church" (p. 68.); at the time of the war in France, in which St. Thomas the Chancellor had led the King's army in person, while the fact was that Ffoliot was not Bishop of London until St. Thomas was Archbishop of Canterbury, and the accusation was brought by Ffoliot in a letter written, not at the time, as Lord Campbell misinforms his reader, but long afterwards when St. Thomas was in exile. But the most flagrant of his Lordship's blunders, to select only one more, is the extraordinary confusion he has made (p. 79, note q.) between John of Salisbury, the well-known scholar and friend of St. Thomas, and John of Oxford, Dean of Salisbury; and he has not only attributed to the good Christian the excommunication that fell upon the schismatic, but he has actually given as the cause that provoked the censure, a

* *Lives of the Lord Chancellors of England*, by John, Lord Campbell. Fourth Edition. London, 1856. Vol. i. p. 57, note.

private letter to the Saint, written in a severe strain, concluding with the words, "Take it as you please," and, says Lord Campbell, "he was excommunicated for his pains!" This blunder is probably without parallel. To another of Lord Campbell's errors, in which he has been followed by Canon Robertson, and that a very flagrant one, most unworthy of the judicial ermine, we called our readers' attention in a recent number. But we must now pass from our present Lord Chancellor to his great predecessor, and in order to give the account of the Battle Abbey controversy, we must turn to the Chronicle of that famous house, as edited in Latin by Mr. Brewer and translated by Mr. Lower.

The abbey of Battle was founded in honour of St. Martin, by King William the Conqueror, on the spot where the Battle of Hastings was fought, in suffrage for the souls of those who died there, and in thanksgiving for the victory there gained. Its royal founder conferred upon it many privileges, especially of exemptions from burdens, and amongst other grants in the act of its foundation occur the words: "Let it be free and quit for ever from all subjection of bishops, and from the rule of all persons whatever, as is Christ Church at Canterbury."

Hilary had not long succeeded to Seffrid in the See of Chichester, when he began to try to extend his jurisdiction over the exempt abbey of St. Martin at Battle. His claims were that the Abbot should be blessed in the Church of Chichester, having first made his profession of canonical obedience to it; next, that the Abbot was bound to attend the Diocesan Synod, and further, that the Bishop had the right of lodging in the abbey and its manors, by which latter claim he hoped in time to subject it altogether to himself. The Abbot, on his side, with all patience and humility, pleaded the exemption in the Act of Foundation, which bore the signatures of Lanfranc the Primate, and Stigand, the Bishop of Chichester. The Bishop, however, hoped to be successful through the favour of Pope Eugenius and of Archbishop Theobald.

In the time of King Stephen, the Bishop began the strife by summoning the Abbot to his Synod, and on his non-appearance he punished him with suspension, unless he should make satisfaction within forty days. When this came to the Abbot's ears, he immediately complained to the King, whose court was at St. Albans, who sent

Robert de Corneville, one of his clerics, to the Bishop, warning him to leave the abbey as free as the chapel royal itself. The contending parties were cited to appear before the King in London, in the presence of the Bishops and Barons, but on the appointed day the Bishop was not present. The charters and grants were produced and read, and in the Bishop's absence the King decreed the exemption of the abbey.

Thus matters remained during the life of King Stephen. Immediately on the King's death, which occurred October 28, 1154, Hilary summoned the Abbot to his Synod once more, and on his non-appearance he excommunicated him in solemn council. One of the brothers of the Temple hastened with the news to London, where, by Archbishop Theobald's advice, the Abbot was waiting for the new king's arrival, with his brother Richard de Luci, a nobleman whose name often appears in the history of St. Thomas. On this Theobald sent a message to the Bishop by Salamon, one of his clerics, to the effect that the Abbot was absent at his bidding, and that the Bishop should withdraw the sentence until they could meet. This Hilary accordingly did.

In 1155, the first year of King Henry's reign, in the Council which was held in London, in Lent, some bishops and abbots brought forward their Charters to have them confirmed by the king; and amongst the others was the Abbot of Battle. The Bishop of Chichester hastened to Archbishop Theobald, and warning him that the liberties and dignities of Canterbury and Chichester were in danger, requested him to interfere. The King, "yielding to the wishes of so eminent a personage, by whom he had so recently been invested with his sovereignty," ordered the Chancellor not to put the Great Seal to the Charter of Battle Abbey. The day following the Abbot went to court, but as the King was going out to hunt, he returned to his dwelling-house "at Battlebridge, in Southwark." On the third day he went to Westminster, where he found the King before the altar, about to hear Mass. After the Introit,* he went up to the King and said: "My Lord,

* Mr. Lower says, "after the entrance of the host!" This mis-translation arises from an ignorance of liturgical terms which surprises us in Mr. Lower. Dr. Giles has a still more ridiculous mistake

your excellency ordered that the Charter of our Church was to be confirmed with the royal seal: why it is now refused I do not know: let your clemency command that the royal word be kept, and not overthrown by any one's envy." The Chancellor* was then summoned, and the King ordered him to place the seal to the Charter; but while he was yet speaking, the Bishop, guessing what was going forward, hurried up and said: "My Lord, your clemency must remember that the day before yesterday the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury and myself laid a complaint before you of the Abbot of Battle, who is seeking for charters against the dignities of our Churches, so that if his subtlety prevails they will lament the loss of those rights which they have canonically possessed hitherto. Let your royal dignity therefore prohibit its having any confirmation, lest through his example others should rise against their bishops." The King, however, ordered the Charter to be sealed, and bade the Bishop and Abbot, together with the Chancellor, to appear before the Archbishop, when, if the matter could not be arranged, the Charter was to be left in the Chapel Royal in the keeping of the Chancellor, until the King's pleasure should be known. When the Mass had been sung as far as the *Pax Domini*, the Bishop took the *Pax* as usual to the King, and afterwards, to the astonishment of many, to the Abbot also.

The Chancellor accordingly accompanied the Bishop and the Abbot to the Archbishop at Lambeth, before whom the Charter of King William the Conqueror was

in the following sentence, which, we should think, he must himself be not a little perplexed to understand. "After the nocturnal devotion, which is said to be done whilst it is dark, but really in the light, on the day of preparation, until the ninth hour takes place, &c." *Giles's Life and Letters of Thomas a Becket*. London, 1846, vol. i. p. 58. This is meant for the translation of a passage in Fitz-Stephens, which simply means: "On Maundy Thursday, after Tenebræ, and on Good Friday till the hour of none." The old writer, wishing to speak of the spiritual beauty of the Tenebræ, confuses Dr. Giles by styling it, "quod dicitur tenebrarum, sed est lucis."

* We thus learn from the Chronicle that St. Thomas was appointed to the Chancellorship within the first few months of Henry's reign.

read. At the clause declaring the abbey to be as free from all jurisdiction of bishops as Christ Church, Canterbury, there was a great outcry, some declaring it to be against the Canons, others against the dignities of Canterbury, while others said that the words were "frivolous." Hilary not finding the names of any of his predecessors to attest the grant, and holding the clause to be uncanonical, declared that it ought to be erased by the authority of the judges there present. The Archbishop was of the same opinion. Although the opposition of the Abbot was but reasonable, they would not rest quiet. When the Chancellor perceived the difference of opinion amongst them, he carried off the Abbot's Charter to the Chapel Royal. The Abbot returned home, and the Bishop rejoiced as if he had won the day.

The Abbot, however, took the opportunity of a Parliament which was held in the summer of the same year, in order to receive the submission of a noble rebel, called Hugh de Mortimer, to renew his petition for his Charter, and owing to the interest of Reginald, Earl of Cornwall, and Richard de Humez, "the King's Tribune," who were members of his Council, and friends of Richard de Luci, and of his brother the abbot Walter, the petition was successful.

[* The Abbot took leave of the King with thanks, retired from the court with his charter, and in due time arrived at Battle, to the great joy of the brethren.

In the following Lent the Bishop renewed hostilities by summoning the Abbot to Chichester, and there, in the Chapter house, on Mid-lent Sunday, a long debate ensued between the Dean on the one side and the Abbot on the other; the text being a mandate from Adrian IV., the English Pope then reigning, to the Abbot to give due obedience to Hilary "to whom he had made profession thereof." The Dean demanded a written and sealed profession of obedience: the Abbot asked for a respite that he might visit and consult the king, "whose chapel-royal and a pledge of whose royal crown Battle Abbey is acknowledged to be." By quiet pertinacity, the Abbot carried his point; and, "having made his prayers before

* The meaning of these brackets will be subsequently explained.

the altar of the Holy Trinity there, and fortified himself with the sign of the holy cross, he returned home with his friends."

King Henry had celebrated the anniversary of his accession at Westminster, and at the beginning of 1156, he passed over into Normandy. It was Easter 1157 before he returned to England, and, for the last six months Hilary, the Bishop of Chichester, had been in attendance on the King's Court. On the complaint of the Abbot, made through his powerful brother Richard de Luci, the King commanded the Bishop "that he should permit the Abbot of Battle, as his own chaplain, to rest in peace from all complaints, till he should return to England."

After landing at Southampton, Henry proceeded to Ongar in Essex, which belonged to Richard de Luci, and when the Abbot came to meet him there, the King summoned him "to attend on the coming Whit Sunday at St. Edmund's (where he was then to be ensigned with the royal crown)" and, when, he promised him, the cause between him and the Bishop should be tried. The Abbot awaited the appointed day at his manor of Hou, not far from Ongar.]

In the year 1157, the King was solemnly crowned anew in the third year of his reign at Bury St. Edmund's, in the presence of the prelates, nobles, and a multitude of people, on the Feast of Pentecost, which fell that year upon St. Dunstan's Day (May 19).^{*} Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, and Walter, Abbot of Battle, were present, having been summoned that their long dispute might be brought to a conclusion. The cause was adjourned for a few days to be heard at Colchester, where the parties arrived on Thursday in Whitsunweek. On the Friday, the Abbot, with Richard de Luci, went to the King, who bade them wait in the Chapter-house of the monks for him. When the King had heard Mass, [he entered the Chapter-house, strictly ordering that no one but those whom he should summon by name should follow. He then called Thomas the Chancellor, Robert Earl of Leicester, Richard de Humez, the Tribune, Richard de Luci, Warine Fitzgerald, and Nicholas de Sigillo. There

^{*} This coronation, Mr. Brewer tells us, is unmentioned by any other writer.

was also present a certain physician named Ralph; and likewise Henry of Essex, the King's Tribune, who had been previously sent to the Chapter House to the Abbot by the King. In addition to these, William, the King's younger brother, came, and took his seat with the rest near the King.

All having taken their places, and the Abbot sitting by with three of his monks, Richard de Luci opened the proceedings: stating that the Abbot was prepared to produce his charters. This the King directed should be done, and] Thomas the Chancellor read the charter of the great King William before them. [The King thereupon took the charter into his own hands, and having closely examined it, deigned to commend it in high terms, blessing the soul of that noble king, who had regarded the abbey he had erected with so strong affection as to bestow upon it such great liberties and dignities.] The Chancellor next read another charter of King William upon the personal affairs of the Abbot, and [this, in the same manner, the King took and examined, and commanded to be put up with the rest, and carefully kept. He also declared that if ever he himself, under divine inspiration, should found an abbey, he would prescribe for it similar liberties and dignities to those of Battle Abbey. He also examined] the charters of the other kings, namely, those of King William the younger, and of King Henry, [and at the same time, the charter confirmed by his own seal, and commanded that they should be carefully preserved. Then] the Chancellor looking to the Abbot said, "My Lord Abbot, the Bishop of Chichester has, what seems to many, a strong argument against you, when he says that you made your profession in the Church at Chichester." The Abbot protested that he had done nothing against the dignity and liberty of his Church. The King, looking towards the Chancellor, said, "Profession is not against the dignities of churches; for they who make profession promise only what they owe." Richard de Luci, hearing this, again spoke: [My lord, your Highness has heard the privileges granted by the noble King William to his abbey, which he styled *Battle*, because God had there given him victory over his enemies, and which that abbey—which is your own royal chapel, and the pledge of your royal crown—has preserved inviolate until now. Wherefore I avow that that abbey ought to be held in high

account by you and by all of us Normans, inasmuch as at that place the most noble King William, by God's grace, and the aid of our ancestors, acquired that whereby you, my lord King, at this time, hold the crown of England by hereditary right, and whereby we have been all enriched with great wealth. We therefore pray your clemency to protect with the right hand of your authority, that abbey, with its dignities and liberties, in order that it, with all its possessions, may remain as free as it has ever been known to be in the times of your ancestors. But if this pleases you not, I humbly beg that you will remove my brother the Abbot from his place, that the abbey may not mourn the loss, in his time, of the liberties which it had preserved inviolate in that of his predecessors." And Robert, Earl of Leicester, [and others, cried out that the King would take equal care to preserve this abbey as he would his crown, or the acquisitions of their ancestors] and the King declared that he never could bring his mind to permit the Church in question to lose its dignities and liberties in his time, and that he would speak to the Bishop and arrange all the matter peaceably.

On the Tuesday after the Octave of Pentecost (May 28), the King entered the monks' Chapter-house in the company of the two Archbishops, Theobald of Canterbury, and Roger of York, the Bishops Richard of London, Robert of Exeter, and Robert of Lincoln, Silvester, Abbot of St. Augustine's, Canterbury, and Geoffry, Abbot of Holme, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, Robert, Earl of Leicester, and Patrick, Earl of Salisbury, and amongst the Barons, Henry of Essex, Reginald de Warenne, Richard de Luci, and Warin FitzGerald, together with a great number of commoners. Hilary and Walter were also present. When a dispute between Archbishop Theobald and Abbot Silvester, of much the same character, had been decided, Richard de Luci rose and made a speech to the King in his brother's behalf [in these words:

"This day has been appointed by your excellency, my lord King, whose good fortune equals your virtues, for my venerable brother Walter, ruler of your Abbey of Battle, to come to the consistory of this place, against the reverend Hilary, bishop of Chichester, for the settlement of the controversy so long maintained between them on their respective privileges. Obedient to your mandate, he is come, prepared to give satisfaction to any one who has aught to

allege against him, consistently with your honour and the rights of the Abbey committed to his keeping.

"This, your Abbey of Battle, having been reared from its foundations by the most noble King William, on account of the victory which God there gave him over his enemies, was endowed with great dignities and liberties, which up to this time are proved to have been held inviolate. That Abbey should therefore be held in high estimation, both by you, my lord King, and by all of us Normans, inasmuch as there the noble King William, by the will of God, and by the counsel and aid of our fathers, overcame his foes, who unjustly sought to take from him the crown and realm of England, and acquired them for himself and his successors. From your near consanguinity to him, this whole people has now to rejoice that you, by hereditary right, occupy his throne—while we by the gifts of his beneficence, and by succession from our ancestors, enjoy abundance of possessions and riches. Therefore, my lord, all this assembly of Norman nobles heartily implores you strictly to protect that place, as the monument of your triumph and of ours, in its proper dignity and freedom, against all its adversaries, and most especially against the machinations of the English, so that it may be exposed to no damage."

He then repeated his request that, if judgment were given against him, the Abbot might be allowed to resign, "lest the whole Norman nobility have occasion to mourn the loss during his government, of the privileges of the abbey, hitherto preserved inviolate, through the protection of your ancestors, by his predecessors, as the token of your royal crown and their acquisitions."

The Abbot then expressed himself as ready to answer all objections that might be alleged against the privileges of Battle, "which is your own free chapel and the pledge of your crown;" but he prayed that the Charter of the Conqueror, granted at the foundation of the abbey, might be first read.] When this had been done by one of the clerics present, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, said to the Bishop of Chichester:

"My lord Bishop, your charity has heard what has been here done before our lord the King, in the hearing of all present. And now if it pleases your prudence to make answer against these things, it is lawful for you to do so: for to you, as it seems to us, this parable appertaineth."

The Bishop then rose and thus began:

"With no desire of wandering, as many have, but from our love and honour towards you, my lord the King, and knowing

naught of this opposition, have we come with others here present, into these parts of the kingdom. Wherefore if it should please you and the Abbot and the others who are before you, that a peaceful arrangement should be made by your mediation, between myself and the Abbot, saving the right of our Church of Chichester, it might be done. For, therefore, am I come hither."

But when some refused a compromise, saying that the matter had been so long pending, that it ought to be definitely settled, the Bishop in a loud voice amidst a strict silence, resumed :

"Since you have rendered a peaceful compromise impossible, I will expound before the King and all here assembled, the rights of the Church of Chichester, and the previous state of the question.

"Jesus Christ, my Lord King," (and then repeating himself) "our Lord Jesus" (and saying the same a third time) "hear all of you and understand, Jesus Christ our Lord appointed two man-sions and two powers in the constitution of this world, the one spiritual and the other temporal. The spiritual is that of which our Lord Jesus Christ spoke to our first Pastor, Peter the Apostle, and his successors, saying, 'Thou art Peter and on this rock I will build my Church.' So your charity knows that from the earliest times the custom has prevailed in the Church of God, that the Pastors of the Church being the Vicars of the same Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, should preside in due rule over holy Church. Hence in those blessed Apostles to us who preside over the Church of God, was it said by our Lord Jesus Christ, *He who hears you, hears me*. So also the Roman Church, adorned with the Apostolate of the same Prince of the Apostles, hath held through the breadth of all the world so great and magnificent a princely dignity that no Bishop and no Ecclesiastical person can, without its judgment and permission, be deposed."

To this the King said, holding out his hands :

"It is most true that a Bishop cannot be deposed, but he can be driven out by hands held out thus."

Every body laughed, and the Bishop went on again :

"What I said before, I now repeat. The Roman Law proves that this state of the Church has been so appointed from ancient times, and that no lay person, not even a king, can give to Churches Ecclesiastical dignities or liberties, or confirm the same, except by the permission of the same Father."

Then the King got angry, and said :

"Dost thou think with thy subtle cunning to strive for the Pope's authority which was given him by man, against the authority of royal

dignity which was given me by God ? I bid thee by thy fealty and oath of allegiance to submit to right reason thy presumptuous words which are contrary to my Crown and Royal Dignity. I beseech the Archbishops and Bishops who are present, saving the right of my Royal Crown given me by the Supreme Majesty, to do me right justice on thee : for thou actest, it is plain, against my Royal Dignities, and thou art working to take away from the King's Majesty the liberties of old rightfully granted to me."

A murmur arose amongst the people against the Bishop, which could hardly be suppressed. Then the Chancellor ;

"[It is not worthy that it should] have dropped from the memory of your heart, venerated Bishop [whose excellency]..... for you sin against our Lord the King, to whom, beyond doubt, [you made] the oath of allegiance. Wherefore your prudence must provide."

The Bishop seeing that the King was offended, and that all were against him, as soon as the murmur was quieted, continued his speech thus :

"My Lord, if anything has been uttered by my mouth offensive to your royal Majesty, I call the Lord of heaven and your Royal Dignity to witness, that I have not said, with studied cunning, anything against you or the excellence of your dignity. For I have by all means, had the highest regard for your paternity, extolled your excellency, magnified your Dignity, and ever loved you with the most hearty affection as my dearest Lord. May your Royal Highness then, I pray, suspect no evil in me, nor easily believe any one who suggests it. I wish to diminish nothing of your power which I have always loved and magnified with all my might. All that I have said, has been to the honour and glory of your Highness."

To this the King answered :

"Far be such honour and glory from us and ours, and away with all by which, as all can see, you try in your soft and deceitful speech to annul what has been granted to me, by the help of God's grace, by the authority of the Kings, my predecessors, and by hereditary right."

Then said the Bishop :

"All things, my Lord, which in your hearing have been pronounced by me, by your leave, and that of all here present, I now bring to an end. And since my preface does not please, omitting these things, we will despatch the business in a few words."

Hitherto we have given our account of this controversy, almost in the words of the chronicler. If we have not

distinguished by inverted commas, all that we have taken from Mr. Lower, it has been because we have not hesitated to alter and curtail whenever it seemed advisable. It has been of importance to give our report in full up to this point, but it will not be necessary to do more than give a summary of the conclusion of the discussion, which runs to a length worthy of a modern Chancery Suit.

Hilary's speech stated that the Abbot had been present at his consecration and installation, that he had attended at a Synod, and had received him as his Diocesan at a Visitation. Henry of Essex interrupted him with, "And now you repay evil for the good services he showed you!" The Bishop resumed with an account of how the controversy had arisen by the Abbot's refusal to attend a subsequent Synod, and, that when the See of London had fallen vacant, the Abbot thought that he had interfered to prevent his advancement. Henry of Essex and Richard de Luci, both protested that the Abbot's desire for the bishopric had been in no way unworthy or simoniacal. The Bishop continued his statement of the case by recounting how he had been summoned before King Stephen on this question, but that the Abbot had not appeared, and how, finally, at the expiration of the year, he had excommunicated the Abbot for his contumacy. This sentence he had relaxed at the Archbishop's request. "If so," said Henry of Essex, "you did that after King Stephen's death which you would not have done in his lifetime. What the King is now about to do belongs to *his* prerogative." The Bishop concluded his speech by referring to all that had happened since the King's accession, complaining in every respect of the Abbot's conduct, and praying the King "to order the ancient and rightful institutions of the canons to be confirmed between us in all things, and to decide these matters in accordance with the customs of the Church."

To this the King replied, "We have heard a statement which has much surprised us, that you, my lord Bishop, esteem as frivolous, the charters of the Kings, my predecessors, confirmed by the lawful authority of the Crown of England, with eminent men as witnesses." This word "frivolous"—*peremptorias*—was used when the matter was argued before the Archbishop, at Lam-

beth* and St. Thomas seems to have reported it to the King.

The Abbot then handed in King William's Charter, and pointed out that it was confirmed by the attestation of Archbishop Lanfranc and of Stigand, then Bishop of Chichester. In it, it was specified that the Abbot should not be bound to attend the Synod, though he might do so voluntarily. The Bishop said that he had never seen this Charter, and on the Abbot commencing a reply, the King interrupted him: "From henceforth it is not for your prudence to make good your claim; but it becomes *me* to defend it, as my own royal prerogative." After much further talking, at the suggestion of Richard de Luci, and with the King's permission, the Abbot retired to another part of the Chapter House to consult with his friends, who are enumerated, and prove to be nearly all the influential persons present: Roger, Archbishop of York, Thomas, the King's Chancellor, John, treasurer of York, Robert Earl of Leicester, Patrick Earl of Salisbury, Henry of Essex, Reginald de Warenne, Warine FitzGerald, and some other barons, and a considerable number of knights. The King in the meantime went into the church to hear Mass, and this being over, returned to his seat, and Thomas the Chancellor was called upon to deliver the judgment—as, from its effect, we suppose we must style what certainly reads more like the speech of an advocate.

He began with a little sarcasm of the Abbot's thankfulness for the account the Bishop had given of the hospitality he had received at the abbey. He admitted the fact of the Abbot's presence at the consecration, installation and Synod, but he said it was from no ecclesiastical obligation, as the charter proved: it had been at the command of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Theobald hereupon acknowledged that he had given such a mandate. As to the sermon in the Chapter House at Battle, a Bishop from Ireland or from Seville, might have done the same. In the matter of the See of London, the Bishop's conscience must have suggested suspicions that the Abbot never entertained. The Abbot averred [that he attended before King Stephen in the King's chapel near

* Lower, pp. 83-111.

the Tower of London, and that the Bishops of Winchester and Ely were present, and heard the King's confirmation of the Charters. He could not have been excommunicated by the Bishop, the Chancellor argued, for when hearing Mass with the King at Westminster Abbey, he had given the *Pax* to the Abbot after the King had received it. "For this, if I have done wrong," apologised Hilary, "I will confess my fault to the Archbishop and do penance."

The Chancellor then spoke of letters of Pope Adrian IV., commanding the Abbot to attend at Chichester. The King, on hearing of this, demanded, with evident signs of anger, whether the Bishop had procured them. The Bishop declared that he had not, and that they were sent by the Pope, who was our countryman, Nicholas Breakspear—as the Abbot had defamed him in Rome, and thus had procured them against himself. The Archbishop, hearing this denial, made the sign of the cross in token of astonishment. The Chancellor demanded whether there were any other letters that could affect the Abbey of Battle, and the Bishop solemnly affirmed that there were none.

Archbishop Theobald now addressed the King: "Will your excellency command us to retire and determine these matters according to the legal method of ecclesiastical custom?" "Nay," said the King, "I will order you to determine them in my presence, and after due deliberation, I will decide." So saying he arose and retired to the cemetery of the monks, the rest, except the Bishop and the Abbot, accompanying him. After some consultation, the King sent for the Bishop, and after much discussion, the King commanded Henry of Essex to bring in the Abbot and the monks. The Bishop then solemnly liberated and "quit-claimed" the Abbey of Battle, as a chapel royal, of all the rights he had hitherto maintained—that he had not, nor ought to have any authority over it—and that he absolved the Abbot as having been unjustly excommunicated by him, and finally, he declared him, from that day for ever, free from all episcopal exactions and customs.

"Is this done of your own free will, and not by compulsion?" demanded the King. The Bishop replied: "I have done this of my own accord, induced by considerations of justice." After this, on Theobald's propo-

sal, the kiss of peace was given by the Bishop to the King, the Abbot and Richard de Luci. And now, with the rejoicings of the Abbot, and the list of the witnesses to the final arrangement, the chronicler brings to a close his account of this memorable suit.

The reader will have seen, with the liveliest surprise, the speech put by the chronicler into the mouth of the angry King, to the effect that the Pope's authority was of human origin, while his own royal power was divine,—a phrase absolutely without parallel in the records of that age,—and he will ask whether the sentence is genuine, or at least on what evidence it rests. We now proceed to examine the MSS. of the Chronicle, and in so doing we will direct our attention to the speech of King Henry to which we have just referred, and to the short speech in which St. Thomas reminds Hilary of his oath of allegiance, the fragmentary state of which is most tantalizing.

The MS. from which Mr. Brewer has printed his Edition of the Battle Abbey Chronicle is a beautiful parchment MS. of the latter part of the twelfth century, or in other words, dating from the very time when its record closes. It is in the Cottonian Library in the British Museum—Domitian II. It is remarkable for two erasures—one in each of the two speeches we have now under consideration. In the king's speech the words attributing a divine origin to his own authority are given, but not those which in the narrative above speak of the Pope's power as human, and are given in italics. Consequently, in Mr. Brewer's edition and in Mr. Lower's translation these words do not appear, and the former gentleman supposed that the gap had once been filled with some profane Norman oath, erased by some puritanical hand.

We were not quite without knowledge of this portion of the history of Battle Abbey even before the whole of it was printed by the Anglia Christiana Society. Spelman, and after him, Wilkins,* had published long ago the greater part of this portion of the narrative; but singularly enough, the extract given by them has not been collated by Mr. Brewer and seems to have been entirely overlooked by him. The manuscript from which Spelman printed is also in the Cottonian Library (Vitellius D. vii., fol. 152.)

* Spelman, *Concil. Orbis Britan.* Lond., 1644, vol. ii. p. 53. Wilkins, *Conc. Magn. Britan.* Lond., 1737, vol. i. p. 427.

It suffered much in the fire, but it is perfectly legible. It was written by Joscelyn, whom Hearne* calls "Archbishop Parker's Domestic Antiquary," and the true author of the lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury that appeared under Parker's name. That Spelman printed from it, is clearly seen by a comparison, the last sentence in Jocelyn being scored out, and printed by Spelman with the note *Sequentia tenui linea cancellantur*.

The twelfth century MS. is very much more full than Joscelyn, as the reader will at once see by observing what large portions of the narrative we have given between brackets. All these portions are omitted by Joscelyn, but in the King's speech is found the phrase given by us in italics, in the place of the erasure in the old MS. Joscelyn has underlined it, but probably only with the view of calling attention to it. The other gap exists exactly as it once did in the old MS. ending even with the same part of a word—*tis*.

At first sight it would seem from this that the erasures in Domitian II. had been made at two different periods, the one before and the other after the transcript was taken, and that the copyist had omitted some of the speeches for the sake of shortness. This is, however, very improbable. The clause respecting the Pope's authority is not likely to have been erased since Parker's time; and as to the other gap, though Joscelyn has exactly the gap that Domitian II. once had, as we have said, even to the half word, it is not a copy of the present state of this speech. We believe that Joscelyn did not copy from Domitian II. at all: and that the erasures in the latter were made by the hand that wrote it. Of the latter point a careful examination of the MS. leaves us in little doubt.

The speech of St. Thomas, the appearance of which in the MS. has convinced us that the erasure is as old as the MS. itself, ran originally thus:

.....deme
re elaboras. Murmure itaq in poplo contra
epm ceitato vix sedari potuit. Tunc cancell
A cord vri excidisse memoria psul venande
a line erased
tis eni in dum nrm regē, cui fidem sacramtū
erasure Unde prudentie vre pvidendū

* Rob. de Avesbury, Oxon 1720, p. xxiii.

The scribe then erased the "A" in the third of these lines, and the "m" of "fidem" in the fifth; and he wrote partly in the margin and partly over the erasure of the fourth line, as well as over the erasure of the sixth, so that the MS. now stands thus:

.....deme

re elaboras. Murmure itaq in poplo contra
 epm ccitato vix sedari potuit. Tunc cancell
 Haut dignū e a cord vri excidisse memoria psul venande
 cui' excellentiā
 tis eni in dum nrm regē. cui fidei sacramtū
 vos fecisse nulli dubiū e. Unde prudentie vre pvidendū

These amendments are in the same hand as the rest of the MS., but the colour of ink shows clearly where the writing is over an erasure. The word "excell-entiam" is half on the margin and half over the erasure.

From this examination we have come to the conclusion that the original which Joscelyn copied was not Domitian II., but a transcript taken from it, while it was in the state of transition which we have here first given, and before it received the partial amendments which we now find in the MS. The gap ending with the part of the word "peccatis" (if that was the word) renders it very difficult to doubt that it was from this MS. Joscelyn's original was derived: and the erasures in this speech having been made by the scribe himself render it exceedingly probable that the erasure in the king's speech was made by the same hand. This seems to us to prove that we have but one report, and that the reporter in these two instances doubted the accuracy of his narrative. We should certainly not place much confidence in the genuineness, say of a sentence in a Judgment by Lord Chancellor Campbell, if the shorthand writer himself were to erase it from his notes. In all probability the italicized words in the speech of Henry II. once stood in the MS., but it is exceedingly improbable that even that irascible monarch ever spoke them, blasphemous as his speeches sometimes were in his anger. This the compiler of the chronicle felt, and he has erased it. This being the case, it would be futile for us to attempt to complete by conjecture the fragmentary speech attributed to St. Thomas. If a sentence once correct has been corrupted in transcription or erased in part since it left its author's hands, something may be done in the way of restoration by plausible conjecture; but what

can be done when the author himself does not know how to complete his sentence? There is, however, no reason in the world that we should assume that the missing line here was of a similar character with the erased line in the king's speech; in fact the words *cujus excellentiam* require something complimentary to the bishop.

In estimating the value of the Chronicle as an historical record, we must bear in mind that it is a thoroughly *ex parte* statement. It was written by a Religious of the Abbey, the privileges of which were at stake: and it is the account we might expect from one of the three monks who accompanied the Abbot to Colchester, and who sat by his side and shared his anxiety in that Chapter House. As a partisan, the writer was consequently anxious to make the Chancellor St. Thomas speak as much in favour of the Abbot, and against the Bishop, as possible.

Before we leave this point of the trustworthiness of the Chronicle as evidence, one further consideration must be duly weighed. St. Thomas himself, when in exile, mentions this very controversy in a way which the late Mr. Froude considered* to be fatal to the authority of the Battle Chronicle. In a letter to the Pope,† the Saint meets the accusation that the troubles of England were to be imputed to himself by citing the proofs of tyranny and oppression of the Church which had taken place before his own promotion to the Archbishopric. After several instances he says: "And how did the Bishop of Chichester succeed against the Abbot of Battle, when in virtue of apostolic privileges, having named and denounced the Abbot in Court as excommunicate, he was straightway compelled to communicate with him before them all, without any absolution, and to receive him to the kiss of peace? For so it pleased the King and the Court, whom he did not dare to contradict in anything. And this, most holy father, happened in the time of your predecessor and of ours." This does not read like the statement of the man who had taken the part ascribed to him by the Chronicler of the Abbey.

We will not only leave it to the reader to say how far

* Froude's Remains, Part II. Vol. II. p. 576.

† Lupus, bk. 4. Ep. 14. Vol. II. p. 648. Giles, Ep. S. Thomæ, I. p. 54.

these considerations affect the credibility of the narrative we have placed before him, but we will ask him also to judge what view should be taken of the conduct of St. Thomas. We will content ourselves with summing up what it seems to us may be said for and against him, if the correctness of the report of the Colchester trial be assumed.

Against him it may be, and has been said, that his principles respecting Ecclesiastical independence of the royal authority were very different during his Chancellorship to what they were when he previously held a purely clerical office under Theobald, or subsequently after his own elevation to the Primacy. In this instance the Bishop of Chichester had the authority of a Letter from Pope Adrian IV. which enjoined the Abbot of Battle to submit and obey; he had Archbishop Theobald on his side, who, when the matter was referred to him by the King, declined to give judgment in the Abbot's favour, and who is evidently anxious all through the controversy, that the King should permit a purely Ecclesiastical cause to be tried "according to the legal method of Ecclesiastical custom:" against him the sole argument was a Charter of William the Conqueror, no Papal confirmation of which was alleged: and yet the Chancellor delivered judgment against the Bishop.

For him there is more to be said than at first sight appears. Pope Adrian had said to the Abbot, "It has come to our knowledge that you refuse due obedience to our venerable brother Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, to whom you have made profession thereof." The very foundation, therefore, of the Pope's judgment rested on a misrepresentation, which was that the Abbey was not exempt, and that the profession of obedience was therefore absolute. The exemption of the Abbey was expressly assented to by Lanfranc, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Stigand, the Bishop of Chichester, at the time of its erection, and in the original Charter of the Conqueror, which is confirmed by the anathema against its violators, not only of these prelates, but also of one of no less venerable a name than St. Wulstan, then Bishop of Worcester. The Canon Law was not as express in its enactments then as it was after its codification into the *Corpus Juris* a century later by St. Raymund of Pennafort. The reservations to the Holy See were by no means as explicit. An archbishop received his Pallium from Rome, and then his

powers were very little short of what, in our time we should consider, Patriarchal. The Holy See exercised its higher jurisdiction by Legates, and on every point appeals were carried to Rome in the last instance; but subject to these limitations the power of an Archbishop was hardly restricted, and his acts, unless overruled, were held to be canonical if they did not go counter to the Decrees of Synods or to Ecclesiastical tradition. It is not to be wondered at that he who could confirm the election of a bishop and consecrate him to his See without reference to Rome, could also, especially when in conjunction with the Bishop of the Diocese, give exemption to an abbey from Episcopal control.

There are, besides, viewing this transaction by the light of modern Canon Law, two points well worthy of consideration. The privileges of Royal Chapels are well known, and it is to be remarked that the argument most frequently brought forward in the controversy was that Battle Abbey was a *Dominica Capella*. And next, all Canonists acknowledge in a founder the power even of derogating from the Canon Law in the act of his foundation. Conditions that he might ask for in vain when the act was completed, a founder might impose of his own authority before the transfer to the Church was carried into effect. It was for the Church to choose whether she would accept the foundation so hampered; and in the case of Battle Abbey, the Church was a party to the conditions imposed in the Conqueror's Charter. We are therefore inclined to regard the opposition of the Bishop of Chichester and the manifest tendencies of Archbishop Theobald, not so much as zeal for Ecclesiastical liberty as jealousy of monastic exemption. When St. Thomas afterwards in his exile came to refer to this matter, it was to blame the King for having compelled a bishop to give the kiss of peace to an abbot whom he had excommunicated, and not for having, by an encroachment on a papal privilege, exempted an abbey from episcopal jurisdiction. The conclusion now arrived at was never afterwards disputed, but received all manner of subsequent Ecclesiastical sanction, for not only is Archbishop Theobald's confirmation of the exemption of the abbey extant, but we have similar confirmation by Popes Honorius and Gregory, which recite the recognition of the rights of the abbey by Bishop Hilary, in the presence of Henry King

of England, of illustrious memory, and of Theobald the Archbishop, his Metropolitan and Legate of the Apostolic See; which recognition the Archbishop confirmed by Apostolic and metropolitan authority.*

We have said nothing of the temper King Henry displayed on this occasion, a temper worthy of the Norman monarchs and of Henry Plantagenet. It was cunningly fostered by Richard de Luci, the most powerful nobleman of the court, and the brother of the abbot whose cause was at stake. Nothing could have been suggested more certain to move the king's irascibility than the insinuations that the attack on the abbey was to be attributed to English jealousy of this great monument of the Norman Conquest, and that it was therefore a proof of disloyalty to the king himself. Little wonder when the king had silenced the abbot by saying that he would be spokesman for him, that Roger de Pont L'Eveque, the Archbishop of York, should be found in consultation with the Chancellor, whom, years before, he had nicknamed "Clerk Baillehache," and on the side of the regular against the secular, though he so hated religious himself that he used to say that his predecessor Thurstan had never done a worse thing than when he built Fountains. † Considering the circumstances, the Chancellor, who was by his office the mouthpiece of the king, spoke most temperately in his concluding speech, even if we accept the report as fair, and regard the proceedings as canonical. He answers in detail the various arguments adduced by the bishop, but he in no way claims the right to decide the matter by secular authority. After he had concluded, the king having been irritated anew by mention of the letter of Pope Adrian which the bishop had obtained without his consent, declares that *he*, and not the Archbishop of Canterbury, shall decide the cause; and it is brought to an end by the *quiet-clamatio* of the Bishop himself. We cannot, however, wonder that the remembrance of scenes such as this, in which the Chancellor found himself powerless in the presence of his jealous and violent master, should have led him to the well-known conclusion, that if he were by virtue of his office bound to defend the liberties of the Church, the love between them would

* Chron. de Bello; Appendix ex Registro de Bello, p. 187.

† Chron. Walteri de Hemingburgh. Histor. Soc. vol. i. p. 119.

speedily be turned to hatred. "I knew," he said, when the king offered him the archbishopric, "that you would require many things, as even now you do require them, in Church matters, which I could never bear quietly; and so the envious would take occasion to provoke an endless strife between us."

ART. II.—1. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*. A series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Fifth edition. London: Longman and Co., 1860.

2. *The Glaciers of the Alps*; being a Narrative of Excursions and Ascents, an Account of the origin and phenomena of Glaciers, and an Exposition of the Physical Principles to which they are related. By John Tyndall, F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution &c. London: John Murray, 1860.

3. "*The Eagle's Nest*" in the Valley of Sixt; a Summer Home among the Alps, together with some Excursions among the Great Glaciers. By Alfred Wills, of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law, etc. London: Longman and Co. 1860.

WERE Tacitus to return amongst us, he would not find the passion for adventure, which formed so prominent a feature in the character of the Germans of his day, much diminished in at least one branch of their descendants. We may have receded in many ways, as some fastidious critics and enthusiasts of by-gone times assert, from the good qualities of our forefathers. According to some, indeed, we are but living on the inheritance of old renown, neither adding to it, nor even keeping it up; so that, when the day of trial comes, we shall be found to have spent our capital, and to be unable in our degeneracy to make good our loss. But the most invidious censor cannot deny that the love of adventure survives as strongly as ever. MacClintock has lately returned from a two years' sojourn in the frozen seas of the North-West Passage. Young has just started on a similar mission. Livingstone is tracing up the unexplored regions of

Southern Africa. Wherever the lot of our countrymen is cast, in whatever position they find themselves, the same spirit which sent forth those brave men on their perilous voyages, breaks out. They miss no opportunity; they brave all hazards, to see everything that is to be seen. The number of Englishmen who betake themselves annually to the Continent, or elsewhere, is counted by thousands. They may profess to journey in search of health, of pleasure, of excitement, or of change. But the mere fact of the migration is strong evidence of the migratory inclination. And each year attests the development of the propensity by its increased number of travellers, by the enlarged area of their excursions, and by the variety of ways in which they seek to bring their foreign experiences home to the appreciation of their more stationary countrymen. They may not indeed derive from their travels the valuable lessons of that ancient tourist who

Multorum providus urbes
Et mores hominum inspexit, latumque per æquor
... .. aspera multa
Pertulit.

But most certainly they so far faithfully follow in his track, that we may regard their wanderings, whether selected by choice, or appointed by a strong impulse, as a national characteristic.

However, we are reminded, that we cannot lay claim to the exclusive possession of this impulse. Other nations, too, acknowledge, or are swayed by its influence. The Americans share it to "a pretty considerable extent," but then they are of our own race, and may be fairly regarded as endowed with the same idiosyncracies as ourselves. Germans and Frenchmen travel, although their pilgrimages are no more than feeble images, both in extent and intensity, of our own. In fact, we suppose the predilection for travel is only another form of that appetite for change which so rules men in all they do, and must consequently be found more or less expressed in every family of the human race. But there is one form of this general yearning, one special appetite of adventure, which is peculiarly our own—the admiration, the passionate love of mountain scenery. It is not merely that this is a feeling wholly unknown to the Ancient World, so far as we have any

acquaintance with the characteristics of its social existence, and the enjoyments of its every day life; nor, that it has sprung up in modern times, progressing in strength, and growing in popularity as we advance in the refinements peculiar to our own civilization. But it is one which we do not share with our continental neighbours; but, by some caprice of nature, or peculiar law of our insular position, have kept altogether to ourselves. It is difficult to assign the origin of this feeling which seems so exclusively national. It cannot be attributed to any characteristic of race, for it numbers indiscriminately amongst its followers men of Teutonic as well as of Celtic descent. Neither can it arise from a barbarous leaning for savage scenery in preference to the softer and more cultivated beauties of nature, or the higher excellences of art; for we find many in whom this mountain love is strongest, holding the foremost rank in appreciation of these latter. The more our people have advanced in refinement, the more civilization has spread amongst us, the greater we find has been the development of this passion, the wider the field for its exercise, the larger the number of its votaries. The more extended and intimate association with the Continental nations which has resulted from its gratification, has brought no diminution of its activity among ourselves, nor tended in anyway to weaken our exclusive possession of it. To be sure men of Germanic race seem occasionally to bow to its influence, and to rival our countrymen in their zest for its excitement, and in their keen enjoyment of its rapture. But, we believe, it would be found on examination, that those Germans are generally natives of mountain regions, of Switzerland, Upper Bavaria, or the Tyrol. French and Italian writers also, sometimes indulge in description of mountain scenery; but when they do so, it is not difficult to detect those shadows which always distinguish counterfeit and second-hand from genuine and original enthusiasm. One of the best tests of this is the wide difference between our countrymen and Italians and other foreigners in visiting the hills in the neighbourhood of Rome. Few of the latter are ever induced to undertake those easy ascents; though the glorious views which the summits command, combining mountain and plain, sea and land, the ruins of the ancient world, and the triumphs of modern art, form a panorama which can scarcely be matched elsewhere. The utmost limit to a

Roman mountain-excursion is Monte Cave, and even then the object is invariably a party of pleasure, whose accessories can be more agreeably promoted in the coolness of the hill-side, than in the oppressive heat below. The writer of these pages had the good fortune some years ago to encounter a party of young Irishmen in the grey mist of an October morning, on the summit of Monte Gennaro. They had come over from their villa at Tivoli, a walk of some ten miles, threading their way without a guide, in the darkness of the night across the Campagna, and through the passes, in the hope of seeing the sunrise from the mountain top. All of them had the genuine enthusiasm of mountain travellers, and were probably as proud of their night-excursion as any one who has ascended Mont Blanc. Amongst them were some, who a few days before had walked across the country through ravines, fording streams, and picking their way along the beds of torrents to Monte Cave—a distance of fully five-and-twenty miles—and back again before night. Others of them described a pedestrian expedition of some thirty miles, going and returning, to Veii and its ruins. It was not so much the things done, as the quiet tone of satisfaction, the heartfelt delight with which they were related, that impressed the writer. The most experienced veteran of the Alpine Club might be proud to claim these youths as countrymen. They had not indeed had the opportunity of journeying *per nives sempiternas et rupes tremendas*. But the same healthy impulse swayed them which had led him forth over peak and glacier and dazzling *névé*, amid the fastnesses of the ice-world; and they obeyed it within their limited sphere as best they could. Similar expeditions are constantly performed by the young students of the English and Scotch Colleges at Rome; in fact they form the staple enjoyment of their annual vacation. But the writer feels bound to say, that, although tolerably well acquainted with the doings of Roman Society for a long period, he never heard of any one except his own countrymen, undertaking such excursions. Monte Gennaro and the site of old Veii are a *terra incognita* to most Romans and Continental sojourners in the Eternal City.

The works, whose titles we have prefixed to this Article, afford ample evidence that the spirit of mountain adventure is not on the wane amongst us. Professor Tyndall's *Glaciers* was published in July. During the four months

which have since elapsed, it has received a measure of attention, and evoked an amount of discussion, not greater indeed than it deserves, but much exceeding what usually falls to the lot of most productions, even those which are commended by a more popular theme to public favour. "*The Eagle's Nest*" has been still more fortunate. It came out so lately as August. The first edition was exhausted within two months, and the second is already in circulation. In the short space of a twelvemonth from its first appearance *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers* has already gone through five editions, no indifferent sign of public favour or faint indication of sympathy with its contents. Indeed the mere existence of such a body as that from which it emanates, tells its own tale. An Alpine Club, regularly formed and recognised in London, and assuming a certain authority of direction in matters of Alpine journeyings, shows that mountain travel is one of the standing institutions of the country. That such a body may be capable of exercising most salutary influence on the objects akin to it, and of promoting the public interest in many points on which otherwise it would remain uncared for, and in many ways which could not be otherwise available, is evident. We have had a melancholy proof of this in the correspondence which appeared in the public journals during the past few months, arising out of the sad accidents which happened last August and September, on the Col du Geant, and the Windacher Ferner. The true character of those accidents was at once clearly established; and thus the public mind was immediately preoccupied against erroneous impressions, and other tourists were put on their guard against a recurrence of circumstances which had, in those instances, been attended with such fatal results. The object proposed in the formation of the Alpine Club is thus set forth in the preface of *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*.

"It was thought that many of those who have been engaged in similar undertakings would willingly avail themselves of occasional opportunities for meeting together for communicating information as to past excursions, and for planning new achievements; and a hope was entertained that such an association might indirectly advance the general progress of knowledge, by directing the attention of men not professedly followers of science, to particular points in which their assistance may contribute to valuable results. The expectations of the founders of the Club have not been disappointed;

it numbers at the present time considerably more than a hundred members, and it is hoped that the possession of a permanent place of meeting will materially further the objects which it has proposed to itself.

"The interest shown by the public in narratives of excursions through the less frequented districts of the Alps contained in several recent publications, had naturally suggested to others the idea of recording their adventures, either in separate volumes or in the form of contributions to periodicals, when it was proposed that the facilities for combined action presented in the Alpine Club should be made use of to bring together in a single volume some of the materials likely to interest the general reader, which were available in the hands of several members of the Club. It was thought to be no slight advantage that in this mode of publication the effect of each author would be rather to condense than to extend his narrative, and it was hoped, at the same time, that the resources which could be made available for such a volume would secure a degree of excellence in the illustrations—both plates and maps—that could not easily be attained if several writers had separately given their productions to the public."

That the experiment has been eminently successful is evidenced by the fact that four editions of the work in its original form were exhausted in little more than six months from its first issue, and that the present edition has been published in obedience to a demand for the work in a portable form suited for the use of travellers. It consists, as the title indicates, of a series of papers containing descriptions more or less detailed, of fifteen excursions among the Alps, and a sketch of an ascent of Mount Etna. It is hardly exaggerating to say, that in this way the reader is presented with the materials of more than a dozen volumes. We have certainly seen many books of travel which have grown to bulky proportions from far more meagre notes than those which record the events of these excursions. Each excursion occupies a separate chapter; and the chapters are arranged in a certain geographical order.

One of the first thoughts sure to occur to every reader of these works—to the practised Alpine traveller as well as to the novice who expects to glean from its pages his first initiation into the mysteries of the land of ice and snow—is the very imperfect knowledge which we possess of the whole Alpine region. It is not that we, all of us, have very inadequate conceptions of the mighty wonders which there exist in such lavish profusion; that our ideas of their

physical constitution, of the marvellous changes which they are perpetually undergoing, of the strange forms and conditions of organic existence which are there battling for life, are all of the vaguest kind. But we are really ignorant of the geographical position, the conformation, the relative bearings of most of the places situate within the region. The very names of some of the highest peaks *certâ sine lege vagantur*; in many instances indeed none whatever have been yet assigned. The maps hitherto published are most inaccurate on all these points; so much so, that so far from guiding the traveller they must infallibly lead him astray. As it is to be presumed that they are compiled from "authentic surveys," we must be permitted to express an opinion, that the "authorities" undertaking such surveys, discharge their duties very badly. Apart from all other considerations, it is of great scientific importance that the topography of Alpine districts should be accurately defined. Many great geological and other physical problems depend for a solution on Alpine studies. It is clearly impossible, that such investigations can be properly carried on, or their results be generally available, unless the explorers know where they are themselves, and the scientific public can accurately follow their track. This is a point on which Alpine travellers have recently rendered invaluable service. But much still remains to be done. It is not merely a correction, but a thorough reconstruction of the Alpine maps, which is required. As an instance of the uselessness of the existing maps, even with reference to such a comparatively well-known locality as the Mont Blanc region, we may cite the account which Mr. Wills gives of the difficulties that attended the preparation of the map of that district for *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*.

"The map of Mont Blanc given in this volume was corrected from a reduced copy of a map in Johnston's Physical Atlas, which is no doubt compiled from the most authentic sources. It is no exaggeration to say, that the whole of the eastern portion of the chain is a pure effort of imagination. Auguste Balmat (a well-known and very intelligent Chamouni guide), was in London while the map was in preparation, and he and I are responsible for the portion of it east of the Aiguille d' Argentières. We found it necessary to throw down mountain ranges, to create glaciers to fill their places, and in fact to take the most revolutionary proceedings with respect to this part of the King of Sardinia's dominions. It was impossible

in the uncorrected map to recognise a single feature of the actual topography. The present map lays, of course, no claim to absolute accuracy; the corrections were made merely from memory and general knowledge of the district; but it is free from the gross blunders of its predecessors."

Of the Sardinian Government map, from which the two maps contained in *The Eagle's Nest* were compiled, Mr. Wills says:

"It is executed in a most elaborate style, but I must say that I am quite unable to reconcile a great deal of it with my personal knowledge of the district.....For all matters of nicety and accurate detail, it is, as to this neighbourhood of Sixt, utterly unreliable. All that I can do therefore, is to warn the reader against trusting to it, and to say, that if any of my descriptions should be at variance with its representations, I do not admit the map as a conclusive authority against me."—*Eagle's Nest*, pp. xiii. xiv.

Another instance is furnished by Mr. Mathews. He ascended the Vêlan in 1855, and saw from the summit, only a few miles distant, a magnificent mountain, nearly 2,000 feet higher than the spot on which he stood. He asked the name, and was informed that it was the Grand Combin, and that it was perfectly inaccessible. He mentally vowed to visit it. Next year he ascended the Dent du Midi, and again saw his snowy acquaintance of the year before. Consulting his map, the excellent one of Studer, he found it marked "Le Grand Combin." It was very steep and "ice-coated from top to bottom, but covered with such a multitude of gigantic masses of snow flung together in such wild confusion, that it was impossible to detect any practicable route among the labyrinth of precipices and crevices. The ascent would evidently be a matter of no ordinary difficulty." However, nothing daunted, he arranged to ascend it from the Val de Bagnes, engaged guides, and started on his expedition. They reached the summit of the Combin. We shall give the dénouement in his own words.

"It was just twelve o'clock. We drank off a bumper to the health of the Grand Combin, and shouted wildly with delight. This, then, was the inaccessible mountain, whose top we had reached in six hours of easy walking from Corbassière!.....Suddenly the clouds drifted away, and disclosed to view a magnificent snow mountain at the very head of the Corbassière basin. There was no mistake about it; it was the one we had so minutely examined a few days before from the summit of the Dent du Midi. Studer's map was

immediately brought out, and our position carefully studied. We were evidently standing at the point marked Petit Combin on the map, while the words Grand Combin occupied the place of the mountain we were looking at. We then formed ourselves into a Court of High Commission, and arraigned Felley (the local guide) on the capital charge of having brought us to the top of the Petit instead of the Grand Combin. He indignantly pleaded 'Not guilty.' 'That dome of snow below us was the Petit Combin; as for the mountain yonder, that was quite another thing.' 'What was that, then?' 'That was the Graffeneire;' a name previously unknown in Alpine travel. 'But it was much higher than where we were.' 'Oh, yes, very much.' 'Very well, the Graffeneire was what we wanted to go up.' Felley shook his head. 'Sur cette montagne là,' said Louis Felley, 'personne n'a jamais foulé le pied.' I distrusted Felley at first; but many subsequent inquiries convinced me that he had given the real nomenclature of the Val de Bagnes, and although it is different from that in use throughout the rest of Switzerland, I believe the Bagnes names to be correct, and shall therefore use them in the present paper."—*Peaks, &c.*, p. 65.

That Mr. Mathews was not very rash in this resolution appears from the experience of the next year, 1857, when he discovered that the Graffeneire (*L'Agraffe Noire*) was the name by which the peak, marked in the maps Le Grand Combin, was known to the whole Valais. The editor, in a note which he has appended to the chapter containing an account of these expeditions, differs from Mr. Mathews. He cites a communication from Herr Studer, the author of the map of the Valaisan Alps, proposing to still retain the nomenclature which has been proved to be not merely incorrect, but false. Mr. Ball agrees with him on the ground that it is scarcely reasonable that the nomenclature of a few ignorant peasants should prevail. Now, in the first place, it is not the case that Mr. Mathews has taken his nomenclature from "a few ignorant peasants." He found that all the people living within sight of the peak in question unite in calling it by a different name from that registered in the maps. He found also that these maps were very inaccurate even in their rendering of the main features of the country. They seldom agree with the natives of the district in naming the peaks; they altogether omit to delineate some of the mountains, and, by a natural process of "degradation," have been thus led into assigning the names to the wrong summits. To follow the nomenclature current in the neighbourhood would certainly seem

to be the first step in the right direction towards reform in this matter. We shall, at least, in this way arrive at a knowledge of what is, and what is not, and at a rational basis of agreement on the names of things. Otherwise each succeeding traveller will feel himself at liberty to exercise the discretion of his predecessors, and to name each peak according to the whim of the moment. It certainly does seem rather high-handed that one or two German or English gentlemen shall prescribe by what names Alpine peaks are to be known to future generations; wholly ignoring, and if needs be, setting at defiance the practice which has prevailed for centuries in the surrounding region.

The maps which are given in *Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, are, as we have already hinted, a valuable accession to our topographical information. But they are not so much maps as ground plans, like those frequently inserted in historical works to illustrate the situations of remarkable places, or the positions occupied by hostile armies during an engagement. They would be much improved and rendered more permanently useful if they marked the geographical position by noting the latitude and longitude in minutes. This might require more accurate observations than *tourists* are accustomed to make; but surely not more than we have a right to expect at the hands of *travellers* who are members of the Alpine Club. Another most useful improvement would be the addition of a general map of that portion of the Alpine region which is embraced by these papers. This would connect the disunited excursions into one whole, and enable both the reader at home, and the tourist who may use the work as a guidebook, to recognise at a glance his exact position as he goes along, and to combine it with the scenes of other excursions. It would also help most materially to form an accurate idea of the Alpine region as a whole, of the mutual bearings of its several sub-divisions and their respective conformations and distinctive features. If we remember, that the whole of this district is included between $45^{\circ}, 50'$ and $47^{\circ}, 5'$ north latitude, and $6^{\circ}, 45'$ and $9^{\circ}, 30'$ east longitude, embracing an area of 117 miles in length by 75 in breadth, we shall at once perceive that such a map can be made to combine great minuteness and accuracy of detail with very moderate proportions. This would be indeed a most valuable acquisition. At present we have nothing of the kind: and

we must content ourselves with indulging the hope that some future edition may relieve our destitution.

Saussure, who may be justly regarded as the founder of Alpine travel and glacier investigation—at least so far as the non-Swiss portion of Europe is concerned—gives us the following picture of the Alps:—

“If a spectator could be placed at a sufficient height above the Alps to embrace at one view those of Switzerland, Savoy, and Dauphiné, he would see a mass of mountains intersected by numerous valleys, and composed of several parallel chains, the highest in the middle, and the others decreasing gradually as they recede. The central and highest chain would appear to him bristled with craggy rocks, covered even in summer with snow and ice in all those places that are not absolutely vertical; but on both sides of the chain he would see deep and verdant valleys, well-watered and covered with villages. Examining still more in detail, he would remark that the central range is composed of lofty peaks and smaller chains, covered with snow on their tops, but having all their slopes that are not very much inclined, covered with ice, while the intervals between them form elevated valleys filled with immense masses of ice, extending down into the deep and inhabited valleys which border on the great chain. The chain nearest to the centre would present to the observer the same phenomena, but on a smaller scale, beyond which he would see no more ice, nor even snow, save here and there on some of the more elevated summits.”*

Admirably circumstanced as the supposed elevated position might be for taking in at a glance the general outline of the whole region, it is clear that the imaginary observer should be gifted with more than eagle keenness of vision to distinguish the individual features of the scenery. Hence such a picture, however suited to take the place of a miniature bird's-eye view, to be inspected with a microscope, must be considerably enlarged and filled out with details to be useful either as a guide-map, or as an aid to the scientific traveller in classifying and organising his investigations and experiences. For these purposes it has been customary to distribute the Western Alps which comprise almost exclusively the haunts of tourists and travellers into four great districts—of which three, viz., those of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and the Bernese Oberland, are described in the volumes before us. The other great snow-

* Saussure *Voyages dans les Alpes*.

patch of the Bernina separating the Valtellina from the country of the Grisons, does not come within their range. The three great districts or provinces of the ice world, which we have enumerated in the first place, are well defined in their leading features and tolerably distinct in their respective demarcations. Thus the region of Mont Blanc, which is situated wholly in Savoy, and is the best known and most frequented of all, is bounded north and south by the valleys of Chamouni and Cormayeur, connected at their eastern and western ends by the passes over the Col de Bonhomme and the Col Ferret. Again, the district of Monte Rosa, rich in peaks and glaciers and terrific passes, dividing Piedmont from the Valais, is bounded towards the west by the passes from the Val de Bagnes. The eastern boundary is not well defined, but we suppose it will be assumed to exist somewhere about the Lotsch Thal and the valley of Macugnaga. The Bernese Oberland is altogether detached from the two districts just mentioned. It occupies the south-eastern corner of the Canton of Berne, between Unterwalden, Uri and the Valais, and is generally considered to be bounded east and west by the Grimsel and Gemmi passes. So far almost any map will enable us to trace the limits of these chief divisions of the Alpine World. But there is one great inconvenience attendant on this distribution. The reader may be led to imagine that all the wonders of this marvellous region are confined within these areas. Now this would be a great mistake. No doubt they cannot be surpassed in any of the special features of Alpine scenery in extent, beauty, or sublimity. They include the highest peaks, the most extensive glaciers, the spots which Alpine pilgrims will ever most frequent and on which their memories will longest love to linger. But outside them are districts rivalling them in some or all of their own peculiar attractions. The Righi, and the mountains of Glarus; the wild chain, westward of the Gemmi pass, which separates the Canton of Berne and the Valais; the range of the St. Gothard—the high road from time immemorial between Germany and Italy; the lovely neighbourhood of Sixt; and the mountain patch, lying between the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa districts, which includes the Vêlan and Graffeneire and the romantic valley of Bagnes, are not comprised within their limits. These latter localities may not be able to contest the palm with the regularly

recognised Alpine provinces. But they are too important either from their size or their special features of interest, to be overlooked. Hence, we regard the works before us with particular favour for having so far travelled out of the beaten track as to introduce us to these outlying districts, and precisely to portions of them which, so far as we know, have not been previously described.

It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that, wonderful as is the labyrinth of mountain and valley, with its accessories of avalanches and cascades, of verdant plateaus and barren crags, yawning chasms and wild passes, these are neither the only nor the chief characteristics of Alpine scenery. The marvellous formations, which are known to us by their French name of *Glaciers*, are the special object of interest peculiar to the High Alps. They exist indeed elsewhere, but not in the same abundance, or equally romantic circumstances; nor can they be visited in any other region with the same ease of access and profitable examination. We write for the unlearned rather than for the learned, for those who have stayed at home rather than for graduates in Swiss travel. And so it may be useful to place before our readers a picture of what a glacier is, and of the successive transformations which conduct it from its cradle among the ice capped mountains to its grave in the waters of some arrowy stream.

Saussure defines the glaciers to be those eternal masses of ice which are formed and remain in the open air in the valleys and on the slopes of lofty mountains. He further divides glaciers into two classes: those which occupy the gorges that furrow the mountain ranges, and those which coat the sides of the mountains. These two classes of icy formation possess so few attributes in common, and arise from such wholly different causes, that it is obviously as inconvenient as it is improper to designate them by the same name. The former class only is now included under the term glacier. The most cursory survey of any portion of the High Alps presents to us a mountain range whose summits and slopes, for a considerable distance downwards, are clothed with snow all the year round. Of course in winter the snow descends to a much lower level, wrapping the mountains and the higher valleys in a white mantle. But, with spring, the land throws off this pallid vesture, and the invader

retreats to his upper fastnesses, where, far above the realm of vegetation, he bids defiance to the genial influence of the summer heats. This line of demarcation between the domain of perpetual snow and the lower world of vegetable life, is the very reverse of defined. It ascends or descends with the increased or diminished warmth of summer; it varies with the nature of the underlying soil, and the position and conformation of the localities. Thus, on the northern and eastern sides of the mountains, the shade protects the snow from melting; in the hollow gorges, its accumulation enables it to resist the heat which would have otherwise melted it. Where these snow deposits end, ice begins; and so delicate is the transition from one state to the other that it is impossible to define the end or the beginning. These icy formations extend down through the gorges, to a length differing according to the circumstances of situation and form, sometimes terminating at a distance of three miles, but more frequently reaching to ten, fifteen and twenty miles. Their other dimensions also vary, being from three furlongs to two miles and a quarter broad, and from 100 to 600 feet in depth. And thus the glacier stretches away far below the lowest limit where the unmelted snow rests, prolonging its course down the hollow valley, along the warm ground into the very region of cultivation, stopping generally within a few yards of the spot where ripe crops are grown and gathered; sometimes, even, as at Chanrion, bathing, if we may be allowed the expression, the luxuriant meadow. Two considerations must immediately suggest themselves to any one who actually views a glacier, or even reflects on the little we have said of it. The first is, its dependence on the masses of snow which occupy the upper portion of the gorge. It is clearly produced by them, and fed by them; it is the regulator which prevents their accumulation to a height rivalling that of the surrounding mountains, the channel which conveys their contribution to the rivers that rise in the valleys beneath. The second consideration is, that it moves. It could not have come down into its present position otherwise. It melts—the same temperature which ripens the crops at its extremity must fuse it; the sun acts upon it with a force varying according to the season, but always with an intensity special to itself; the evaporation from it at all seasons is very considerable, the

warm rains fall upon it, its surface is furrowed by innumerable streams: these causes must diminish its volume. Yet, there it is: in most cases retaining its dimensions, undecaying, occupying the same space and presenting the same appearances which it did a century ago. It may, from causes on which we need not dwell here, retreat, but only to advance again; it may invade the cultivated slopes stretched out below it, but only to recede in turn. Clearly then, the glacier moves, slowly, very slowly, no doubt, but not the less surely. And these anticipations which we are compelled to form at the outset, are demonstratively confirmed by a closer and more minute investigation.

The prevailing image of a glacier, in the minds of those who have never seen one, represents it as a solid mass of rigid ice, extending continuously down an Alpine valley, having a level surface, or at most one slightly convexed, sloping, gently down to its termination and vanishing, so to say, in an attenuated edge, like that of a wedge. This is a good example of a popular delusion, for nothing can be more at variance with the facts; indeed there is hardly a feature in this picture which corresponds with the original. The substance of a glacier is ice, and consequently its appearances are icy; but this is almost all it has in common with all other ice. To begin with the end:—the termination of a glacier resembles in almost every instance a jagged cliff, very frequently towering to a great height, and in some cases presenting a front so shattered with a labyrinth of clefts, that it is not merely dangerous, but impossible to climb. This shattered appearance is mostly to be met with when the termination is at the mouth of a short and rugged defile; but where the descent of the glacier has been through a long valley gently inclined, the precipitous ice-cliff presents a more regular and less broken appearance. In front of this terminal cliff we sometimes find a wide space covered with masses of rocks and debris of gravel, scattered about in the greatest confusion, destitute of every vestige of even the rudest vegetation, and wearing the aspect of the most lonely desolation. Sometimes, as we have already remarked, the glacier encroaches on the land occupied by tillage or pasturage, or allows only a narrow and yearly decreasing belt of waste to intervene between it and the cultivated fields. In these instances, "with slow but

irresistible power, the ice pushes forward vast heaps of stones, bends down large trees to the earth, and gradually passes over them;”* while far in advance of it the sward heaves in wrinkled folds rudely separated from its gravel bed by the irresistible force of the approaching glacier. What do these facts indicate? In the latter case, the glacier is evidently advancing, in the former it is receding. There the melting and evaporation which waste it are not compensated by the nourishment which it draws from its snowy store-house: here the supply is in excess of the demand, it is growing because its waste is less than the aliment which it converts into its substance. We have most striking examples of both these classes of glaciers within the narrow area of four square miles, in the south-east corner of the district of Bagnes, which has the pasturages of Chanrion for a central knoll. The Glacier of Breney to the north of these pasturages, is an instance of a receding glacier; an immense mass of stranded rocks and *débris* lying everywhere at its base, and high up the slopes along its sides, and over which the grass is noiselessly stealing year after year, attests by its “amazing waste of ruin” the former extent of the glacier, and the steady progress of the stranding process. The Glaciers of Durand and Chermontane lying to the south-west and south-east of the Chanrion, are visibly “advancing and ploughing up the pasturage before them.” Indeed the whole district of Bagnes, which is a perfect labyrinth of peaks, passes, and glaciers, abounds in instances of both classes, bearing mute but terrible evidence in the desolation which they have left behind them in their retreat, or the ruin which they menace with their march to the varying fortunes of glacier sway. †

* Simond's *Switzerland*, vol. i.

† *Peaks*, etc., chap. iv., pp. 69, 77. There is a passing allusion to Alpine nomenclature at page 71, which well deserves a larger consideration. Mr. Matthews is inclined to regard the *Chanrion* of *Chermontane* as equivalent to *les champs rians de la chère montagne*—“a whisper, certainly, of pleasanter things,” although perhaps not so true as the derivation given in a note tracing *Chermontane* to a corruption of *Zermontagne*, *Zer* meaning destruction. An analogous instance is *Zermatten*, with its French equivalent *Champéry*, bearing record by its name to the calamitous fury of some great avalanche of olden time.

There is always at the lower extremity of the glacier, whatever be its conformation, a cavern lying deep in the ice, varying in size and appearance according to the season and local circumstances. Some of these grottoes are 100 feet high, by 50 to 80 feet wide, and presenting most picturesque combinations. From this ice-cavern rushes a muddy torrent, that gradually settles into a whitish-blue colour which it maintains for many miles after its proportions have expanded into those of a noble river. This peculiar tint of the glacier water, which seems to preserve constantly the same appearance, unquestionably arises from the calcareous deposits which the glacier has brought along with and ground in its progress to the condition of an impalpable powder. One or two notable exceptions attest this demonstratively. Thus the waters of the Isère are remarkable for their black colour, indicating a different class of deposit from those which impregnate the more northern streams. Professor Tyndall is inclined to attribute to a similar cause "that magnificent blue of the lake of Geneva, which has excited the admiration of all who have seen it under favourable circumstances." The reader may form an idea of these ice-caverns from the following description of one situated at the termination of the Mer de Glace out of which the Arveiron issues.

"The quantity of water issuing from the vault was considerable, and its character that of true glacier water. It was turbid, with suspended matter, though not so turbid as in summer; but the difference in force and quantity would, I think, be sufficient to account for the greater summer turbidity. This character of the water could only be due to the grinding motion of the glacier upon its bed; a motion which seems not to be suspended even in the depth of winter. The temperature of the water was the tenth of a degree centigrade above zero; that of the ice was half a degree below zero; this was also the temperature of the air, while that of the snow, which in some places covered the ice-blocks, was a degree and a quarter below zero.

"The entrance to the vault was formed by an arch of ice which had detached itself from the general mass of the glacier behind—between them was a space through which we could look to the sky above. Beyond this the cave narrowed, and we found ourselves steeped in the blue light of the ice. The roof of the inner arch was perforated at one place by a shaft about a yard wide, which ran vertically to the surface of the glacier. Water had run down the sides of this shaft, and being re-frozen below, formed a composite

pillar of icicles at least twenty feet high and a yard thick, stretching quite from roof to floor. They were all united to a common surface at one side, but at the other they formed a series of flutings of exceeding beauty. This group of columns was bent at its base as if it had yielded to the forward motion of the glacier, or to the weight of the arch overhead. Passing over a number of large ice blocks, which partially filled the interior of the vault, we reached its extremity, and here found a sloping passage, with a perfect arch of crystal overhead, and leading by a steep gradient to the air above. This singular gallery was about seventy feet long, and was floored with snow. We crept up it, and from the summit descended by a glissade to the frontal portion of the cavern. To me this crystal cave, with the blue light glistening from its walls, presented an aspect of magical beauty. My delight was however tame compared with that of my companions."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 216, 17.

We now come to the surface of the glacier; and we shall suppose the reader placed upon it. All notions of its level condition or inappreciable convexity vanish at the first glance. As Byron says so truly

O'er the savage sea,
The glassy ocean of the mountain ice,
We skim its rugged breakers ;

although, after all, a glacier reminds one not so much of a frozen sea, as a frozen river, where tide and current running counter have broken up the swell into an icy surf. The normal inclination of the *direction* of the surface is gentle, in most cases not exceeding 3° to 5° . But the surface itself is the very opposite of smooth, being wavy or rather tossed into heaps and hummocks and rent by deep clefts or *crevasses* as they are technically termed. To use the graphic simile of an old traveller, "it does not form a field of ice by any means, and scarcely presents an inch of even surface; the whole bristling over with sharp ridges, and points bent forwards like the pikes of embattled soldiers."† The hollows between the ridges of the ice-waves are deep, wide and down-right rugged. Though the majority of them lie across the glacier, this is by no

* A most graphic and detailed account of this ice-cavern of the Arveiron, and one which is invested with the additional interest of a first discovery, is given by Saussure in his *Voyages dans les Alpes*. §§ 620-626.

† Simoud's *Switzerland*, Vol. i. p. 295.

means their invariable direction. On the contrary, both in position and shape, they constitute a most varied entanglement, which considerably adds to the traveller's difficulties. Apart from this consideration, the roughness of the surface is alone sufficient to make journeying over a glacier a laborious task; while its unevenness renders it difficult to see one's road. In the troughs between the ridges the surrounding walls only are generally visible; and when the summit of a ridge has been gained, most probably other higher ridges appear which shut in the view. On a summer's day the hot sun, or warm rain, exercises a most perceptible influence on the appearance of the glacier, melting the surface of these ridges. The bottom of every hollow is a drain which collects these melted waters, and wearing for itself a channel, both increases the depth of the trough, and in its turn helps on the process of melting. Where the courses of the troughs intersect, their drains unite; and thus deep and rapid streams are formed which frequently bar the traveller's progress, unless he is provided with means of crossing them. But the course of these miniature ice-rivers is soon cut short by some yawning crevasse down whose sides they hurry in picturesque cascades. We may have an idea of the waste which goes on during summer on the surface of a glacier (and, by inference, we may be led to still more marvel what must be the character of the internal economy which sustains it,) from the fact, that carefully instituted experiments and measurements give an average of about a foot each week, for the four months of summer, or about sixteen feet for the season. The actual subsidence of the whole body of the glacier, arising from all causes, during a week at the same period of the year averages a little more than two feet, or about thirty-two feet and a half for the season. Now, if the glacier be exposed to such waste, without any mode of internal compensation, its upper surface must increase in declivity with each successive year, until at length it terminate at the extremity in a thin edge. But this is not the fact; on the contrary we meet with cases of glaciers advancing with their front erect, and betraying no symptom of decline. Whence does this arise? How is this waste, which clearly brings with it no decay, compensated? Not by the snow which falls on the surface of the glacier during the long Alpine winter; for experience and most

jealous examination have proved that none of this incident snow passes into, or is incorporated with the substance of the glacier. It is partly evaporated, but principally melted by the advancing spring, and goes to swell the surface rivulets, that in their turn contribute to augment the torrent which issues from the terminal grotto. Evidently then, the daily waste of the glacier is compensated, its diminished substance is renewed by sustenance drawn from the inexhaustible depot at its source. How this sustenance is conveyed through the mass, is an obscure, or rather, an unsolved problem. That it cannot move through it as the vital fluid circulates through an organic body is apparent. Many ingenious theories have been constructed in order to explain the origin and constitution of glaciers on which these facts depend. We could not hope to discuss these theories within the limits of this paper with any hope of doing justice to them or rendering ourselves intelligible. But our readers will find a full and critical account of them in Professor Tyndall's work.

The waste and diminution of the glacier substance on which we have just been commenting, goes on in summer and in the day time only. Night and winter are equivalent seasons for the glaciers and the whole Alpine world. Evaporation will still go on, and with a rapidity augmented in proportion to the increased dryness and rarefied state of the atmosphere. But in all other respects they are times of stillness and repose—save in as far as we may suppose the glacier to avail itself of this quiet for carrying on the silent work of reparation of past losses, and preparing for the inevitable waste which must succeed. No phenomenon is more striking among the High Alps than this change from day to night—the type on a small scale, or rather for a short space, of the change from summer to winter. The following picture of an evening on the Glacier de Léchaud, by Professor Tyndall, is most graphic.

“The hollow rumble of the rocks as they fell into the crevasses was incessant. From holes in the ice-cliffs clear cataracts gushed, coming I knew not whence, and going I knew not whither. Sometimes the deep gurgle of sub-glacial water was heard far down in the ice. The resonance of the water as it fell into shafts struck me suddenly at intervals on turning corners, and seemed, in each case, as if a new torrent had bounded into life. Streams flowed through deep channels which they themselves had worn, revealing beautifully the ‘ribboned structure.’

"I afterwards clambered up the moraine to watch the tints which the setting sun threw upon the mountains; clouds floated round the Aiguille de Charmoz, and were changed from grey to red, and from red to grey, as the density of the masses varied. The shadows of the isolated peaks and pinnacles were drawn, at times, in black bands across the clouds, and the Aiguille du Moine smiled and frowned alternately, as sunshine and shade fell upon its crags. One high snow-peak alone enjoyed the unaltered radiance of the sinking day—the sunshine never forsook it; but glowed there, like the steady light of love, while a kind of coquetry was carried on between the atmosphere and the surrounding mountains. The notched summits of the Grande and Petite Jorasse leaned peacefully against the blue firmament. The highest mountain crags were cleft, in some cases, into fantastic forms; single pillars stood out from all else, like lonely watchers, over the mountain scene, while little red clouds playfully embraced them at intervals, and converted them into pillars of fire. The sun at length departed, and all became cold and grey upon the mountains; but a brief secondary glow came afterwards, and warmed up the brown cliffs once more.

"The countless noises heard upon the glacier during the day were now stilled, and dead silence ruled the ice-world; the roar of an occasional avalanche, however, shooting down the flanks of Mont Mallet broke upon us with startling energy.....My companion also slept but little, and once or twice during the night I fancied I could feel him shiver. We were, however, well protected from the cold, being completely sheltered from the sharper action of the wind. At times the calm was perfect, and I felt almost too warm; then again a searching wind would enter the grotto, and cause the skin to shrink on all exposed parts of the body."—*Peaks*, etc., pp. 31, 32.

The change from night to morning is not less remarkable. We shall extract a picturesque description of early morning on the Great G6rner glacier, at the foot of Monte Rosa, by the President of the Alpine Club.

"There was not a fleck of cloud in the sky, nor a breath of air stirring below, and no sound was audible save the crunching of our feet on the turf, stiff and crisp from the sharp frost of the night.....Just before sunrise we had reached the Rothe Kumme, the steep slope over the G6rner glacier whence the range of Monte Rosa is visible in its whole extent, when a new object of interest presented itself. To the eye the air around us had appeared perfectly clear, and without the slightest tinge of vapour, when suddenly the lower zone between us and the opposite range became suffused with a rosy flush that was accompanied by an evident diminution of transparency; this ap-

peared to be strictly limited within a definite thickness of the atmosphere extending to a height of about 15,000 feet. At the moment when the change took place my eyes were turned to the south-east over the Matterjoch, where the colour of the distant sky near the horizon was of a dark hazy blue, when suddenly it took a violet tint from the interposition of the rose colour in the air between me and the pass of the Matterjoch, as if a gauze veil had suddenly been placed between the eye and the distant sky, and clearly showing that the tint was produced in the lower and not the higher regions of the atmosphere.....I was watching the gradual development of colour in the south-eastern sky, when I became conscious of a change. Turning to the left, I saw the Höchste Spitze and Nord End (the two highest peaks of Monte Rosa), with a rim of bright light round the highest part of the two peaks, so nearly to the same extent that I found it hard to believe the difference between them to be as great as is commonly believed.....

"What enjoyment is to be compared to an early walk over one of these great glaciers of the Alps, amid the deep silence of Nature, surrounded by some of her sublimest objects, the morning air infusing vigour and elasticity into every nerve and muscle, the eye unwearied, the skin cool, and the whole frame tingling with joyous anticipation of the adventures that the day may bring forth? In this mood I advanced over the glacier, rejoicing in the friendly shadow that the Nord End flung for miles along the great ice-stream, when a new incident occurred, of which I fear that I can give to the reader no lively impression, although the recollection of it after so many years is still delightful. We were approaching the moraine from the Nord End; the air was perfectly still, as the glacier was; the thousand trickling runlets that furrowed the ice yesterday were now at rest, and there remained fantastic structures on the surface of the glacier, some of them like children's houses of cards, with walls and successive floors one above the other, the results of alternate melting and freezing, and draining away of enclosed water on the porous surface of the ice. On a sudden, as if from some prodigious distance, there fell upon my ear the sound of musical instruments, pure and clear, but barely distinguishable. I halted and listened; there could be no doubt there was the beating of a drum, and from time to time the sound of brass instruments. I asked Mathias (the guide), who now came up, what he thought of it, but he had no idea of the cause. Then remembering that persons passing the night at the Grand Mulets have declared that they heard the church bell and even the barking of dogs at Entrève or Cormayeur, I straight imagined that they were celebrating a *festa* in some of the valleys on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa, from which direction the sound seemed to come. We moved on, and the sounds continued, becoming rapidly more intense, and soon as we approached a deep, narrow crevasse the mystery was explained.

"At a considerable depth below us a trickling streamlet in the

interior of the glacier fell from one ledge of ice to another; the crevasse under our feet played the part of an organ pipe, and the elastic mass of ice struck by the descending rill produced sonorous vibrations. Two interesting conclusions followed from this charming experiment in the laboratory of the glacier. First, that the movement of water in the interior of a glacier is not stopped at night, and hence that a sharp frost probably does not penetrate very far below the surface; second, that the formation of fissures transversely to the direction of the veined structure, and parallel to the surface of the glacier, is not confined to the lower extremity of a glacier, where such fissures are constantly seen in and above the roof of the cavern whence the glacier torrent flows, but may probably extend in many directions throughout the glacier."—*Peaks*, etc., pp. 118-122.

The *crevasses* are generally vertical cuts, whose walls visibly converge, and in many cases have an unmistakable forward inclination. They vary from a few inches to several feet in width, occasionally reaching to some hundred feet in depth, and extending sometimes nearly right across the breadth of the glacier.

"They are grandest in the higher ice regions, where the snow hangs like a coping over their edges, and the water, trickling from these into the gloom, forms splendid icicles. The Gôrner Glacier, as we ascend it to the old Weissthör, presents many fine examples of such crevasses; the ice being often torn in a most curious and irregular manner. You enter a porch, pillared by icicles, and look into a cavern in the very body of the glacier, encumbered with vast frozen bosses, which are fringed all round by dependent icicles. At the peril of your life from slipping, or from the yielding of the stalactites, you may enter these caverns, and find yourself steeped in the blue illumination of the place. Their beauty is beyond description; but you cannot deliver yourself up, heart and soul, to its enjoyment. There is a strangeness about the place which repels you, and not without anxiety do you look from your ledge into the darkness below, through which the sound of subglacial water sometimes rises like the tolling of bells. You feel that, however, the cold splendours of the place might suit a purely spiritual essence, they are not congenial to flesh and blood; and you gladly escape from its magnificence to the sunshine of the world above."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 316, 17.*

* It is not often that travellers have an opportunity of observing "the birth of a crevasse." Such an opportunity was however enjoyed by Professor Tyndall, who describes the occurrence at p. 317 of his work.

Sometimes, particularly in the upper regions, the *crevasses* are hidden by a thin covering of snow which conceals their existence from the unwary traveller; frequently they are bridged across by arches of snow that may or may not be capable of sustaining a man's weight, and consequently need to be cautiously explored before they are ventured upon. The traveller usually is obliged to thread his way amongst their mazes, sometimes crossing them by ladders, sometimes clambering down one side and ascending the opposite one by the aid of ropes and the ice-hatchet. A glacier excursion, evidently, is not one of unalloyed pleasure, nor one which can be safely undertaken without the assistance of practised guides; for otherwise, independent of all other dangers, the tourist runs the imminent risk of losing his way.

Crevasses, as a rule, are mostly found in the marginal ice, in which case they are known as *marginal crevasses*, "forming an angle of 45° with the side of the valley, and being obliquely pointed upwards." Sometimes we find them in greater abundance on one side than on the other. This occurs at a bend of the valley, down which the glacier flows. Then the *convex* side of the glacier is the more fissured. Thus at the Montanvert of Chamouni, the western side, next the Montanvert, is less fissured than the opposite one. The whole eastern side, indeed, of the Mer de Glace is more crevassed than the western in consequence of there being "two large segments which turn their convex curvature eastward, and only one segment which turns its convexity westward." Marginal crevasses do not usually extend far inwards; nothing being more frequent than to find a glacier much crevassed at the sides but with its central portions quite compact. This seems to be the invariable rule where the bed is of a gentle and uniform inclination. But, if the bed is abrupt and broken, the ice must pass over the brow of a precipice. The glacier breaks across this brow, forming fissures more or less yawning and jagged, hence styled *transverse crevasses*. This is the cause of the "wild dislocation" of the Mer de Glace, and of its tributaries and neighbours.

"No glacier with which I am acquainted illustrates the mechanical laws just developed more clearly and fully than the Lower Glacier of Grindelwald. Proceeding along the ordinary track beside the glacier, at about an hour's distance from the village, the traveller

reaches a point whence a view of the glacier is obtained from the heights above it. The marginal fissures are very cleanly cut, and point in the direction already indicated ; the glacier also changes its inclination several times along the distance within the observer's view. On crossing each brow the glacier is broken across, and a series of transverse crevasses is formed, which follow each other down the slope. At the bottom of the slope tension gives place to pressure, the walls of the crevasses are squeezed together, and the chasms closed up. They remain closed along the comparatively level space which stretches between the base of one slope and the brow of the next ; but here the glacier is again transversely broken, and continues so until the base of the second slope is reached, where longitudinal pressure, instead of longitudinal strain, begins to act, and the fissures are closed as before."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 320, 21.

In addition to *marginal* and *transverse* crevasses, we sometimes meet with *longitudinal* ones. These occur whenever either the terminal, or the upper portion of a glacier is hemmed in by a narrow gorge, while, at some distance higher up, or lower down, the valley is comparatively wide, permitting the glacier to expand laterally. The ice in these cases, *falls away* from the central line, producing fissures along the direction of the current. We have instances of these longitudinal crevasses on the Glacier of Breney, already referred to, and others among the mountains of Bagnes. One of the most beautiful examples of them, and indeed one of the finest spectacles of the Alps, is presented by the Rhone Glacier, as viewed from the Grimsel Pass. Having descended a steep and rugged defile, it finds itself in a wide and gently sloping valley ; it expands laterally, forming a long line of longitudinal crevasses, from each side of which other fissures diverge, spreading out in all directions, like the leaves of a fan. A little consideration will satisfy us, that all these different kinds of crevasses arise from the application of the same mechanical laws to circumstances differing in locality and other conditions.

Pursuing our observation of the surface of the glacier, the object which must next arrest our attention is the double parapet of rock, which, continuing along its sides for its whole course, seems to define its territory and guard it from encroachment. These bands of rocky *débris* are known by the technical name of *Moraines*. They do not penetrate the ice, but are merely superficial ; and an idea

may be had of the enormous power and weight of a glacier from the fact that some of the rocks thus reposing on its surface are of very large dimensions and weight—for example, eighty feet long, twenty broad, and forty high. So true is it that they simply lie *upon* the ice, that in many instances, where they seem to be heaped up, a very slight examination reveals that it is the ice itself which is so heaved to the height of many feet, and that the rocky fragments do but cover its swelling. Nearly every glacier has two of these rocky parapets along its sides, in which case they are called *Lateral Moraines*. But some have in addition a line of rocks down the centre of their course, running parallel to the lateral parapets. This central line is known as a *Medial Moraine*. When in the waste belt which lies in front of a receding glacier, lines of rock are found lying in such positions as point them out to be continuations of the corresponding lines on the surface of the glacier, they are called *Terminal Moraines*. Now, what is the origin of these *moraines*? Saussure's view of their formation* attributes them to the disintegration of fragments of the mountain slopes overhanging the course of the glacier. The absorption of melted snow, and its subsequent freezing and consequent expansion detach large masses from the cliffs, which roll down to the glacier in larger or smaller fragments according as their descent has been unimpeded or checked by projecting crags. From this opinion there is no dissent, so far as *lateral moraines* are concerned, inasmuch as actual observation confirms a very reasonable hypothesis.

"The glacier is flanked by mountains which are washed by rain, dislocated by frost, riven by lightning, traversed by avalanches, and swept by storms. The lighter débris is scattered by the winds far and wide over the glacier, sullyng the purity of its surface. Loose shingle rattles at intervals down the sides of the mountains, and falls upon the ice where it touches the rocks. Large rocks are continually let loose, which come jumping from ledge to ledge, the cohesion of some being proof against the shocks which they experience; while others, when they hit the rocks, burst like bombshells, and shower their fragments upon the ice."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, page 263.

There is, however, one remark to be made upon the

* *Voyages dans les Alpes*, § 536.

subject. Moraines are found in situations where no such detachments of mountain fragments take place, or could take place. Their presence there is plainly due to the motion of the glacier, which has borne down upon its surface, as on a moving tray, the rude gifts of atmospheric action which it formerly received while passing through a higher and more exposed region. If the glacier did not move, not only we should not have a moraine in situations where the atmosphere has not the opportunity of disintegrating the surrounding mountain slopes; but at the places where such opportunity exists, the detached *débris* would remain heaped up, increasing each year in proportion to the extent of the disintegration. But if the glacier has moved downwards in the intervals between the successive catastrophes, then the rocky fragments will have been borne down some distance from the spot whence they fell, before their place will have been supplied by the fall of their successors. Two conclusions evidently follow from these facts. First—The existence of a *lateral moraine* does not by any means import that the course of a glacier lies entirely between slopes calculated, from their structure, configuration and atmospheric circumstances, to contribute periodical accessions of fresh materials—inasmuch as, (1) we have moraines that cannot have been so produced, and (2) such a state of periodical contribution would augment the moraines to an incalculable extent, and one very different from their actual condition. Hence, a single peak at the head of the glacier, one cliff favourably circumstanced as we have just now indicated, is sufficient for the formation of a whole lateral moraine; provided only its discharges occur, as they are sure to do, at periods sufficiently frequent. Secondly—The causes, which lead to the formation of the moraines, furnish us with a means of accurately and easily measuring the movement of glaciers. But of this we shall have to speak more in detail a little farther on.

It not unfrequently happens that two or more glaciers meet, and like confluent streams mingling their currents continue their united course in a common channel. Some remarkable phenomena occur on these occasions; for instance, the production of a *medial moraine*. The old theory, propounded by Saussure,* attributed their origin to

* *Voyages* § 536. It is only just, however, towards the memory

the supposed circumstance, that the large boulders, in falling from the adjacent slopes, do not stop when they reach the edge of the glacier and contribute their quota to the formation of the *lateral moraine*; but, urged by their prereceived velocity, aided by gravity, roll on until they settle on the centre of the glacier *at its lowest part*. Perhaps some of our readers may recollect the problem propounded by some wag to the Royal Society—"Why does a dead fish weigh more than a living one?" After much laborious investigation, some one at last thought of examining whether the fact supposed in the problem was so or not, and thus discovered the trick. Saussure's theory of *medial moraines* is disposed of in precisely the same way. It so happens, that the line of the glacier on which this moraine rests, so far from being the lowest, is always the highest part. Thus on the Aar glacier, the spine of ice, on which its central moraine rests, is some eighty feet above the level of the surrounding field. One might also be inclined to inquire, how the boulders in their centripetal journey crossed the intervening hummocks and hollows unchecked? Or, how comes it to pass, that these *medial moraines* are never found on single glaciers, but only on those which result from two or more branches? Where these branches join, their contiguous lateral moraines are laid side by side. The uninterrupted flow of the trunk glacier down the common channel will bear these united lateral moraines on its surface down the centre of the enlarged stream, while the tributary branches will always contribute to continue them to the point of junction. No matter what be the number of tributaries, their confluences will produce each its independent rocky wall, all continuing to hold a parallel direction, and will so continue till they reach the extremity of the glacier—unless, indeed, in the exceptional case of the surface of the latter becoming convulsed by causes extraneous to it, and foreign to the laws which regulate its constitution and

of this great man to remember that he assumed as a normal consequence of the superficial melting of the glacier we have described above, its central degradation, or gradual hollowing. Still the objections urged in the text would apply, especially that which is drawn from the absence of central moraines upon single glaciers. The facts are not as he supposed them, therefore his explanation is at fault.

movements. But the union of the tributary moraines is not to be so understood as to imply the mixture and confusion of their rocky materials. Although united, they continue distinct, preserving to the end all the features of their original individuality, and so attesting the special peculiarities of the mountain district whence each has been derived.*

But the moraines are not the only things deserving of notice on the surface of a glacier. Amongst the other most interesting objects are the "Glacier Tables"—huge boulders in the vicinity of a moraine, supported on pillars of ice high above the general level. Their position is easily explained. While the ice all around is being subjected to atmospheric influences, and consequently melts, falling at the rate of about a foot a week during the summer season; the portion on which one of these boulders rests is practically protected from melting (or, more correctly, it melts at a rate incomparably slower than that of the surrounding ice)—the immense mass which covers it radiating and communicating more heat to the surrounding air, than it conducts to the surface beneath it. In this way these tables are raised, by the sinking of the glacier around; and so they become so many registers of the amount of waste which the glacier has suffered, by indicating the original level which their pillars have preserved, but from which the surrounding ice-field has subsided. Still they conduct some heat, and small though the quantity be, it must produce an effect in a long lapse of time. The action of this almost inappreciable quantity of heat is curiously modified by the fact, that the sun's rays fall on the table chiefly from a southerly direction, describing an arc whose centre will coincide with the southern extremity of the table. Hence ensues a rotatory dip of the table, inappreciable in its variations, but occupying about noon a line which may be practically regarded as due north and south. Consequently

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, Part II. (8) *Moraines*. It sometimes happens, that two glaciers may seem to have united, presenting all or some of the appearances usually exhibited on the junction of a branch with its trunk stream when, in reality, no such union has taken place. An interesting instance of this is given by Mr. Ball (*Peaks, Passes and Glaciers*, chap. vi. pp. 108-110.) in the case of the Findelen and Görner glaciers.

"the dip of glacier tables sufficiently exposed to the sunlight, enables us at any time to draw the meridian line along the surface of the glacier," *—a law, the importance of which requires no observations of ours to demonstrate. Gradually the dip augments, until at last "the inclination becomes so great that the block slips off its pedestal and begins to form another, while the one which it originally occupied speedily disappears under the influence of sun and air." The Unter-aar Glacier, near the Grimsel, presents a picturesque variety of these tables in great abundance and perfection.

The "Gravel Cones," which are occasionally met with, arise from causes really the same, although apparently opposite. The streams which we formerly described as flowing between the ridges that furrow the surface of the glacier, bring with them extensive sandy deposits, the scourings of the moraines. These deposits up to a certain point promote the action of the streams in wearing down the ice. But when they accumulate, they act precisely in the same way as the "Tables." They protect the underlying surface, thus dividing the stream which brought them down into two channels, and, gradually rising into a new ridge; while the sides of the former ridges are being worn down, and their summits depressed, they metamorphose a whole section of the glacier. Where ice-hummocks formerly rose, we now find channels; and from the troughs of the former channels gravel-covered ridges have arisen. We have said ridges: but from mechanical causes on which we need not here dwell, the change, in each case, will have commenced at some one point, around which the sandy deposits arrange themselves, rising gradually in a conical form, the central point constituting the apex of the cone. It is difficult at first sight to regard these cones as other than heaps of gravel. But the first examination reveals their real structure. They are ice-mounds merely coated with gravel.

Other remarkable objects to be met with on many glaciers are the water-shafts or "*moulins*" as they are called—probably from the mill-race velocity with which the surface waters plunge down their icy depths, for in no other way have they any analogy to a mill or its gear.

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, page 265.

They are deep funnels bored through the solid body of the ice, and penetrating generally to a considerable depth. Indeed, it has been supposed that they quite pierce through the glacier to its bed; but this is a mere conjecture, for hitherto all attempts to measure their depths have been unsuccessful. They exist in most of the great glaciers; and, like almost all other glacier phenomena, are to be found in great number and variety on the Unter-aar. Their formation seems to require a tolerably continuous condition of the ice—crevasses being inimical to their existence by anticipating their functions. As the glacier moves down its valley, it is subjected to strains, which, though not sufficient to produce crevasses, are quite competent to cause it to crack and gape slightly. We have already mentioned the superficial streams which run about in every direction over the glacier. These streams unite, forming rivulets of no mean proportions.

"Imagine such a crack as we have described intersecting a glacier rivulet. The water rushes down it, and soon scoops a funnel large enough to engulf the entire stream. The *moulin* is thus formed; and as the ice moves downward, the sides of the crack are squeezed together, and *regelated*. But as the motion continues, other portions of the glacier come into the same state of strain as that which produced the first crack. A second one is formed across the stream, the old shaft is forsaken, and a new one is hollowed out, in which for a season the cataract plays the thunderer."—*Glaciers*, pp. 363-4.

So many as six old shafts have been counted in advance of an active one—a fact sufficient to refute the opinion of Professor Forbes, that they were stationary and did not move with the motion of the glacier, even independently of the actual measurements which have proved that they participate in the movement of the surrounding ice. Their special province seems to be to act as drainage pipes for the surface waters of the glacier.*

These, and many other phenomena will be sure to call forth the admiration and astonishment of all visitors of the glacier world. But, in our opinion, that which merits the greatest attention and will awaken the deepest interest in the mind of the thoughtful traveller, is the truly marvellous texture of the ice itself as evidenced by what have been familiarly but expressively denominated *Dirt Bands*. That the appearances and external features of glacier ice

* Tyndall's *Glaciers*, p. 362-66.

are of an individual character, widely different from those which are presented by all other kinds of ice, is sufficiently clear even from the meagre sketch we have been able to lay before our readers. This difference is not superficial and external, confined to the experiences of the eye and hand, and foot, wearied by the perpetual roughness of its glittering road; it is intimate, pervading the whole mass. The structure of glacier ice, as we have already had occasion to observe, is not homogeneous. But, as in everything relating to glaciers this absence of homogeneity takes place according to law and method, order is visible in its very confusion.

Whoever may have been their first discoverer, we are certainly indebted to the Principal of St. Andrews for the first account of the *dirt bands*. Being on the Mer de Glace, on the 24th of July, 1842, "his eye was caught by a very peculiar appearance of the ice, which he was quite sure he now saw for the first time. It consisted of nearly hyperbolic brownish bands on the glacier, the curves pointing downwards, and the two branches mingling indiscriminately with the moraines, presenting an appearance of a succession of waves some hundred feet apart."* Co-existent with these hyperbolic dirt bands, we meet with a singular conformation of the glacier surface in a series of slopes, which follow each other in succession, increasing in steepness as we ascend, each being separated from its neighbour by a space of comparatively level ice, until at last their distinctive features are lost in the confusion at the base of the ice cascade of the Géant. Viewing them in connexion with their local circumstances, it is impossible to regard them as anything but the permanent result of the dislocation suffered by the glacier in passing over the brow of the precipice which causes the cascade. On first looking at these slopes from the neighbouring eminences, they present the appearance of ice terraces or gigantic stairs. This appearance becomes toned down, as they descend the glacier, until at length they soften into massive protuberances or "wrinkles," as Professor Forbes has most appositely termed them. They look northwards. The dirt bands first appear at some distance below the cascade, and it is precisely across the northern points of the slopes, and at their bases, that they are arranged. In this way they lie

* Forbes's *Travels*, page 162.

in pairs. As they descend the glacier they become gradually elongated. Abstracting from this absence of concentricity, observations have established that, between the lower band of one pair and the upper one of the pair next succeeding, an average space of about 700 feet intervenes. Contrary to the opinion at first entertained, it has been found that they do not extend right across the glacier, but are confined to that portion of it which is derived from the Col du Géant. Professor Forbes attributed their formation to a more porous condition of the underlying ice, which, becoming disintegrated by atmospheric causes, detains the scourings of the moraines and other lighter débris. It would appear that this hypothesis cannot be sustained, inasmuch as subsequent investigation has failed to detect the supposed relative porosity of the "internal icy structure." Professor Tyndall is of opinion that they are produced by the superficial snow "forming a receptacle for the fine dirt transported by the innumerable little rills which trickle over the glacier. The snow gradually wastes, but it leaves its sediment behind." This opinion, however, fails to explain the strangest part of the phenomenon, namely, the arrangement of the dirt bands in hyperbolic curves.*

Akin to the dirt bands—indeed so much akin that an ordinary observer will find a difficulty in believing that they are not most intimately allied—is the wonderful and most beautiful phenomenon known as the *Veined Structure*, of which no adequate explanation (as it seems to us) has yet been offered. Starting from a point some distance above the termination of the glacier, we note as we ascend a remarkable contrast in the successive belts of ice. They appear to constitute a series of vertical curvilinear layers,

* These dirt-bands are to be met with on many of the great glaciers. Mr. Wills has given us a most interesting account of those of the Ferpécle. He concludes with an observation, bearing closely on a point, to which we shall have to allude a little further on. "The continually increasing 'frontal dip' of these dirt-bands is calculated strongly to impress the mind with the notion that they are connected, in some way, with the *veined structure*. But unless the motion of the Glacier de Ferpécle be much slower than that of any great glacier whose motion has been measured, their close proximity to one another would seem almost fatal to the supposition that there is any connection between their intervals and the annual amount of motion of the glacier."—*Eagle's Nest*, page 267

differing in density, specific gravity, colour, hardness, porousness, and consequently in fusibility. Their colours are blue, and blueish white. Of these several ices, if we may so speak, the blue possesses all the above-mentioned qualities in the greatest degree—the relative densities of blue and white being, respectively .995, and .925; that is, blue ice is .07 denser and heavier than white. Hence, the white ice melts more readily and rapidly, and it is in it that the troughs spontaneously form, affording channels for the superficial water-courses, and beds for the gravelly deposits which they wash down from the moraines. The fineness of many of these sandy particles allows them to enter the pores of the ice where they are detained partly by mechanical pressure, partly by subsequent freezing, until a fresh thaw penetrating deeper, sets them free again. The consequence of all this is to impart a peculiar appearance to the surface of the glacier. Little grooves and ridges are formed upon its surface, the more resistant *blue* plates protruding after the softer *white* material between them has melted away; while the fine brown lines formed by the lodgment of the sandy deposits in the grooves, resemble those produced by the passage of a rake over a sanded walk. That this rotation of white material and blue veins is not a partial phenomenon affecting the constitution of glaciers to a small extent only, is clear from the fact, that a large portion of some glaciers is thus built. The greater part of the Mer de Glace, for example, and the whole of the Rhone glacier, from its cascade downwards is composed of this *laminated* ice. On the clean walls of some deep crevasses, and in the deeper channels worn by icc-rivulets, the alternation of the blue-veined structure with the white ice is best observed, and the extremely beautiful appearance which is thus presented has been aptly compared to that of a polished chalcedony. The veins are best developed near the margin of the glacier along a line perpendicular to the direction of the greatest pressure being directed *downwards*, and inclined *obliquely* to the sides at an angle of about 45°—a condition of things diametrically opposed to the theory which would attribute their origin to the differential motion which is sensibly *parallel* to the sides. Under certain favourable circumstances the blue veins have been found to exist in the central portions of glaciers, thus constituting *transverse* structure. But the laborious investigations of Professor Tyndall appear to

have established essential differences between the laminæ of structure, and the layers of stratification, and to have shown that a great similarity exists between the former and the cleavage planes of calcareous spar and slaty formation. Wherever transverse structure exists, it is found to have assumed the hyperbolical curvature which characterizes the dirt bands. Hence, if it were of more general occurrence, it would invest with great probability the hypothesis of Professor Forbes, and we should be justified in roughly conceiving the glacier as built up of a series of hyperbolical walls or loops facing outwards. But the facts do not permit us to entertain any such general assumption as even vaguely probable. Near the origin of the glacier, these loops, where they do exist, are more transverse, becoming more and more elongated as they recede. As its termination is approached, they not only *face* outwards, but deflect from their vertical direction, *inclining outwards*, and forming with the bed of the glacier an angle gradually diminishing from 90° to 0°, until, at the terminal cliff they are found to over-lap each other in an almost horizontal position.

The lengthened and minute investigations of the great men who have devoted themselves to the study of the glacier world, dwelling for months together amidst the dreary fastnesses of its desolate wilds, have not succeeded in completely accounting for the origin or explaining the character of this veined structure. Some* have had recourse to the fanciful hypothesis of an ice-tension towards the axis of the glacier drawing out the substance of the glacier, as it slides along, in thin well-defined filaments. Others† have referred it to an original difference in the ice material itself, whether constitutionally inherent in the several snow particles from the first, or derived from the process by which these particles have been manufactured into the glacier fabric. Professor Tyndall attributes it to *pressure*. The pressure of the glacier exerted in many ways, and under most varied circumstances, crushes the ice in its "*structure mill*," expelling from it the imprisoned air, and welds again the bruised mass by re-gelation into the more compact and transparent ice of the blue veins.

* Whewell "Philosophical Magazine," Ser. III. vol. xxi.

† Forbes, *passim*.

The same pressure exerted on the winter snow falling into the channels of the drained streams and rivulets, the narrower crevasses, and the grooves worn during summer in the more porous portions of the glacier, squeezes it into solidity and forms the white ice-seams. In this diversity of view there is one point upon which all seem to be agreed. All appear to acknowledge some mysterious dependence of the veined structure and its kindred dirt-bands on the influences of the snowy reservoirs whence the glacier draws its existence, and on the way in which they minister to its continuance. Each successive year reveals in its upper regions a new series of dirt-bands, which have been formed, or have struggled into light, since the previous year. Farther up still, in that neutral territory which constitutes the border-land between the realms of ice and snow, we meet with snow-wreaths, arranged in the same order and fashion as the curved laminæ far below, and passing insensibly, as they approach the sides of the gorge, into the veined structure. Surely in view of these facts, it is not a vain imagination to look upon those hyperbolic curves of white and blue, which we meet in the consolidated glacier, as traces of successive and ever recurring stages in its continuous and progressive physiology. These are the frozen ripples which mark the eternal ebb and flow of the snowy tide.

The consideration of all these phenomena, of moraines, ice-tables, gravel cones, dirt-bands, veined structure, etc., must confirm the second of the two conclusions which as we have said above, follow from the inspection of the nature of the moraines. The first conclusion went to establish the sufficiency of a single cliff at the head of the glacier for the production of an entire moraine. The second, equally evident, with the first, is, that, if we are able to mark the topographical position of even one of the superficial boulders, whether forming part of the moraine, or standing isolated—to make as it were a trigonometrical survey of a glacier section—we can at once determine by its annual, monthly, weekly, or even daily parallax, if appreciable, the rate of motion of the glacier; or, at all events, of that zone of it where it is placed. Now, evidently, there can be no difficulty in determining the position of such a rock, or in ascertaining the change of position which it may have undergone after the lapse of a certain period. And so, neither can it be difficult to ascertain with

tolerable exactness the rate of motion of the glacier on which it is placed. Two or three examples will make the matter quite clear.

In an ascent of the Col du Géant in 1787, Saussure was obliged to abandon a ladder in a cleft, whose position he very precisely described. This ladder was found in 1829 imbedded in ice, on the Mer de Glace about *three leagues* in advance of its former position. This gives an average rate of motion of the surrounding ice of about 375 feet per annum.

In the year 1830, a guide named Dévouasson, while conducting a party over the Glacier de Taléfre, had the misfortune to fall into a deep crevasse. He was rescued, but had been so jammed between the converging walls of the chasm, that in the exertions necessary for his extrication, a brown knapsack which had been strapped across his shoulders, was literally torn off by the immense force of the ice pressure, and detained below. Ten years later, this identical knapsack was found disgorged on the Glacier de Léchand, at a distance of 4300 feet below the spot where it had been entombed. It was of course much crushed and cut in its passage through one of the most rugged and torn glaciers of the Alps; but otherwise it preserved the same colour and appearance which it wore ten years before. The average annual rate at which this novel aspirant to the honours of the Alpine Club travelled in its icy vehicle was 430 feet—a slow progress, one may be inclined to think, but which will appear sufficiently diversified in incident to satisfy the most craving appetite for adventure, if we remember that it passed over the ice-falls of the Taléfre in the course of its dreary journey.

In 1827, the naturalist Hugi built a cabin at the point of junction of the Finster-Aar and Lauter-Aar glaciers, for the purpose of studying the condition of the descending mass. The cabin was fixed, he himself tells, at the foot of the *Abschwung* or rock which forms the spur of the mountain dividing the two glaciers. Hugi returned in 1830, and left a paper within the cabin, stating that he had found it several hundred feet below the rock. Six years later, he found it had descended 2200 feet. In 1839 Agassiz discovered it on the main glacier, so far below its original situation, that he doubted its identity, until reassured by the papers of Hugi, found inside. It had in the three years, 1836-39, descended 2200 feet more. Here

we encounter a number of curious and interesting facts. First, we have, incontestably, a visible effect of glacier motion. Secondly, we have data which give us an approximation of the *rate* of motion. Unfortunately, Hugi has given us the amount of descent only on the occasion of his second return. From this quantity it appears that the annual average rate of motion in the nine years, 1827-36, was a little more than 244 feet. But in the three years 1836-39, this velocity increased three fold, averaging 733 feet. In 1840, when revisited by Agassiz, this velocity was found to have amazingly diminished, the cabin being only 200 feet lower than in the previous year. In 1841, he found it had descended 291 feet; and, in 1842, 269 feet. Fortunately, there is an immense block by the side of the cabin, by which the movements of the glacier may always be measured.

Up to the investigations of Professor Tyndall on the Mer de Glace, by far the most important observations of glacier motion were those executed by Agassiz on the Finster and Lauter Aar glaciers. In 1841, he had deep holes bored by instruments specially prepared for the purpose, in which he planted stakes. Returning in 1842, he was enabled not only to ascertain the rate of motion by their displacements, but to discover by the unevenness of these displacements, that all the parts of the glacier do not move equally fast, the motion of the sides being slower than that of the centre. He had also a regular map of the two glaciers, and of their trunk-stream, the Unter-Aar, constructed by M. Wild, one of the first engineers in Switzerland. Referring to it, any one can at a glance recognize the amount of change which a period of eighteen years will have wrought.

But by far the most complete series of glacier observations yet executed are those of Professor Tyndall in 1857, on the Mer de Glace, which have cleared up many doubts, and refuted many opinions previously assumed to be correct. He first discovered, that, although the central portion of a glacier moves faster than the sides, the line of fastest motion, nevertheless, does not coincide with the geometrical central line or axis of the glacier, but "*is a curve more deeply sinuous than the valley itself, and crossing the axis of the glacier at each point of contrary flexure.*" In other words: it forms a spiral winding round this axis according to the shape of the valley down which

the glacier flows, and having greater or less curvature according to the greater or less sinuosity of the valley. It approaches nearest to the side of the glacier where a *convex* elbow of this latter fits into a *concave* bend of the valley; and, consequently will always be found at that side of the geometrical axis on which the glacier is *convexed*.* This is one of the most important discoveries which has been made with regard to glacier motion, proving that, although incomparably slower, it obeys precisely the same laws as those which govern the flow of rivers. It explains at once whence it comes to pass that the *convex* sides of glaciers are more crevassed than the *concave* ones. For example :

"The eastern side of the Mer de Glace is observed on the whole to be much more fiercely torn than the western side, and this excessive crevassing has been referred to *the swifter motion of the Glacier du Géant* (the principal tributary to the Mer de Glace). It has been thought that, like a powerful river, this glacier drags its more sluggish neighbours after it, and thus tears them in the manner observed. But the measurements (of the movements of the several parts of the Mer de Glace) show that this cannot be the true cause of the crevassing. The points which moved quickest lay upon portions of the glacier far to the east of the line of junction of the Glacier du Géant, which in fact, *moved slowest of all*."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, p. 218.

While conducting this series of observations, Professor

* Mr. Ball mentions that, in 1845, he noticed "a double current in the Findelen Glacier, with an intervening portion near the centre, that advanced rather more slowly than those on either side. Such an exception to the regular increase in the rapidity of the ice current in passing from the sides to the centre, is doubtless due to some peculiarity in the form of the bed of the glacier. A rock rising in the middle of the current would divide it just as it does water. Mr. Ball, unfortunately, does not state whether this double current is merely the same as the lateral currents, or distinct from them, and intervening between them and the centre, and thus constituting five currents of different velocities, the two lateral currents, and the intervening double current, in the midst of which flows a slower central current. This is an interesting point which ought to be cleared up. We presume, as Mr. Ball has published his observations this year, without any allusion to investigations of a later date than 1845, that it yet remains unsolved."—Peaks, etc. p. 108.

Tyndall was able at considerable risk to determine, that (at least at the Tacul) in glacier cascades, the ice passes over the brow of the precipice with more than double the velocity with which it moves at the bottom: a fact which accounts for the frontal dip of the dirt-bands and of the blue veins in transverse structure. It has also been ascertained, that while the movement of the glacier is advanced or retarded according to the mean temperature of the season—being in winter about half what it is in summer—it is but little affected by the brief changes occurring during the night. The movement, whether fast or slow, is continuous, and does not take place by jerks,* or at recurring periods: Professor Forbes was able to trace it in the brief space of an hour and a half. If we regard the glacier along the direction of its length, its upper portions move more slowly than its lower extremity moves; the middle region (under normal circumstances) more slowly than either, the greater depth which the glacier there attains tending to diminish its velocity, while the quantity of motion is increased. Again, if we consider the motion of a line across its breadth, the centre as we saw above—although not always the exact central point—moves quicker than the sides, which are detained by the friction of the slopes of the valley with which they are in immediate contact. While, if we view a vertical section of the glacier, the top-most strata are found to move faster than the bottom, which is retarded by the friction of the bed. But, as in the case of rivers, all the movements of the glacier, and indeed everything appertaining to it, depend on a thousand local circumstances which must produce endless varieties of velocity, form, and constitution, even in the case of a single glacier, and render it impossible to establish general rules capable of universal verification. We cannot further pursue this tempting branch of our subject. We must refer our readers for full information to the sections of Professor Tyndall's work, which treat of glacier motion; assuring them that in his hands, while nothing is omitted which scientific curiosity could desire, every

* This is an unanswerable argument against the hypothesis which ascribes the motion of the glacier to molecular force generated by the freezing of water contained in the capillaries of the glacier.

thing becomes invested with a most attractive interest.*

We need scarcely remark that many glaciers depart in several features from the picture we have been hitherto engaged in portraying. Some, for instance, have scanty medial moraines, others are destitute of ice-tables and gravel cones. But these, after all, are but accessories which heighten the effect. In all the prominent characteristics which mark the glacier type, as distinguished from other icy formations, all well-behaved glaciers will be found to conform to our model. Some there are, indeed, rude boisterous specimens, that seem to revel in the ultra-savage grandeur of the region in which they are placed; and catching, as it were, its infection of lawlessness, exhibit the typical features in every variety of grotesque form and exaggerated proportion. Such is the glacier system of Mont Blanc, the tales of whose Titanic chaos have stamped Alpine scenes in the popular imagination with the prejudice of direst peril. Situated in wild rugged defiles, short but extremely precipitous, the surface of the glacier becomes fissured and cleft in every direction. As it descends, falling probably in its course over steep precipices, the crevasses become still more rent and torn, splitting into immense fragments of ice, whose disproportionate superficial area exposes them to violent atmospheric action. The consequent disintegration of the mass produces a scene of unequalled and appalling sublimity. The upper surface has completely disappeared, engulfing with itself, in the yawning chasm, the rocky boulders which elsewhere form moraines. Jagged pinnacles rise all around to an enormous height,

* One of the most interesting Alpine experiences is recorded by Mr. Wills—indeed, considering the solemn reflections to which the slow but irresistible movement of the glaciers must give rise, it could hardly have been noted at the time without a feeling of reverence and awe. "I had let my companions go on ahead, and was leaning on my stick, trying to take in the grand scenery around me, when my ear was struck by a curious sound. I listened, and after a few minutes heard again distinctly the peculiar creaking sound you get when you squeeze ice in a Bramah's press. It was the ice of the glacier straining under the operation of Nature's great press, as it was urged relentlessly through its narrowing channel."—*Eagle's Nest*, p. 286.

towering above the universal wreck as if in mockery of the powers which have wrought such ruin, mimicking in their fantastic shapes and airy attitudes the forest of peaks that surrounds them. It is the favourite region of the avalanches, and their constant fall reminds one of the destructive causes which are busy near at hand. Now and then a discharge of fragments from an overhanging cliff comes to attest their strength, and to increase the confusion; or a snow-slip descends from the side of a neighbouring mountain to cover all, and lure by the treacherous evenness of its surface some unwary traveller to an inevitable doom. The whole scene looks like a frozen picture of a giant war, waged between the elements and the ice, in which neither power has conquered, but both have succumbed to each other's fury, leaving a wild waste of ruin to evidence the fierceness of their strife. It is, as Byron says, the very likeness of "a frozen hurricane"—

" There, many a precipice
Frost and the Sun in scorn of mortal power
Have piled—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.
Yet not a city, but a flood of ruin
Is there, that from the boundaries of the sky
Rolls its perpetual stream : * *
* * * the rocks, drawn down
From yon remotest waste, have overthrown
The limits of the dead and living world,
Never to be reclaimed."*

Whatever may have been the characteristic peculiarities of a glacier in its lower and middle portions, its upper part near its origin seems, in almost all cases, to have been formed in one common mould. We shall then suppose that all difficulties have been vanquished, and that the traveller has reached this border region, where the ice commingles with its snowy sources. We meet indeed with new features, distinct from those we have observed below, but bearing not merely a resemblance but an unmistakeable family likeness to them. They differ less, than do the lineaments of the child from those of the full grown man.

* Shelley, *Mont Blanc*.

This hybrid zone, which partakes of the properties of both ice and snow without being wholly either, is known by a special name: the French-speaking naturalists and mountaineers have called it *névé*, the German *firn*. The first intimation which warns the traveller that he is quitting the glacier proper and nearing its limits, is the abundance of snow, which even in the middle of summer lies deep and crisp beneath his foot. The great elevation (amounting frequently to 9000 feet,) and the sheltered position prevent it from melting. As he advances he finds the roughness and hilly conformation, which has hitherto characterized the glacier ice, give place to a smooth coating gently undulating, like the almost imperceptible swell of the ocean at rest. At the same time the convexity, which is the normal appearance of the surface of the glacier, is seen to sink and pass by inappreciable gradations into a concave form, which becomes more and more decided in shape as it recedes, and stretches away to the mountain peaks that form the head of the gorge, insinuating itself into their defiles, and gliding by infinitesimal variations of curvature into the exact pattern of their slopes. As he proceeds he finds his road less broken and interrupted than formerly. The crevasses are fewer and narrower. But his caution must be ever on the watch. The superficial snow becomes deeper, and seems to have entered into full possession of the ground. It conceals the ice beneath, and frequently covers the crevasses, rendering a false step destruction. But it is different from the snow lower down on the glacier. There, wherever it exists, it lies in any way, just as it fell; here it is arranged according to a certain method, corresponding as we have already observed, in a remarkable degree to the laminated appearance of the lower glacier, and to the actual veined structure which, if it be removed is found to exist—or rather to be in process of formation—beneath it.

Where the boundary line is to be drawn, or how the passage from one territory to the other takes place, we cannot say. But, at last the traveller finds himself on the *névé*, the unformed, but forming glacier. A moment's glance convinces him that he is within the great workshop where the wondrous mass he has all this time been inspecting was forged. Nor has the manufacture ceased with its production. Wherever he turns he sees

piled up in lavish profusion and variety inexhaustible stores in every stage of forwardness and preparation. Before him is the raw material furnished in endless supply by the eternal snow-fields overhead. The perfect finished article he has left behind. Beneath him and all around everything is in a state of transition, differing almost as much from the snow above, as it does from the ice below. The consistency, mechanical condition, and physical appearances of this intermediate fabric are alike remarkable. The *névé* is about *one-third* less dense than the hard blue ice, and is consequently much more liable to atmospheric action, and susceptible of alteration of structure. It is passing into ice in virtue of this influence of the atmosphere and its dependent alterations, aided by the warm summer rain, by intense solar action, and by all the consequent vicissitudes of freezing, and thawing, and freezing again. It is being pressed into ice in its lowermost strata, yielding gradually to the enormous weight of the superincumbent mass, and solidifying and shaping itself in obedience to its direction as if it were a plastic body. How slow is this process of transformation! Compared with it the tortoise's tedious journeying is rapid as the flight of an arrow. A generation, at least, must pass away before last winter's snow shall have reached the first slopes of the glacier proper. But it is not the less surely going on because of its slowness. Ice, strictly speaking, if any there be, lies now in unapproachable abysses full a hundred fathoms deep, where sounding-pole and ladder and hatchet are of no avail. Snow alone is visible, and it is everywhere. Snow hard and unyielding underfoot; pure white snow robing the slopes wherever the scathing lightning and crashing avalanche have left it room to rest; frozen, dazzling, blinding snow on the mountain summits that rise like giant spectres all around. Crevasses again appear, wide yawning and irregular; they must be crossed on a snowy arch of most slender proportions, that will perhaps crumble at the first tread. Some who have had the courage to descend those snowy chasms relate almost fabulous tales of their marvellous beauty, and tell us how they have seen layers of snow lying packed on green icy shelves, anticipating by their mimic stratification the arrangements which they will receive, when in progress of time they are drifted down into the substance of the glacier. It is a realm of silence,

desolation, and awe. All trace of vegetable life has completely disappeared. No animal, save man, ever plants its foot in these lonely wilds, which nature seems to have exclusively appropriated for her own domain.

But even nature's domain must have a limit; and so at last we may suppose our traveller to have arrived at the end of his long journey. The end is like the beginning. The surface of the *névé* is not always, or even frequently, joined to the mountain snow by a continuous surface, as might be inferred from the sketch we have been giving of its appearance. As the terminal face of the glacier is generally a precipitous ice-cliff, seamed by clefts, and ploughed by the falling blocks of the moraines which are discharged over its edge; so the head of the *névé* in most cases, breaks off abruptly over against the slopes which hem it in. The dividing chasm is usually far more formidable in its dimensions and configuration, than most of the crevasses; and its formation is so peculiar that it has received the special name of *Berg-schrund*, or 'mountain-cleft.' On the other side of the *Berg-schrund* rise the mountains, covered with snow to their summits, wherever their sides are not too steep, or disintegrated by the atmospheric forces constantly at work. It would be a great error, however, to suppose, that the dazzling robe which clothes these slopes is pure snow, such as we are accustomed to meet at lower levels.* On examination it is found to be compactly frozen. Even the very summits of the peaks are crowned with an icy diadem. This will not appear strange, if we again remember the intensity of the solar heat in these elevated regions. The

* On this subject Saussure (*Voyages* § 530) quotes and adopts the opinion of Gruner "Sur les hautes montagnes, et sur leur sommits couverts de neiges, on ne trouve aucune glace proprement dite, mais une neige vieille et durcie." The facts are wholly at variance with this theory. The summit of Mont Blanc, indeed, is so constantly swept by hurricanes, that the snow is rarely allowed to remain in a state of quiet for a sufficient period to permit it, first, to thaw, and then to congeal. But the narrow summit of the Finster-Aar-Horn, is one sheet of most smooth and treacherous ice, which actually projects and hangs over the edges of the summit, like the carved work of a massive cornice, exposing the incautious traveller to the most imminent risk. Similar icy cornices add to the perils of Monte Rosa and the Wetterhorn.

surface of the snow melts by day and is frozen by night. This process is interrupted during the winter snow-falls—the season, when the supplies for maintaining the glacier are, so to say, voted by the atmosphere, and appropriated by the *névé*. When summer comes the surface of the winter's fall resumes its alternate thawing and freezing; thus presenting to the eye the appearance of a glittering ice-coat enveloping the mountain, except in some few sheltered nooks, where the thaw has been impeded or altogether prevented, and the unmelted snow has been able to preserve its frozen crispness undisturbed. On some summits, whose shape and topographical position permit an accumulation of snow, the icy transformation is specially favoured, towering to a slender acuminated cone, formed apparently of magnificently green crystal, and so justifying the name of *Monte Cristallo*, which the Italians have given to such a peak—the Ortler Spitz, or *Awl-Peak*, as the Germans almost more expressively denominate it, in the Tyrol.

We had intended to give a short account of the several theories which have been proposed, to explain the formation and motion of glaciers, but the length to which our observations have already run forbids it. For our reader's sake we are glad of this inability, as it affords us the opportunity of referring them to Professor Tyndall's work for full details on this most interesting branch of our subject, which he has treated in the clearest and most intelligible manner. Of this work we can safely say, that no language we could use would convey our appreciation of its merits. The Alpine traveller will recognize in it the genuine and warm reflection of those experiences, the recollection of which forms the highest enjoyment of his life. While they who have never visited the wonders of the glacier world, or whose tastes shrink from all serious books as affording but dull reading, will find the tales of marvel recorded in its truthful pages as attractive and absorbing as any story of wild adventure or the plot of the most alluring and popular work of fiction. For one thing we Catholics owe Dr. Tyndall deep gratitude, namely, his vindication of the merits of Monseigneur Rendu, the late Bishop of Annecy, as a glacier explorer. He has shown to Protestants the injustice they do us when they suppose that high religious training is, amongst us, hostile to secular knowledge; and has proved by a practical illustration

that a thorough acquaintance with physical phenomena, and a profound investigation of the abstruse laws which govern them, are perfectly compatible with admitted excellence and great repute as a Catholic bishop.

The three works which we have prefixed to this Article, form together a body of information on the Western Alps, more extensive and perfect than any hitherto in our possession. It is, as we may naturally expect, more complete with regard to some districts than to others. But, even on account of its short coming, it is most satisfactory; inasmuch as by accurately ascertaining the limits of our knowledge, it defines the localities with which it is desirable that our acquaintance should become more intimate. Viewed in this way, the work of the Alpine Club may be regarded as a general hand-book, embracing a more extended circle; while the other works are its complements, descending to greater detail, and devoting themselves to colour and finish some particular portions of the picture which was spread before us in cartoon by the former. Professor Tyndall has most judiciously divided his book into two parts, one chiefly narrative, the other chiefly scientific, but each so skilfully handled that the narrative is never without its lesson of instruction, nor the scientific discussion dry or unentertaining. His narrative is chiefly occupied with the Mont Blanc and Monte Rosa districts, including two ascents of these mountains, so different in all their accessories, in position and local circumstances, and yet such rivals in sublimity and general effect. We have also a flying visit to the Tyrol, *en route* to Vienna, and a peep or two at the Oberland. Of the scientific portion our readers may be able to form some opinion from the extensive contributions which we have borrowed from it. No pains, no trouble, no amount of toil has been spared to ascertain every fact and its appropriate explanation, and to elevate the conclusions which they suggest to the rank of positive certainty. We need only refer to the expedition to the Mer de Glace, undertaken in the depth of the severe weather of last Christmas. The season, which all the rest of the world devotes to domestic enjoyment, was spent by Dr. Tyndall in the snowy solitude of the glaciers, amidst storm and tempest, such as only rare winters bring even to the Alps, miles away from any human abode, and at a time when the highest elevation of the thermometer marked eight

degrees below the freezing point! It is not often that science can produce such an instance of abnegation.

To Mr. Wills's work, a sad interest attaches from the "cold atmosphere of sorrow" which ushered in its publication. The chief portion of it is devoted to a description of the beautiful valley of Sixt, a district lying quite out of the beaten track, although at the very threshold of Chamouni, from which it is parted only by a narrow ridge of mountains. Sixt is but half-a-day's journey from Geneva. The road to it branches off the high-road to Bonneville and Chamouni. Yet it is very rarely visited, and has been now described, we believe, for the first time. Accident, rather than design, seems to have originally directed Mr. Wills hither; but his first view of it led him to rank it as superior in beauty to any other spot within the whole range of Alpine scenery. Year after year he returned; and each succeeding visit did but strengthen his first love, and colour more deeply his first impressions. "In the whole course of my wanderings," he wrote home to his wife, "I have never seen anything so exquisitely and perfectly beautiful. There is not the Mont Blanc of course; but, excepting for that, Chamouni is not fit to be named in the same day with it. Why do not people go to Sixt? I have never seen a place with so many and so great attractions." An irresistible longing came upon him to be the possessor of a chalet in this happy valley. The account of the steps taken in order to secure this object of his desire, is extremely interesting, illustrating as it does, most graphically, the administrative system of Sardinia with reference to the transfer of public property.* With much difficulty, he succeeded in obtaining the coveted spot, and then brought his wife to see it. To-

* We regret that Mr. Wills has not seen the justice of the opposition, which his project received from the Curé of Sixt. Even according to his own representation of the proceedings, it is plain that this opposition sprang solely from an honest, although perhaps mistaken, anxiety of the Curé to secure the temporal and spiritual welfare of his flock. Mr. Wills frankly declares him to be an enlightened and "educated man, and well acquainted with what is passing in the world beyond his valley." He had therefore all the less right to characterize his views as proceeding from a narrow-minded and ignorant hostility.

gether they visited all the romantic nooks of the valley,—together they climbed its slopes and surveyed its glaciers, for it is within the precincts of the glacier realm,—together they ratified the choice of their summer home, planned its *châlet*, and arranged the laying out of the grounds.

"As we left the plateau, avowedly for the last time that season, she said to me, 'I wonder whether we shall ever be here together again!'—words destined, alas! to find a mournful echo in the commands of Providence. A disease so secret, so insidious, that its very existence had escaped the anxious affections of friends, and eluded the experienced vigilance of a most accomplished medical man, had silently reached its climax, and suddenly arrested the mysterious current of life; and without time for one farewell, the gentlest and most graceful spirit that ever was the light and the pride of a happy home had passed from earth."

It would be impossible to select from the portion of the volume dedicated to Sixt passages for quotation, without marring their interest and beauty. Everything is so fresh, so genuine, so novel, that we feel satisfied he who has once taken up the volume will not lay it down until he has finished it,

Both Professor Tyndall and Mr. Wills describe a joint ascent of Mont Blanc, undertaken for the purpose of depositing on its summit a self-registering *minimum* thermometer, with the view of ascertaining, if possible, the lowest point to which the winter temperature of that elevated region descends. Auguste Balmat, the celebrated guide, was of the party, as indeed he had been the originator of the experiment. On the occasion in question (13th September, 1858), the thermometer stood at $-12^{\circ}.3$, Centigrade, or twenty-one and a half degrees of Fahrenheit below the freezing point—an amount of cold of which we can have no practical appreciation. Mr. Wills recounts in most feeling and vivid language the sufferings of the whole party, and the appalling torture endured by Balmat, whose hands were frozen.* While Professor Tyndall's description of the atmospheric phenomena and the dangers of the ascent, if not adequate, which no language could possibly be, is certainly not unworthy of the unique marvels and awful grandeur of the scene.†

* Wills' *Eagle's Nest*, Chap. viii., pp. 230-246.

† Tyndall's *Glaciers*, pp. 168-191.

Our idea of the Mont Blanc district will be much enlarged on reading the first four chapters of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, which are devoted to excursions within its precincts. The second of these chapters, (which in strict geographical order ought to have been the first,) is from the pen of Professor Tyndall, and describes "a day among the *Seracs*" of the Col du Géant. It is a most animated sketch of the peculiarities of conformation which the glaciers around Mont Blanc, in common with many others in similar situations, derive from their descent through deep mountainous ravines, along rocky beds, and over steep precipices. The amorphous dislocation of the ice, the very unsteadiness of its discontinuity, and the consequent extreme difficulty and hazard of making one's way over such a chopping sea of solid but jostling materials, are briefly but vividly sketched. We shall quote one passage which gives a picture that will be recognized by every visitor of Chamouni as a family-likeness. It extends to considerable length, but we shall not detract from its effect by curtailment.

"The vast mass of snow collected on the plateau of the Col du Géant, and compressed to ice by its own weight, reaches the throat of the valley, which stretches from the rocks called Le Rognon to the promontory of L'Aiguille Noire. Through this defile it is forced, falling steeply, and forming one of the grandest ice-cascades in the Alps. At the summit it is broken into transverse chasms of enormous width and depth; the ridges between these break across again, and form those castellated masses to which the name of *Seracs* has been applied. In descending the cascade, the ice is crushed and riven; ruined towers, which have tumbled from the summit cumber the slope, and smooth vertical precipices of ice rise in succession out of the ruins. At the base of the fall the broken masses are again squeezed together but the confusion is still great, and the glacier is here tossed into billowy shapes, scooped into caverns, and cut into gorges by torrents which expand here and there into deep green lakes.

"Across this portion of the glacier we proceeded westward, purposing to attempt the ascent at the Rognon side. Our work soon commenced in earnest, and perils and difficulties thickened round us as we advanced. The confusion of ice-pinnacles, crags, and chasms, amid which we hewed our way, was very bewildering. Plates of ice jutted from the glacier like enormous fins, along the edges of which we had to walk; and often, while perched upon these eminences, we were flanked right and left by crevasses, the depth of which might be inferred from their impenetrable gloom. At

some places forces of extreme complexity had acted on the mass ; the ridges were broken into columns, and some of these were twisted half round, as if with a vertical motion ; while the chasms were cut up into shafts which resembled gigantic honey-combs, round the edges of which we crept tortuously. Our work was very difficult, sometimes disheartening ; nevertheless, our inspiration was, that what man has done man may do, and we accordingly persevered.

" Looking to the right, I suddenly became aware that high above us, a multitude of crags and leaning columns of ice, on the stability of which we could not for an instant calculate, covered the precipitous incline. We were not long without an illustration of the peril of our situation. We had reached a position where massive ice-cliffs protected us on one side, while in front of us was a space more open than any we had yet passed ; the reason being that the ice avalanches had chosen it for their principal path. We had just stepped upon this space when a peal above us brought us to a stand. Crash ! crash ! crash ! nearer and nearer, the sound becoming more continuous and confused, as the descending masses broke into smaller blocks. Onward they came ! boulders half-a-ton and more in weight, leaping down with a kind of maniacal fury, as if their sole mission was to crush the séracs to powder. Some of them, on striking the ice, rebounded like elastic balls, described parabolas through the air again, madly smote the ice, and scattered its dust like clouds in the atmosphere. Some blocks were deflected by the collision with the glacier, and were carried past us, within a few yards of the spot where we stood. I had never before witnessed an exhibition of force at all comparable to this, and its proximity rendered that fearful which at a little distance would have been sublime.

" Unbroken spaces, covered with snow, now began to spread between the crevasses ; these latter, however, became larger, and were generally placed end to end *en échelon*. The extremities of the chasm ran parallel to each other for some distance, one being separated from the other, throughout this distance, by a wall of incipient ice, coped at the top by snow. At some places, the lower portion of the partition between the fissures has melted away, leaving the chasm spanned by a bridge of snow, the capacity of which to bear us was often a matter of delicate experiment. Over these bridges we stepped as lightly as possible. In many cases, indeed, we could not at all guess at the state of matters underneath the covering of snow . . . Further up in the *névé* the fissures became less frequent, but some of them were of great depth and width. On those silent heights there is something peculiarly solemn in the aspect of the crevasses, yawning gloomily day and night, as if with a never satisfied hunger. We stumbled on the skeleton of a chamois, which had probably met its death by falling into a chasm and been disgorged lower down. But a thousand chamois between these cavernous jaws would not make a mouthful. I scarcely knew which to choose—these pitfalls of the *névé*, or the avalanches ; the latter

are terrible but they are grand outspoken things ; the ice-crag proclaim from their heights, ' Do not trust us, we are momentary and merciless.' They wear the aspect of hostility undisguised ; but these charms of the *névé* are typified by the treachery of the moral world ; they hide themselves under shining coverlets of snow, and compass their ends by dissimulation."—*Peaks*, etc. pp. 33-36.

Verily, we covet many such papers from Professor Tyndall.

The first chapter is from the pen of Mr. Wills, one of the ablest of Alpine travellers, and describes in glowing language the passage from the Col de Balme to Orsières across the difficult glaciers du Tour, de Trient, and de Salena. It had been previously effected, in 1850, by Professor Forbes, and since the successful experiment of Mr. Wills and his companions, has been made by two or three parties. The paper is a most graphic account of the difficulties of travelling over broken glaciers. Here is a description of an unexpected night bivouac up among the cliffs which overhang the last-named glacier. In order to appreciate it, the reader should know that the party had expected to have reached comfortable quarters at Orsières, long before the hour at which the darkness of the night had compelled them to halt ; and, with the exception of a slight repast, had not tasted food since six A.M.

" With some anxiety we examined the contents of the knapsacks. We found a small quantity of mutton and three or four pounds of bread, half a flask of kirschwasser, a few raisins, some chocolate, and a tolerable supply of sugar ; not too much for five men, who had been walking more than twelve hours. Happily, Balmat had some citric acid and lemon essence in his pocket, by the help of which and the sugar, we turned the water into an excellent and most refreshing lemonade. Still, we had to sup on half rations, or something less. My companions fortified themselves against the cold with kirschwasser, but to me it is a nauseous and horrible compound, which nothing but necessity would induce me to touch, so that I was fain to content myself with the lemonade,—rather a cool 'night-cap' on the bare mountain side.

" Before lying down to seek such rest as we could get, we divided the night into five watches. We considered that an hour and a quarter apiece would carry us through the night. . . . It was not till we came to lie down that we fully appreciated the comfort of our bivouac. The slope on which we were encamped was so steep, that no one who was not fortunate enough to find a hole in which to nestle could keep himself from slipping, especially as the bilberry bushes on which we lay were soaking wet with the heavy dew.

W., who is great at sleeping, with admirable instinct found a most eligible hollow close against the fire, where the only danger he incurred was that of being scorched ; but it was the only place of the kind ; and after trying every spot which seemed to give the slightest promise of support, and finding that nowhere could I keep myself from slipping down, except by clinging to the wet bushes, I was obliged to desert the fire and betake myself to the under side of a boulder about thirty yards off, where I had the double advantage of a hollow to sit in and a back to lean against. Here I tied my handkerchief over my head, and tried to think I was very warm and comfortable ; but I was not so successful as not to be very glad when Balmat brought me a large stone, which he had heated in the embers of our fire, to sit upon.

"It was a night I would not have missed, with all its inconveniences. The stars shone bright and clear out of the sky of jet ; not a wreath of vapour could be seen ; the solemn glacier far beneath us, showed dimly through the gloom, with a dead and spectral white, as if it had been some mighty giant lying in his shroud. The crags beyond it were sombre as a funeral pall, and in the darkness, seemed to rise to such an enormous height, that the eye grew weary of wandering upwards, before their massive ebony was relieved by the liquid and transparent blackness of the sky, with its thousand glittering points of light. Not a sound broke the awful stillness of the scene, except the faint dashing of the distant torrent which we had sought so unsuccessfully, and the crackling of the fire, as R. heaped upon it fresh armfuls of bilberries and rhododendrons. Occasionally, by the fitful glare of the flames, I could see his form moving slowly and noiselessly about, now in bold relief against the ruddy light, now half hidden by the curling smoke, now illuminated by the blaze, as he passed round to the other side in search of fuel, quite unconscious of how much he was adding to the picturesqueness of the scene. I could not help thinking of home, and of those who, not improbably, were at that very moment thinking of me, little dreaming that I was lying out on the side of a glacier, many thousand feet above the sea, with nothing between me and the blue vault of heaven. It was a pleasant thought, and led me gently back to another bivouac beneath a rock by the Lax de Tacul, and thence to many an Alpine wandering enjoyed in the same good company." —*Peaks, etc.*, pp. 18-20.

In the year 1855, six young Englishmen, unaccompanied by guides, accomplished the feat of ascending Mont Blanc by a new route from St. Gervais. We have here, in the third chapter, an account of four attempts to complete and improve this route, one of which resulted in a large party having to grope their way, on a dark and stormy night, amidst torrents of rain, down the icy sides of the Aiguille

du Gouté, and across the perilous crevasses of the Glacier de Bionassay. The object of these efforts was to establish a passage to Mont Blanc from the Savoy side different from the established one from Chamouni by the Grands Mulets, and avoiding, if possible, the necessity of descending to the Grand Plateau. It is hoped, that from some point of this new route (if it be feasible at all) another way may be discovered leading down into Italy—thus resolving the problem of passing from Chamouni to Courmayeur over the summit of Mont Blanc. Beyond the scientific advantage of knowing whether such passages exist, we do not consider that their discovery can be of any practical utility. They must lead across the dangerous *névé* at the head of the southern glacier de Miage—an obstacle sufficient to prevent their ever being adopted by travellers.

Following the mountain range, we are taken from Mont Blanc to Monte Rosa, across the outlying district which includes the Vêlan, the Combins, and the Graffeneire, and many other magnificent peaks and passes. The savage defile known as the Val de Bagnes, occupies the centre line of the whole region and is famous on account of a terrible catastrophe of which it was the theatre in 1818. The severe winter of 1810-11 had accumulated so large a quantity of snow on the mountains, that the avalanches which fell in the succeeding spring far exceeded the average in number and magnitude. The summer suns were not sufficient to melt them, and the result was the formation of a spurious glacier, in front of the regular glacier Gétroz, right across the course of one of the affluents of the east branch of the Dranse, at a point where the gorge through which it flows was not more than half a mile wide. The natural course of such a formation is to grow; but few fears were entertained so long as the usual turbid stream issued from its base. However, in the six years intervening between 1811 and 1817, in consequence of the obstruction, a lake was gradually formed between the two glaciers. The winter of 1817 was abnormally severe, and the opening from the ice-cavern through which the rivulet issued became unfortunately frozen up so firmly, that when spring came the head of the stream was dry, and its waters were thus intercepted and went to swell the volume of the intermediate lake. Rapidly this increased in size, receiving additional supplies from the melting snows of the neighbouring mountains and

glaciers. In autumn, 1817, it was but fifty feet deep; in the beginning of May, 1818 it was in some places two hundred and thirty feet in depth, and continued to rise at the rate of twenty eight inches, or the amazing amount of over one hundred and twenty thousand tons daily. Under the superintendence of M. Venetz, a most able engineer, and afterwards so famous amongst glacier theorists, a channel was cut to allow the escape of the superfluous water. This novel operation was attended with great difficulties, and with constant danger to the workmen engaged in it; but it was finally completed within thirty days from its commencement. On the 13th of June, the day on which the waters first entered it, the lake was about 11000 feet long, its average breadth was 400 feet, its average depth 200 feet, and its contents amounted at least to nearly twenty-two million tons. The success of the engineering experiment was so very great, that the rush actually deepened the channel, carrying off within three days and a half over six and a half million tons of water; and in time the current might have worn for itself so deep a bed, as not merely to carry off the accumulated contents of the lake, but to hasten the dissolution of the accidental icy formation itself. But, meantime, causes were at work which could hardly have existed in the case of a regular glacier; and—whether owing to a disintegration of the mass, caused by the infiltration of water and the foreign substances which it brought with it, or from the enormous pressure at an extremity of the ice wall, where it joined some detached pieces of rock,—it suddenly gave way on the 16th of June. Nearly fifteen million tons of water—an almost inconceivable mass—were instantly precipitated down the valley. The average velocity of the flood has been estimated at thirty-three feet per second, or *twenty-two and a half miles an hour*, a rate of motion, to realize which we must seek for a parallel in railway speed. The people of the valley had been long prepared for this catastrophe. Signals were made the moment it occurred, but how unavailing such signals must have proved for all practical purposes we may readily understand, if we picture to ourselves the position of an unfortunate man surprised on a railway by a train racing after him at the rate of over twenty-two miles an hour. Yet, terrible as this position would undoubtedly be it is not altogether so hopeless as the situation of those who were

surprised by the flood of the burst glacier ; and when we find that not more than about fifty lives were lost, we must rather wonder that the calamity did not overtake a much larger number. The village of Bagnes was overwhelmed, and many other villages and the town of Martigny suffered considerable damage. The escape of the village of Beauvernier was almost miraculous. The flood was seen passing like an arrow by the side of the village without touching it, although much higher than the roofs of the houses. A rock which projected into the valley, served to divert the direction of the torrent. Not only houses and chalets were carried away, but even extensive forests, and for a long distance the very soil was washed off from the rocks, and a wild tract of savage desolation attests to this day the fearful power of a burst glacier. By a providential circumstance, the same causes which had produced this terrible accident, had rendered the waters of the Rhone uncommonly low, so that the bed of the river was capable of carrying off this immense addition to its normal contents. Otherwise the damage would have been fearfully increased. As it was, the loss of property was estimated at 1,200,000 francs ; an appalling calamity for an Alpine district.* To obviate, if possible a recurrence of so fearful a catastrophe, gangs of workmen are constantly employed in cutting away the face of the dangerous glacier Gétroz, and thus prevent its advance into the valley.

Under the guidance of Mr. Matthews—than whom a pleasanter or more energetic companion we could not desire—we can find our way out of the Val de Bagnes over the Col du Mont Rouge, some ten thousand or eleven thousand feet high, and so by the Combe d'Arolla to Haudières, a little village at the head of the lovely Val d'Erin. Arrived there, we shall again place ourselves in the hands of Mr. Wills, and with him turn southward. Following the course of the torrent we catch glimpses of the great Ferpècle glacier, one of the largest in Switzerland, scaling the precipices of the Dent Blanche as we ascend, and looking up wonderingly at "its grand white peak and shaggy sides, towering apparently to an immea-

* An interesting account of this inundation is to be found in Simond's *Switzerland*, vol. I.

surable height." After a pleasant but toilsome journey of nine hours, we stand on the summit of the Col d'Erin, which some measurements place so high as 11,939 feet.

"Fortunately for the effect of the scene, you can scarcely see any thing of what lies beyond the Col till within a very few paces of it. These few paces are sufficient to disclose, in a few moments, a scene of novel character and unsurpassed magnificence

"The long low wall of snow close on our left, was suddenly replaced by no less wonderful an object than the peak of the Matterhorn itself, not six miles distant from the spot on which we stood, and still between three and four thousand feet above us, presenting to our astonished gaze a sheer precipice of nearly seven thousand feet from the summit to the glacier Zmutt below; the strata in many places so quaintly twisted and contorted as to strike the eye at once on beholding it, and to suggest the thought what awful convulsions must have been nature's birth-throes when this gigantic object was produced. It is impossible to convey any idea of the imposing aspect of the Matterhorn as beheld from this point. As seen from Zermatt and from all the more usual points of view, the mountain presents itself edgeways rather than sideways, so that you look directly, not upon a face of rock, but upon a sharp *arête*, sloping down towards you, with immense precipices on either side; but here we were face to face with one of these precipitous walls, and perceived for the first time its real height and steepness. I doubt if anywhere else in Europe such a precipice is to be seen. For thousands of feet together, it is too steep to be able to retain any but the lightest and most scattered deposit of snow: and as the eye ranges over its rugged surface the huge mass tapers, now gently, now abruptly, till it ends in a narrow blunted ridge of rock, far up in the blue sky, yet so near as to be seen with wonderful distinctness. Nor is this great peak an object of solitary grandeur. Considerably nearer to our Col, in fact, just opposite the opening, is the Dent d'Erin, not a thousand feet lower than the Matterhorn itself, and ending in a huge system of precipices, equally abrupt and inaccessible with those of its more gigantic neighbour. Its inferior elevation, and the greater height of the glaciers out of which it springs, alone detract from its comparative magnitude. It has a sharper and more graceful outline: its precipices are still more abrupt though not so profound: there are purer and whiter snows about the base of its pinnacles; and beneath its faces of rock a beautiful curtain of glacier, so steep as to give one the impression of a precipice of ice, connects it with the glacier of Zmutt. It is connected also with the Matterhorn, by one long, unbroken sweep of rock, sometimes bare, sometimes clothed with a similar graceful curtain of ice, steeper and loftier than any other I remember to have seen. Looking at these remarkable masses of ice, you get some

little notion of how steep the faces of rock must be on which neither ice nor snow can lie, when you see ice lying for some fifteen hundred feet together in a bank so like a precipice as this. In all my Alpine wanderings, I have never seen a prospect which seemed to me quite so full of majesty as this."—Wills, *Eagle's Nest*, pp. 274-276.

A sharp turn to the left, a passage over a dangerous *bergschrand*, a run down the Zmutt glacier, a passing glance at its neighbour of Hörnli, a peep at the Schwarze See, and we are in the pleasant meadows of Zermatt, that oasis amidst the "destroyed" pasturages. Zermatt is, (or rather was, for tourist influences are rapidly degrading it to the level of Chamouni,) a lovely spot in the very heart of the glacier scenery which lies grouped in such profusion and wondrous sublimity around Monte Rosa. Fixing its temporary head quarters here, the work of the Alpine Club conducts us, northward and southward, by ways previously untold across cols and passes first revealed to the travelling world by its authors; introducing us, by the way, to other passes which local traditions aver to have been formerly in almost daily use, but which have remained untrodden by other feet than those of the chamois for a period dating back far beyond the memory of man. One of these excursions leads us from Zermatt, over the Trift glacier, to the Trift pass, some twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea, whence the whole panorama of the Monte Rosa district is suddenly and most distinctly brought to view; thence on, over the Zinal glacier, to the out-of-the-way and most romantic Einfish Thal. The usual incidents of Alpine climbing are diversified by a humorous account of a pic-nic on the névé, interrupted by a furious cannonade of boulders crashing down from the summit of the Trifthorn. Perhaps the most interesting of all these excursions, in a scientific point of view, is that of the President of the Club, Mr. Ball, from Zermatt to Ayas, on the Piedmontese side of Monte Rosa. It gives us some most important observations on the vicissitudes of the great Findelen and Gôrner glaciers, whose advance and retrocession seem to be mutually dependent in some unascertained reciprocal ratio. We have also some other equally useful observations on the rate of increase and diminution of moonlight and twilight, and their comparative intensity in the High Alps, and on the strange acoustic delusions to which travellers in these ice-realms

are frequently subject. The whole is told in a familiar style, easily comprehensible by the most unscientific reader. We have another brief but pleasant account of the ascent of the Mischabel-Dom—one of the four peaks of the Saas-grat—if indeed anything so terrible can be called pleasant. The last few hundred yards of the ascent are a sheer edge that seems almost perpendicular. From the summit Zermatt can be seen most distinctly, although it is some miles distant, and some ten thousand feet below. We pass on to the Saas-thal and climb the steep Laquinhorn, as the southern peak of the Fletsch-horn is called, under the escort of that first of Alpine travellers, and most worthy man, Herr Imseng, the Curé of Saas; and then again up the Allelein-horn, never before intruded upon by tourist's foot. Monte Rosa itself is not touched upon, as it seems to us, most judiciously: the object of the work being to sketch a panorama of the Western Alps, not to describe scenes often depicted before. But the deficiency, if any one be inclined to regard it as such, is amply compensated by Mr. Wills,*—who gives a most graphic and entertaining account of an ascent, performed a week after the fearful expedition to Mont Blanc already referred to—and by Professor Tyndall†—who was so enamoured with the grandeur and beauty of the place, that he actually ascended twice within eight days, the second time alone!—a perilous feat which he records, but neither boasts of nor excuses. On his first ascent of Monte Rosa, Dr. Tyndall had the good fortune to be overtaken by a shower of six-leaved snow-flowers, a phenomenon which he explains in the second part of his volume, and which has led him to some most interesting experiments and discoveries.

Four chapters are devoted to the Alpine Club to the Oberland; all introducing us to scenes which were either not at all, or but only imperfectly known. We have an ascent of the Finster-aar-horn, and the Shreckhorn, a passage from the Grimsel to Grindelwald by the Strahleck, and a journey all along the Aletsch glacier, the largest in Switzerland, up to its very névé, and across the Col de la Jungfrau, one of the most beautiful and enchanting

* *Eagle's Nest*, chap. x. p. 288.

† *Glaciers*, pp 122-133, and 151-160.

excursions of the whole volume.* Following the main chain of the Oberland, we have a rapid sketch of the wild and fantastic range between Berne and the Valais, westward of the Gemmi pass, a locality scarcely ever visited by strangers, although it comprises every variety of beauty, and is intersected by passes, which, for savage grandeur may vie with any of their more famous fellows. Turning northwards, another chapter gives us a description of the Alps of Glarus and the adjoining district, a part of Switzerland little visited and less known by Englishmen. But, in our opinion, the most suggestive chapter of the entire volume is that which gives a graphic picture of a night spent on the summit of the Bristenstock, a peak some 10,000 feet high, overhanging the St. Gothard road on the north-east. This "adventure" happened to two of the heroes of the guideless ascent of Mont Blanc, who, trusting to their good fortune on that occasion, made this ascent also without guides. Having lost their way, and being unable to descend, they were surprised by night on the summit of a ridge perpetually covered with snow. The occurrence itself pronounces the strongest condemnation of this foolhardiness of attempting such journeys, and incurring such fearful risks without guides. It is to this, and to similar stupid displays of folly, that almost every Alpine accident amongst tourists may be traced. It is only brainless young men, utterly ignorant of the localities, who are guilty of this criminal recklessness. The really veteran and accomplished travellers—the men whose large experiences and varied resources, drawn from the practice of many years, might be supposed to warrant self-confidence—never think of exposing themselves to such dangers. They are loud in inculcating the great security, apart from other advantages, which is always obtained by the presence of trained guides. We referred, just now, to Professor Tyndall's ascent of Monte Rosa alone. We must remember that he had accomplished the same journey, in the usual way, only seven days previously, noting all the peculiarities of the route; that he was a practised cragsman and glacier climber; and, above all, that he was actually treading in

* The Strahleck, Finster-aar-horn and neighbouring glaciers, are vividly described in some of the most interesting sections of Professor Tyndall's book.

the footsteps of a party who only preceded him by a couple of hours, within sight of whom he was during almost the entire journey, and whose track he carefully followed. Now, let us turn to the reflections with which he closes his narrative of this ascent.

"I think it right to say one earnest word in connexion with this ascent; and the more so as I believe a notion is growing prevalent that half what is said and written about the dangers of the Alps is mere humbug. No doubt exaggeration is not rare, but I would emphatically warn my readers against acting upon the supposition that it is general. The dangers of Mont Blanc, Monte Rosa, and other mountains, are real, and, if not properly provided against, may be terrible. I have been much accustomed to be alone upon the glaciers, but sometimes, even when a guide was in front of me, I have felt an extreme longing to have a second one behind me. Less than two good ones I think an arduous climber ought not to have; and if climbing without guides were to become habitual, deplorable consequences would assuredly sooner or later ensue."—Tyndall's *Glaciers*, page 160.

We fear we have exhausted the patience of our readers. So we shall conclude by telling them, that the present edition of *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, contains some most valuable suggestions for Alpine travellers, a classification of unascended peaks to stimulate climbing ambition, and a tariff of guide and other charges; and by commending it most warmly to the perusal of all.

There can be no more convincing proof of the great change which has come over our national habits, than the striking contrast which this little volume presents, in the freshness, variety, and extent of the scenes which it describes, to any corresponding work of half a century back. The district which it traverses in its rambles in about 150 English miles in length, stretching from Savoy nearly across Switzerland, and rich in the most impressive features of wildness, beauty, and grandeur. There was a time—and that not so very long ago—when the public acquaintance with the Alpine world was confined to Mont Blanc. It is not yet quite one hundred and twenty years since the first visitors penetrated into the valley of Chamouni. In the year 1741, the celebrated Oriental traveller Pocock happened to be in Geneva, then one of the great fashionable centres of the Continent. He was challenged to produce from his large experience of wonders and of horrors anything to equal the awful grau-

deur of the *Montagnes Maudites* and their Alpine brethren. Their lonely terrors and savage grandeur were painted for him in those glowing colours, with which fancy loves to clothe unseen greatness; and strange tales were whispered in his ear of the wild appearance and fierce manners of the barbarous mountaineers who dwelt within their valleys. They were the same stories with which the Genius of the Alps two thousand years before had essayed to warn Hannibal from invading his domain, only rendered infinitely more probable by being now repeated in one of the chief centres of intelligence and refinement in Europe. Pocock's curiosity was thoroughly roused. He who had traversed so many lands and passed through so many strange scenes, burned to penetrate the solitude in which those hoary ice-kings had so long reigned undisturbed. He found a ready companion in an adventurous fellow-countryman named Windham. They procured all the information they could about the unknown land. They obtained passports recommending them warmly to all public authorities, and conferring on them large powers that they might be prepared for all emergencies. They also obtained a guard of soldiers, engaged a large retinue of servants, and armed to the teeth, set out on their romantic and dangerous expedition. They travelled slowly and cautiously, after the fashion of an army in a hostile and unexplored country, following the course of the Arve, and at length entered the valley of Chamouni. They attempted to propitiate the few wretched chasseurs whom they met with presents which were thankfully received. But, so great was their distrust, that they could not be induced to accept the shelter of a hut for the night, or to taste any of the provisions which were proffered them in return. They encamped on the shores of the Mer de Glace, under tents which they had brought with them for the purpose. Fires were lighted all around the encampment, sentinels were posted, guns were fired at intervals during the night, and all the precautions and vigilance of a hostile bivouac were scrupulously observed in order to guard against a sudden attack by the unseen savage mountaineers, who were supposed to be lurking in the neighbourhood awaiting the opportunity for a surprise—but who, we may add, had no real existence beyond the imagination of the romantic travellers. Living in the nineteenth century, we can hardly believe that such was the style of a journey to Mont Blanc little more than a century

ago. But we may yet read an account of this expedition in the numbers of the "*Mercur de Suisse*" for May and June 1743, in which a grave account is given of its perils and its adventures, and its daring and absolute rashness are largely descanted upon.* It was then that Europe first heard the name "*Mont Blanc*."

The discovery being made, men, as usual, were found ready to avail themselves of the fortunate intrepidity of their predecessors. Each year began to bring visitors to Chamouni, chiefly young Englishmen of position and fortune, allured by the love of adventure or novelty, to brave the still exaggerated dangers of the journey. Amongst them came in 1760, a youth, the greatest and most distinguished of all who yet have trod those glaciers or scaled those peaks, and who has contributed more to our knowledge of the whole Alpine region and to spread its reputation, than all others besides. By a strange coincidence, Saussure was a baby in arms the year of Pocock's discovery. Dating from 1760, he allowed scarce a year of his life to pass without visiting some considerable Alpine district, traversing the great central chain fifteen times, and crossing it by eleven different passes previously unknown to any one except the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood. Each year, as he returned to Chamouni, he noted the increasing influx of strangers, and the gradual change which their visits were slowly accomplishing in the simple manners of the people of the valley; and we may find foreshadowed in his pages all those evils of which modern travellers complain, and which have rendered Chamouni a bye-word, and converted the social character of the beautiful valley into the very antithesis of the rugged grandeur and stern simplicity in which it issued from Nature's mould.† If we remember the state of scientific knowledge

* See also Saussure, *Voyage autour de Mont Blanc* chap. xxiv. *Voyages* §. 732.

† He particularly laments the decay of "*la pureté des mœurs*," which he lays to the charge of our wealthy countrymen. We know not anything sadder, or at the same time more interesting, than Saussure's graphic account of the manners and customs of the Chamouni district, which might, in most respects, stand for a picture of the present day.—witness, for example, the touching incident of the slain chamois.

at the period at which those journeys of Saussure were undertaken, and the circumstances under which they were performed, we cannot but be astonished at them, and marvel at the extent and completeness of their results. Even now, they will ever remain unsurpassed as mere physical feats; while the labours of each successive investigator prove how little their conclusions are susceptible of correction, how few and small must be the additions which remain to be made to their immense treasures. Any one may take up these *Voyages* in the expectation of amusement and instruction with the certainty of not being disappointed. The scientific student will ever recur to their pages as the great manual and storehouse of Alpine knowledge.

But the unscientific multitude knew nothing of the investigations of Saussure, and the many distinguished men who followed in his footsteps and emulated his example. Their ideas of the Alps and their marvels continued to be derived from copied descriptions of the select few, engaged in the performance of the *grand tour*, who drifted in the annual season through Savoy, and from the plains of Lombardy contemplated Monte Rosa, at a respectful distance. But all this is changed now. The profession of traveller is no longer confined to a caste; and even the most aristocratic no longer deem it essential to their dignity, when moving *en grand seigneur*, to pass in monotonous listlessness over the same beaten track, which was trodden by their fathers and grandfathers some sixty or eighty years ago. Books we have in abundance, descriptive both of the localities and of the people. And although our knowledge has not quite kept pace with the facilities for its increase, still its growth and improvement are evident. Each year introduces us to some peak hitherto unknown, to some important natural phenomenon previously unobserved, to some region of special interest hitherto overlooked. The physical condition of the glaciers, the laws of their structure, the nature of their movements, the vicissitudes to which they are subject, are all being carefully noted and studied by a multitude of scientific observers. The natural history of the region, its botany, geology, in fact its entire physical geography are being investigated with the most minute attention. That this Alpine passion is not on the wane is, we have already said, manifest by the institution of the

Alpine Club—an association of adventurous men, who have assumed the exploring of the Higher Alps as a part of their vocation, a portion of the settled professional business of their life. Among such a body there must be a variety of talents; and one in one way, another in another, but all harmoniously and usefully will pursue their task. Their investigations cannot but tend to increase our knowledge, to add to its extent, and to confirm its solidity. They have a wide field before them. The Bernina and the Tyrol, the Julian Alps have yet to be explored by such as they, by men who can observe accurately, and describe faithfully and vividly. We hope yet to see many a volume recording those labours of which the present gives such fair and cheering promise.

ART. III.—1. *The Papal Sovereignty viewed in its relations to the Catholic Religion and to the Law of Europe.* Translated from the French of Mgr. DUPANLOUP, Bishop of Orleans, Member of the French Academy. London: Catholic Publishing and Bookselling Company.

2. *Europa und die Revolution.* J. VON GÖRRES, 1821. Göttingen.

3. *The Political and Historical Works of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte,* with an original Memoir of his Life; 2 vols. London: Published at the Office of the Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand.

WHEN Napoleon the Great was a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena—when his mighty legions were broken and his tributary kings dispersed—when France was reduced again to her normal position among the nations of Europe, it was hoped that the disastrous principles of 1789 were stamped out of the European mind for ever; and that the waves of the revolution were rolled back in as effectual a manner as the Moslem invasion was by the Crusaders of the twelfth century. Everywhere a mighty reaction had set in. Society, if not to be entirely re-cast, was to be renewed under the vivifying influences of religion. The restoration was to be the prelude to an universal revival in faith, morals, and politics. The aberrations of an impious

science were to be corrected, the wantonness of art and literature purified, and the church, set free from the ignominious thralldom of the state, was to teach a lost people and an oblivious generation their duty to God and man. The 19th century was to make up in virtue for the vices of the 18th. The crisis of its moral disease overtook the last century at its close, and revealed to the horrified gaze of mankind the disorders it had long been a prey to. The commencement of the present century was an era of hope and of promise, but its hope has been laid low and its promise broken by the new outbreak of the old malady. The victory of Europe in arms—the restoration of legitimate authority—the promised return to truer principles, have only availed to check for a time the growth of revolutionary ideas—the on sweep of revolutionary forces. The rescue of the Papacy from the sacrilegious hands of the spoiler, and the terrible downfall of the oppressor of Europe, have issued in 1860 in the destruction of the Pope's temporal power and in the triumph of Bonapartism. Waterloo is avenged, and the vanquished are become the victors; for the principles of the revolution against which the nations contended, are now triumphant in Europe. Jacobinism would have perished of its own enormity, but, modified by the necessities of Napoleon, and clothed with the glory of his name, it rose into vigour and life. Repressed at the point of the bayonet, and by the general indignation provoked by the insolence of the Conqueror of Europe, the ideas of '89 fell into disrepute for a time, not so much because they were impious, as because they were French: but only to revive again with fresh force in the revolutions of Spain and Portugal, and to receive a still further development in the impious philosophy and corrupt literature of Germany. Erastianism at the same time, in Austria and its Italian provinces, was a subordinate ally of the destructive principles in Protestant Germany, in the same way that Jansenism had subserved the purposes of Philosophism. In England, as well as on the Continent, a false, revolutionary Liberalism has made great progress. It has perverted our earlier and better policy, and has gone far to render of no value the valour of Wellington and the statesmanship of Pitt. It is, however, in the France of to-day that the ideas of '89 have found their true exponent. With the impatience of genius, Napoleon the First enforced his principles at the point of

the sword; but by wounding the self-love of nations, he roused, in spite of himself, a patriotic resistance to the ideas he desired to diffuse. But his Imperial nephew, with the craft which is habitual to his mind, is content with slow advances and with the gains of diplomacy. To win men or nations to his side, he appeals to the passions of the human heart, or to the pride of nationalities. He corrupts to conquer. His work is more complete than his uncle's, his dominion wider, his influence more permanent. In him the principles of '89 have found an apter representative, and have acquired through his agency an extension more vast and a more penetrating influence. The Elect of the French people aims at universal subjugation of the political mind, and at converting the conflict of principles to his own profit. His triumph approaches to completion. He gives the law to Europe. The principles he represents, or has called into action—the dogmas of popular sovereignty, of annexation, and of election by universal suffrage—the theories of non-intervention and of accomplished facts, have in many quarters passed into political axioms. The man who has evoked from the ruins of anarchy, ideas which were buried beneath their own disgrace, and obtains for them recognition and an authority over the minds of men so great, as not only to upset the laws of ages, but even to change the face of Europe, is a greater conqueror than he whose sword blazed victoriously in the sun of Austerlitz. Under the heel of the warrior, Europe lay bleeding and breathless, but yet not so prostrate as she now lies, sapped of her moral force, by the poison of false principles at work in the very vitals of society. The latest achievement of Bonapartism is in Italy, in the subversion of dynasties, in the effacing of political boundaries, and in the abolition of old established laws and customs—in violent assaults on the spiritual rights, jurisdiction, and independence, as well as on the temporal possessions and privileges of the Church; but its real triumph is in the apathy of Europe, in the deadening of the conscience of nations, and in the perversion of public morality. Its moral are greater than its material victories. Its real danger is in its hold over the minds of cabinets, keeping them between alternations of hope and fear. With consummate art, Bonapartism made itself a necessity in France: it lent itself to the service of religion, the more effectually to betray the sacred trust:

it supported the cause of order at home, to gain the power of planting anarchy abroad. It dragged Europe into an aimless and untoward war against the great Potentate of the north, and no sooner had it procured an admission for its crowned representative into the brotherhood of kings, than in pursuance of its traditional policy, it fell to work to divide Europe, to set nation against nation, and to exercise an indirect control over their counsels. But to enable this system to govern Europe, it was necessary to overthrow all established rights, sweep away the dusty records and titles of legitimacy and historic descent, tear up treaties, and set international law at defiance. In the history of the last fifty years, which has been but little better than a record of the growth of a centralizing bureaucracy, of a godless system of public instruction, of the enslavement of the Church, and of alternate violence and weakness in royalty, may be discovered some of the causes which have led to the triumph of Bonapartism in France, and to the supremacy which it now enjoys in Europe. It is but too clear that the social and religious corruption common to Europe in the 18th century, though brought to a head in the French revolution, was not healed, nor were the corrupting roots of the moral cancer eradicated. "Anarchy," was the profound remark of a man once glorious in Christian philosophy, "is the despotism of the many, and despotism is the anarchy of the few." The anarchy of '93 produced the anarchy of despotism. Never was there less liberty than after the reign of terror, and never was there more danger to religion than under the restoration.

If we recal to mind the state of Europe, just subsequent to the overthrow of Napoleon, we shall find that though revolutionary passions had somewhat subsided, yet the principles of '89 were still silently pursuing their fatal work. Here undermining, in secret, public morality; here coming in open collision with the rights of the throne and the altar. The princes of Europe, reinstated on their ancient seats of power, forgot the duties which devolved upon them at so momentous a crisis, as well as those lessons of experience which adversity should have taught them. On the morrow of such an upheaving of society as the world has seldom witnessed, was the opportune time for rulers to take into serious consideration the state of the peoples intrusted to their charge. No time was more favourable, not only to

introduce wise laws and reform old abuses, but to examine the principles of government, to adjust the limits of regal authority, and the claims of popular freedom; and yet no opportunity was so neglected or misunderstood. The rulers of Europe were smitten with a political blindness, and the nations are now suffering under the disastrous effects of their shortsighted policy. The sole result the revolution had upon kings was to make them more jealous than before of their authority. Royalty hedged its prerogative closer about than ever; for mutual suspicion had sprung up between sovereigns and their subjects. Wounded pride and fear put weapons into the hands of irresponsible power, and the most humane sometimes forgot their humanity when they had to deal with political offenders. "Political offenders, I consider, said the Emperor of Austria, Francis II, "the greatest of criminals; we have suffered too much from their crimes to pity or to spare."* While all revolutionary attempts were repressed and punished with the rigour of martial law, no effectual effort was made to eradicate the evil itself. The two great agencies to regenerate the human mind and to purify the soul from pernicious error—education and religion,—if not altogether neglected, were yet always controlled and hampered in the performance of their necessary work by the petty jealousy and encroaching spirit of the temporal power. Instead of Christian kings permitting the Divine Teacher of nations to go forth, in perfect freedom, to heal the wounds of a society so recently bleeding at every pore, to reconcile the differences which kept whole classes of men apart in ill-disguised blood-rancour, and, above all, to rescue by her profound instructions the victims of an impious philosophy, she was held a state prisoner. In defiance of the dictates even of ordinary prudence, the Church in France, under the restoration, was more or less crippled. The encroaching temper of different administrations, and still more the courts of justice, which had inherited the violence of Gallican parliamentary traditions, trampled on the free action of the Church; these attempts

* Harshness of punishment degenerated into petty persecution, when the Emperor, reposing again in safety on his throne, forbade Prince Metternich to permit the use of his library to an Italian nobleman incarcerated in the Spielberg.

however were met with a courageous resistance from a worthy episcopate and a devoted clergy. In tracing the causes, which after the lost labours of more than half a century, have ensured the triumph of Bonapartism in Europe, we must, as rapidly as we are able, bring out some of the main features in the internal policy and condition of the various—especially Catholic—states, which contributed, either directly or indirectly, to this disastrous result. Should we perhaps appear to be going over too familiar a ground, our apology must rest on our strong desire to fix the stigma of Jacobinism on the Napoleonic policy, and to show how, under a various nomenclature, it sapped the vital energies of nations, and deadened in them the vivacity of faith.

If, however, before we examine singly the condition of individual states, we look at the Europe of the present half-century, we shall perceive, putting down at their just value the various and partial reactions which have occurred from time to time, the growth, more or less in all the nations of Europe, of a public opinion, founded on the ideas of 1789. The political mind, darkened by loss of faith, is agitated by a wild desire of innovation, which attaches no weight to the sanction which antiquity gives, and which has no respect for authority. This new political creed strips the state of all delegated divine authority, and reduces it to a mere expression or exponent of the popular will.

Taking the pride of the human heart as the basis on which to build, the policy of the present day flatters the individual by making his judgment the ultimate appeal in all matters, civil or ecclesiastical. With consistent and destructive logic it pursues its aim to the end; it destroys all ecclesiastical polities, and eliminates churchmen from all offices of trust and political influence. While, on the one hand, in order to reduce the clergy to a separate caste, it deprives them of the rights and duties of citizens, it seeks, on the other, to annihilate all corporate action in the Church, and make the hallowed teacher of divine wisdom a mere department of the state. Of all the ancient ecclesiastical polities which flourished in Europe, and of that influence which once almost overshadowed the throne, not a vestige survives to-day, save in the House of Peers in heretical England, and in the temporal power of Papal Rome. But both the shadow and the substance, or rather

the reality and the counterfeit of ecclesiastical power, are doomed to destruction by the revolutionary party because they run counter to the levelling policy and spirit of the age. The presence of the Protestant bishops in parliament is a remnant of Catholic principle, and a protest against a fatal error in politics which we should be loath to see removed; but the Papacy is a living power, and the destruction of its temporal authority at Rome, could not be compassed without shaking society to its centre. "Europe without the Papacy," says the bishop of Orleans, "would be a revolution in religion and society; it would be probably the final doom of the European continent." "And for my part," he continues, "I have always thought that if God one day were to determine to curse Europe, and to pour out upon us the most terrible of His judgments—that is to take from us the light of faith and civilization,—He would begin by taking away from us the Papacy and transporting it elsewhere."

Sometimes with an audacity which avows its purpose, and sometimes with an hypocrisy which veils its hatred of the Church and of the Papal supremacy under a specious and "enlightened" regard for the true interests of religion, we shall observe, more or less, in all the countries of Europe, a policy, whether of kings or of parliaments, growing daily in strength as in virulence, pledged to the overthrow of all ecclesiastical rights and liberties. For the people—political liberty, which is nothing less than political license, is now its Shiboleth;—but for the Church enslavement, which is the worst of persecutions.

Why, it is asked, does not Austria interfere to save Europe in the present crisis,—to rid Italy of the pestilential horde of robbers and freebooters, foreign and native—Hungarians, Poles, and all the miscellaneous following of the revolution which now dominates in that unhappy land? Or why does not the great Catholic nation free the Pope from his enemies? Or why does the mistress of the rifle-armed Quadrilateral not strike a terrible blow before she herself be attacked in the Gulf of Venice? To meet these questions, or to account for its hesitating policy, or to throw light upon the part it is likely to play, in the great drama which is now being enacted in the kingdoms of Italy, it will be necessary to inquire somewhat into the past condition, political and religious, of the Austrian Empire.

"It was," observes the Imperial author of the "Napoleonic ideas," "the fears with which the French revolution inspired the crowned heads, that stayed with them the progress which had been introduced before 1789 by Joseph II. in Austria, and by Leopold in Italy." But these wise fears, which Louis Napoleon lamented, did not long inspire the crowned heads. Austrian tyranny in ecclesiastical matters was only checked, not cured, by the French revolution. Josephism, itself the offspring of the Jansenistic heresy, was still rampant in Austria and Austrian Italy. The Church was nearly cut off from communication with the Holy See; it was forbidden to meet in synod, or to pass regulations for its own internal management. Most of the religious orders were suppressed, and the number of ecclesiastical students in the seminaries was limited by the express enactments of the state. The bishops were not allowed to address the flocks entrusted to their charge, without permission from the government.

The Episcopate, nominated by the crown, soon became a subservient tool in the hands of the temporal power, and showed an invariable hostility and resistance to the Holy See. The canons and higher clergy, largely infected with the evil tendencies of the age, and enjoying the gifts of the State, spent their lives in luxurious ease and bestowed but little consideration upon the duties of their sacred calling. With the departure of the ecclesiastical spirit, and in the absence of episcopal discipline, concubinage increased among the clergy to a lamentable extent.

The people were but too ready to follow the example of their pastors. An outward observance of religion satisfied consciences which had become blunted from the disuse of the sharpening Word of God. Education was in the hands of the State. Erastian and anti-papal ideas were infused by incapable men into the minds of the rising generation, which grew up in ignorance of the high claims of religion and of the grand principles of Ethics. The aristocracy, without political power, and without the dignity of talent, abandoned themselves to the pursuit of pleasure. While the constant interference of the bureaucracy in the business of social life, and in the concerns of religion, harassed the people and weakened in them the spirit of independence! Even the massive and glorious language of the country, so real in its expression, and so honest in its phraseology, which had

been found to be wanting too much in duplicity and "*double Entendre*," to suit the ignominious fashion of the last century, and which had been disused in polite circles, for the sake of a more crooked tongue and of a more licentious literature, had only gradually recovered its natural rights. Native literature revived with the language, and ceased to be only a feeble reproduction of French frivolity. It is, however, but fair to mention as a set-off on the score of intellectual culture, that Vienna was entitled to boast of her proficiency in experimental philosophy and the exact sciences, her schools of medicine being justly celebrated and unequalled at the time by any in Germany. Von Hammer, the great oriental scholar, added to her renown by his eminent and learned works. She recruited to her ranks Catholic writers and converts, from Suabia and the Rhine, as she did at a later period from the schools of Munich, and formed a nucleus of attraction. Frederick Schlegel alone went far to redeem her Catholic reputation. In religion likewise, the Jesuits and Redemptorists kept alive the holy fire of the sanctuary which was ever ready, as is always the case with the Catholic Church, to cast abroad its flames whenever a favourable opportunity offered. Rescue, indeed, was at hand. When, in the crisis of 1848, the great Austrian Empire was crumbling to dust, God raised up in Francis Joseph an instrument to save from destruction the great Catholic nation of Europe. In the Concordat he restored freedom of action to the Church, and enabled the great regenerator of society to pursue her holy work of reform. To hold synods, to quicken the zeal of the secular clergy, to establish ecclesiastical seminaries, to increase her monastic orders, to bring the education of the youth of the country under her immediate supervision, were but necessary consequences of her liberty. Freedom of communication with Rome has strengthened her attachment to the Holy See, and her liberation from the thralldom of the state has increased her influence in all the various provinces of the empire. In reviving the ancient constitutions of the various states under her rule, Austria has completed the glorious work, which was commenced in the Concordat. The vast edifice of a centralizing absolutism has been shattered and levelled to the ground; not by the shock of the revolutionary earthquake, but by the wise provision of the master-builder. The free Church is become the corner-stone in the free state. In respecting the local

traditions, customs, laws, and language of the various provinces and kingdoms of which the Austrian Empire is composed, these conservative restorations of self-rule do not infringe upon the sovereign rights of the crown or obscure its splendour, but rather enhance its true power and dignity. These ancient liberties, while they give glorious guarantees for the stability of the empire, form at the same time bulwarks of defence against the foreign enemy. This wise return of Austria to sound principles of statesmanship, and to the recognition of the right of self-government, in church and state, has awakened the hostility of revolutionary Europe, and embittered the spirit of liberalism, in its very stronghold. Jealousy of Austria has made Louis Napoleon show himself in his true colours, —her Catholic policy has torn the flimsy veil from the face of the Imperial hypocrite. The voice of the "*Gazette de Lyon*" is not the only voice which cries out, drop the mask. At home also the wise and thorough-going reforms of the Austrian constitution have created parties, differences, and intestine divisions. The throes of labour are coming on; and they who hate the promised birth of a righteous policy are striving hard to precipitate a miscarriage. The old leaven of Josephism still lingers in church and state, and the bureaucracy is unwilling to resign its long usurped power. But what is far more calamitous, obstacles are thrown in the way of the Concordat by a party in the Church itself. Austria, indeed, possesses several prelates, unrivalled even in this age of glorious episcopates, for their zeal, and learning and piety; but she can by no means boast of so united, orthodox, or magnificent an episcopate as that of France. Though, happily, Vienna has to-day no Febronian archbishop to fight with suicidal ardour against the liberties of the Church, as happened in the time of Prince Metternich: then the archbishop of Vienna, on being consulted upon a concordat, prepared by that far-seeing statesman, exclaimed to the Emperor, "Sire, by that concordat you sacrifice your Imperial rights." And then, in consequence, Metternich's proposal was dismissed with a rebuke to himself for being more papal than his bishop.

Amongst the clerical body are to be found not a few still strongly imbued with the spirit of Josephism. The clergy may perhaps, for the sake of division, and with an approach to accuracy, be divided into three categories. The

younger clergy, fresh from Episcopal seminaries, and better educated than those of the old school, are filled with religious zeal and reverence for the Holy See, and are devoted to the cure of souls and to the defence of the liberties granted to the Church by the Concordat. These upright and holy men form the hope of the empire and the body-guard of the Church. Another section, not so large, but richer and more influential in political circles than the former, has thus far been successful in frustrating several of the provisions of the Concordat. They are opposed to this restitution of the rights of the Church, partly because, on account of the irregularities of their own lives, they dislike an extension of Episcopal supervision, and partly, because attached to the principles of Josephism in which they were brought up, they are jealous of the influence of the Holy See. Larger than this openly hostile body, and not so easily to be set aside or subdued, is a third party, which desires to be let alone, to allow things to take their course, and to be at peace with all the world. It keeps aloof from either side of the dispute. It is neither for nor against—neither hot nor cold. Without caring much for principles, or perhaps not understanding differences, it sides with the majority. It is not disobedient to episcopal authority, but it is averse to the enforcement of episcopal mandates. In its mouth it always carries a language of conciliation, which it mistakes for charity. Where, it asks, since the Austrian world went on so long without a Concordat, was the need of change? Why interrupt this even tenor of our ways, and throw a new stumbling-block in the path of universal brotherhood? With such elements in church and state to contend against, with a people so long under the influence of a perverse and secular teaching, the work of regeneration is the work of time; and, in spite of its excellent Emperor, of its many holy bishops and priests, and of its revived religious orders, Austria stands in need of the patience, even more than the zeal of faith. It lies out of our argument in tracing the triumphs in Europe of Bonapartism, or in other words, of a false liberalism, grafted upon despotic tyranny in church and state, to touch upon the material condition of Austria, or we should point with delight to her fine and disciplined army, ready for the field, and animated with the best and most warlike spirit, and we could at least put in a fairer and far more favourable

light than has been done by her many enemies in Europe, the financial condition and prospects of the Austrian empire. To these subjects, if time and opportunity permit, we may revert at a future period; but what we desire now to do, is to warn our readers, whose eyes are fixed with intense hope on Austria as the sole earthly saviour of Europe in its extreme danger, to beware lest they underrate the difficulties which beset her path. With a fire-brand on the throne of France, ready to light up an universal conflagration in Europe, to throw the torch of civil discord into her Hungarian and Polish provinces, and with, at best, but half-hearted allies to rely upon, the Emperor is bound on every consideration to be wary, before he takes the fatal step of an aggressive war. Of his good intentions there can be no doubt, nor of the valour of his army, nor of the holiness of his cause. To stay the triumph of Bonapartism, rampant up to the very gates of the Eternal city, and to sweep at the point of the bayonet the revolutionary forces out of the Papal territories, would be an act worthy of John Sobieski, and would confer an equal glory on the Hapsburgh of to-day. The memorable words of the famous king of Poland are suitable to the present state of Europe. "Warriors and friends," he said, "yonder, in the plain are our enemies, in numbers greater, indeed than at Choezim, where we trod them under foot. We have to fight them on a foreign soil, but we fight for our own country. We have to save to-day, not a single city, but the whole of Christendom. The war is a holy one. There is a blessing on our arms, and a crown of glory for him who falls. You fight not for your earthly sovereign, but for the King of kings."

In Germany the revolution was quite the reverse to what it was in France; there, says Görres, in his work on the revolution, "it is not the third estate which has provoked the revolution; on the contrary, the cabinets have effected a revolution under the protection of a foreign power. They have expelled the superior clergy from the empire, and have shared among themselves their possessions. They have in the same manner destroyed the high immediate aristocracy of the empire—they have possessed themselves of their estates." Arbitrary and tyrannical in government, corrupt in morals, licentious in literature, impious in its philosophy, Prussia, with all these elements of dissolution at work, relied for support solely on her well-

organized and extensive military system. A forced and artificial strain was everywhere apparent. In her cramped political arrangements, in her popular education, in her religion, the presence of tyranny, the drill of the soldier, and a galvanized life were seen and felt. No free action was allowed, no elasticity possible; and mediocrity and feebleness in every department, were the natural consequences. Social life was disorganized. The marriage tie, which ought to be the blessing of life, became its curse, and was dissolved on the slightest pretext, without hesitation or without dishonour. Christianity, in its fundamental doctrines, was openly attacked in blasphemous works* which obtained a circulation so large as to be perfectly appalling. Hegel was patronized by Frederic William III. himself, and under cover of scriptural language and in Christian terms, propagated, with unchecked success, his dangerous and seductive pantheism. The king, in his desire to promote religious unity in his states, forced, by severe enactments, the fusion of the Lutheran and Calvinistic communities. The sole result of this arbitrary measure, was a complete religious indifference, which scarcely deigns to preserve the last semblance of religion. In such a state of things, the Catholic Church could not fail to come into conflict with an irreligious and despotic administration. For the defence of her doctrinal freedom, and on account of the warning he gave to his flock against the danger of mixed marriage—a pet scheme of the late king of Prussia to corrupt the faith of the people of the Rhenish provinces—Clemens Augustus, the famous archbishop of Cologne, was first dragged to prison, and then driven into a life-long exile. It was only in the Bavarian press that Catholic writers, throughout the whole of Germany, could find expression for their religious indignation. Catholic education in the high schools and universities was chiefly directed by Protestant or pantheistic professors, and conducted throughout on Protestant principles. Thus, in the Prussian dominions, were sown the evil seeds of which the full and fatal growth is witnessed by the present generation.

The danger, which threatens the left bank of the Rhine, steadies Prussia somewhat to-day in her usual vacillating

* In the *Life of Jesus*, by Strauss, German Rationalism, which had raged for fifty years, reached its culminating point.

policy, and checks the full developement of her revolutionary tendencies. But her Godless philosophy is tempered by no restraint, except by the absence of the conspicuous talent which, at an earlier period, was prostituted to its service. The influence of its daring speculations is, however, not confined to Prussia. It extends to England. Oxford to-day, is nearer to Berlin than to Rome. The English university has bridged over the narrow gulph which separates her from the great seat of Rationalism. Berlin is the Rome of infidelity. Tractarianism, in its early stronghold, is grown by far too feeble to resist the open advances of the deadly enemy of Christianity. But even Catholic Germany has not wholly escaped the taint of those pernicious principles, which may be traced on their genealogical tree, through the French revolution of '89, through Josephism, through the Jansenistic heresy, back to the great religious schism of the 16th century, and to the revived paganism which preceded and accompanied it. An offshoot of ecclesiastical Josephism was that anti-celibate crusade, waged first in Würtemburgh, then in Baden, by a degenerate clergy. The Church found a vigorous and skilful champion in the great master of controversy, the author of the Symbolism. The extent of the evil was, however, too clearly shown by the sympathy bestowed by men who called themselves liberal catholics on these wretched priests. In Bavaria, during the reign of Maximilian, French maxims and morals undermined the strength and pith of the nation. Of attractive manners and of great personal influence, the dissolute example he set was contagious, and the character of his reign was distinguished as much by frivolity at home as by a weak compliance with foreign liberalism. Munich was nothing better than a base and feeble imitation of Paris. The church, deprived of its freedom, suffered in its internal organization. Monastic institutions were overthrown; and not one religious order, domestic or foreign, was allowed to exist in this Catholic land. Under his successor, the poet-king, who was pre-eminently German and Catholic in his policy, writers from all parts of Catholic Germany were invited to Munich. The university was transferred from Landshut to the capital, and its chairs were filled with able and zealous men. In the Capital of Catholic Bavaria, under the reign of king Ludwig, the impious philosophy of Germany met its most formidable antagonist. From the

various changes it has undergone in its policy, and from the weak and inconsistent administration of the present reign, Bavaria has lost much of its moral influence upon Europe. Every dereliction of political principle in a Catholic state is an indirect encouragement to the revolution. This pernicious consequence was more especially shown in the unhappy peninsula beyond the Pyrenees. Why are the Church and State of Portugal now stranded among the shoals which have beaten against them on every side, but because, under the long and untoward pilotship of Pombal the divine chart was cast aside? Absolute rule and revolutionary wars have struck Portugal off from the roll of European influentialities. Why is Spain, with its chivalrous spirit, unable to enter the lists and strike a blow for justice and religion, but because her resources have been exhausted by a profligate and incapable court, her liberties stifled under an absolute government, her best blood shed in wasteful and sanguinary struggles? Her return of late years to sounder principles, and the domestic peace which she now enjoys, speak well for her future. There is great hope for Europe in the next generation; but at present, these Catholic countries, which we have glanced at in order to consider the causes of their seeming acquiescence in the crafty policy of Louis Napoleon, and in the audacious spoliation of the king of Sardinia, are too much preoccupied in the work of regeneration and in the task of reconstructing the social edifice to be able to oppose resistance to the common enemy.

But what have we to say in defence of England's political principles? or since we cannot defend the false liberalism which makes her everywhere the ally of the revolution, how shall we account for the change which is come over her policy? How is it that the once glorious Champion of European independence against an ambitious and dominant Bonapartism—the foremost in the field, the most resolute in the council-chamber, the most eloquent in her denunciations against the common enemy, should have forgotten her ancient principles, broken with her old allies, and flung herself into the arms of the revolution? This change has been of gradual growth since the peace; it has especially developed itself during the long rule of Lord Palmerston in the foreign office. In the revolutionary wars which desolated Spain and made Portugal nothing better than a vineyard for England, Great Bri-

tain, by her counsels and her arms preached the "sacred right of insurrection." And to-day she does not falter in her path, since, as the "*Revue des deux Mondes*" observes, "the purest of Italian patriots look upon her as the surest and most solid support of their work." In the press, in parliament, by the presence of her fleets, giving encouragement to the chiefs of anarchy where the sanguinary struggle rages most, her moral influence is always on the side of the revolution. But still worse, material assistance is thrown into the scale. In the battle on the Volturno, British seamen, on leave of absence from the fleet in the Bay of Naples, worked Sardinian guns against the king of the Two Sicilies. And again, to further the work of the revolution, the British embassies in the various states of Italy have for years been engaged in an active revolutionary propagandism. Shall we then be surprised that, in our minister of foreign affairs, the disciple of him who called the revolution of '89 "the most stupendous monument of human wisdom,"* the Italian revolution of to-day finds its latest and most daring apologist?

If in our search for the causes which have led to the present predominance of revolutionary principles in Europe, we revert again to the home of the revolution, to the social and political Vesuvius, from whose burning crater the waves of revolutionary lava have so often issued, we shall discover, what feeble and contradictory efforts, what half measures and shallow expedients, were adopted to quench this destructive fire at its centre. Obliviousness so complete in those who slumbered on a volcano so full of peril amounted to infatuation. It was not for lack of warning; for out of the smouldering embers went forth, from time to time, volumes of smoke so dense and fitful as to darken the political horizon and to perplex the vision of statesmen. But to the unhappy Bourbons the handwriting traced on the wall was still invisible. No attempt was made to avert the final catastrophe. No grandeur of policy, no consistent energy of action, were displayed by this doomed race of kings. In the supreme hour of danger they were busy with court ceremonial or absorbed in petty state intrigues, as if the spoiler were not near with uplifted hand, to crush their ancient throne, and as if

* Charles James Fox.

political death had not already breathed on their historic name.

In the timid and time-serving policy of Louis XVIII, in the absence of sincerity and want of faith which so strongly marked his reign, was not to be found the secret to disarm treason of its mischief, or to deprive political agitation of its excuse, much less to supply a sufficient antidote to the poison at work in the life-blood of society. The war of vengeful force indeed was over, but the war of opinion was still to be renewed. Liberalism gathered up its strength again, and already, in 1816, had revolutionized the Chamber of Deputies. The turbulence of political faction, like the ground-swell after a hurricane, still agitated society in its depths, while the waves on the surface were tossed to and fro by the stir of the coming storm. "It was the violence and crimes of the liberal party all over Europe," says an eminent historian, "which produced the general reaction against them. It was the overthrow of governments in Spain, Portugal, Naples, and Piedmont, and the absurd and ruinous institutions established in their stead, which alarmed every thinking man in France."* This reasonable alarm led to the ministry of Villele, and another opportunity to save and regenerate society was offered, and again was missed. Instead of a policy at once trustful and just towards the Church, instead of a wise foresight in the restoration of the ancient liberties which had long guarded the throne of France, the Bourbons, with blind, and hereditary obstinacy, clung to their old Gallican traditions, and to the modern and revolutionary system of a centralized government. The property of the clergy was still further alienated, the patronage of the civil power increased, and the authority of the episcopate weakened. No synod was allowed to meet, to regulate, in obedience to the canons of the Church, the internal affairs of each diocese, and to keep alive the ecclesiastical spirit in the kingdom. No religious orders were founded, or flourished. Public instruction, the mighty engine which Bonapartism perverted from its noble purpose to the advancement of its own selfish ends, and to the extinction of religion, still lingered under the cold shadow of a godless system. The few Jesuit colleges which remained in the land, the only schools where

* Alison.

Catholics who valued their faith above the changing fashion of the day and the lax maxims of the court could, in safety, send their children, were closed by the Royal ordinances of 1828. This miserable concession whetted the revolutionary appetite. It gave a blow to religion and a triumph to liberalism all over Europe. The days of the Bourbons were numbered. Charles X. resisted when resistance was too late. "We do all that we can," said Martignac, the weak-minded minister whom the king, in an evil day called to his councils, "but all that we can do is to conduct the monarchy down stairs, whereas it would otherwise be thrown out of the window." Charles, in those stormy days, alternated between the extremes of irresolution and of rash resolves, between obstinacy and weakness. The religious demonstrations which were common in Paris, under the administrations of Polignac, were met by the sullen gaze or the insolent scoff of the infuriate mob. The cry, "*à bas les Jesuites*" again was heard. It was the echo of '89. The principles of the revolution triumphed again under Louis Philippe, and with each new triumph grew more intense. In these sad times the seeds of corruption were scattered anew, and France is now eating the bitter fruit which she then planted. The whole education of the country was under the domination of the infidel University of Paris. The lyceums, the colleges, the secondary and even the primary schools, all in connection with the University, were spread like a net-work of evil over the land. The 30,000 schoolmasters of Guizot became the preachers of socialism, the standard-bearers of the revolution. To avoid the danger of perversion to their youthful minds, parents who were able, sent their sons to be educated abroad. In the schools at home, it was notorious that religion, sneered at by the masters, was abandoned by the pupils. In many of the largest schools, not a dozen of the young men were found at the paschal communion. It was considered a great blessing and a rare occurrence, in a school of that time, if one half of its classes could be mustered on those solemn occasions. But this was no new evil; Montalembert is said, in his school days to have suffered a species of martyrdom on account of his religiousness; few, however, like Montalembert, rose superior to this dangerous persecution. But liberalism, both under the empire and the restoration, and since, knew that the secret of its success was to corrupt life in its spring.

The reign of Louis Philippe, however, gave birth to a grand revival—to a glorious resistance in the few. The inspired eloquence of the Church was heard in Paris; her divine energy was felt in the provinces. She drew back to her bosom many a wanderer who, in those troublous times, had lost the gift of faith. France can boast of no greater names, Europe of no stauncher defenders of Catholicism, than a Joseph de Maistre, a de Bonald, a Chateaubriand, a Laménais,* before his fall, and Montalembert, and Falloux. The Episcopate has its Dupanloup; the college of Jesuits still laments its Ravignan; the learned Dominicans are proud of the Academic fame of Lacordaire. But what can the few effect against a nation? for the land of Voltaire has yet to be re-conquered from the enemy. Though in Louis-Philippe's ignominious reign corruption had widely spread among the middle classes, and impiety had laid its tenacious grasp on the public mind, yet the noble defenders of order and religion, were able, in the general trepidation and turmoil of '48 to obtain the liberty of the Church and freedom of instruction. The National assembly was prevailed on, by the influence of the Catholic party, and from its terror of anarchy, to send an expedition to quell the Roman revolution. How little they foresaw that the very army which was sent to protect the temporal power of the Pope would, in the revolution of events, connive, by its presence, at the dismemberment of the States of the Church! The master of that army of occupation is, however, true to his principles. In his work on the "Ideas of Napoleonism," he does not omit to point out that Napoleon the First, whom, as is well known, he has set up as his model, "never abandoned the principles of the revolution," "never subscribed to any of the concessions which the Pope demanded in favour of the Gallican Church," and "never renounced any of the rights of France over the conquests he had made." He boasts that "the National Convention had done much good by overthrowing the Gothic system of instruction," and finally glorying in the ultimate triumph of the "ideas of '89, which, after

* No fewer than 30,000 copies of Laménais' magnificent work, "L'Essai sur l'Indifférence," were sold within the first year of its publication.

having convulsed Europe, would in the end, he contends, lead to its repose.

His writings, his early life, his dynastic traditions, his letter to Edgar Ney, the very origin of his power itself, have left their stamp on the man which no hypocrisy can wholly obliterate or conceal. With a want of political sagacity which is scarcely to be wondered at, under the circumstances of the times, the Episcopate of France hailed as their deliverer the strong-handed repressor of domestic anarchy. With fair-seeming words on his lips, he won the homage of the Episcopate, while all the time he meditated in his heart evil things against the liberty of the Church, against the independence of the Pope, against the safety of Europe. With a patience which never tires he bided his time, but he was not the man to wait for his opportunity in idleness. With a silent but consuming energy, which wears him to the bone, he exhausted every method to hasten on his day of triumph and the fulness of his revenge. To him we owe the Crimean war and its dire results—the rupture between the Northern Powers—the long isolation of Russia—the war in Italy—the humiliation of Austria—the supremacy of the revolutionary imperialism in Europe. The Russian war was a master-stroke of policy on the part of the new Emperor of France. It introduced the upstart king into the courts of Europe, it gave him new allies and bestowed what he most wanted, a military character on his reign. Napoleon III. had added fresh lustre to the illustrious arms of France; henceforth the hearts of the soldiers of the Empire were his own. To no man was given a grander opportunity. It lay within his power to have become the political regenerator of his country, the saviour of Europe. To the Pope he might have been another Charlemagne, to France another St. Louis, if not approaching to the saint in holiness, yet equal to the king in love towards his subjects. The day of temptation came and he fell. Ambition even in its guilt has a terrible fascination. The opportunity he had so long desired and toiled for came to Napoleon and he embraced it, as a bride does her long-expected lover. Duty promised him a posthumous fame and the eternal gratitude of mankind; but he had not the greatness of self-denial or the dignity of patience. The desire of domination possessed him. He thirsted for present fame as the hart panteth after the living water—

brooks. He wished in life to be the arbiter of the destinies of men, and his wish was granted. On New Year's day 1859 he threw down the gauntlet of defiance to Europe; since then every nation has recoiled before him, or has flown to arms. From such an acute observer of men and things the causes, which combined to make the triumph of Bonapartism possible in Europe, were not hidden. He had pondered on his fingers ends the chances of success. In a retired chamber of that palace, which has witnessed such sudden vicissitudes in the fortunes of the kings of France, the latest wearer of its uneasy crown first mapped out to himself the plan of his revolutionary campaign, and grouped together the nations, which he would have to contend against. The power of Austria must be broken—in Italy he would find a pretext of war and a battle-field—in Sardinia an obedient ally, and in the revolution a ready tool. The cry of nationalities would serve him as a war-cry in his need. He must threaten the independence of Switzerland, dispute the possession of the Rhine, insult the coasts of England, in order to make Europe comply with his ambitious designs. He must break with the Papacy; he had counted the cost; he knew the only alternative left him would be to throw himself into the arms of the revolutionary and infidel party in Europe. And now, perhaps swifter than he desires, the force of events is hurrying the inexorable Fatalist on to his destiny. He dares not now be a traitor to his principles. The struggle is at hand. From the throne of St. Louis he prepares the work of persecution against the Church in his own country. In the glorious episcopate of France, as famous for its intelligence and fearlessness as for its faith and loyalty towards Rome, he will find a most determined antagonist. Yet what shall the defence of the Papal Sovereignty, so forcible in argumentation, so clear in its array of facts, so convincing in its appeal to the public law of Europe and the faith and reason of Christendom, set up by Monseigneur Dupanloup, avail against the Master of 600,000 armed men? Monseigneur St. Marc, Archbishop of Rennes, may denounce in indignant terms the flagrant injustice committed under the connivance of France in the abrupt and lawless invasion of the States of the Church. "You will not fail to stigmatize," he exclaims, addressing his noble Breton flock, "with all the indignation of a Catholic and a Breton heart, the violence, treachery, calumnies, cowardice, cheating,

hypocrisy, in a word the crimes of every nature, which are committed in Italy in contempt of all that was most sacred among men, religion, justice, conscience, and honour." Monseigneur Georges may bewail the fall of the crusaders of Catholicism in unequal combat, until the indignant sobs of his hearers interrupt the voice of the eloquent Bishop of Périgueux: we cannot refrain from quoting his indignant words on the subject of the treachery practised by Napoleon's ambassador at Rome, on the brave and unsuspecting Lamoricière and his gallant army. "An immense cry of grief and indignation escapes at this moment," he cries out, "from the heart of every man who has not lost all sense of justice and honour. When the blood of the just has been shed, woe to the age which confines itself to a protest without acting. What shall it be then when floods of innocent and noble blood have been traitorously spilt?"

* The spirited Bishop of Arras may assemble his clergy in solemn conclave in condemnation of a policy, which, in lowering public respect towards the Holy See, weakens the influence of the Church as much as it affronts Catholic feeling. Cardinal Morlot may make a formal protest, and the Papal nuncio demand his passports, but what effect will argument, appeal, denunciation and protest, or even excommunication, have upon a man whose ear is deaf to the voice of conscience, and whose eye cannot see the finger of God in the downfall of the mighty persecutor of Pius VII.? Though every pulpit in France should catch and prolong the echo of the Episcopal voice, its sounds will fall unheard amid the din of arms and the clamour of revolutionary joy. The ancient parties, the Legitimists of pure blood, the Parliamentary Catholics, the sober and philosophic Orleanists, converted by the sad experience of misfortune, or by the growth of a more enlightened wisdom, or by the bitter hate of disappointed ambition, into valiant defenders of the temporal power of the Popes will be broken up by proscription or the jealous vigilance of a despotic police. Whence shall arise resistance to this downward policy which may precipitate France into an abyss of anarchy? What voice of warning shall reach her ear or touch her heart? The freedom of the Catholic press exists but in name; in the day of trial it will altogether cease. Even now what does its circulation amount to in comparison to that of the impious "*Siècle*,"

of the *Débats*, or of the numerous irreligious and revolutionary prints which inundate the provincial cities, as well as the capital? What hope have we from the literature of France? A transcript of the national mind, it presents a hideous picture of moral and political degradation. No kindling of the divine fire gleams in its dark pages; no generous remorse, no consciousness of fallen grandeur, no aspirations after better things are visible, even though at far intervals, to redeem its character. Without the impassioned eloquence of Rousseau, or the wit of Voltaire, these irreverent hirelings of a debased literature only labour to excite the prurience of the imagination, or to heap contempt upon all that is venerable or grand in the old institutions of Europe, or holy in the faith of Christendom. These unnumbered productions of the Press, like a flight of locusts, darken the moral atmosphere and blight with their corruption all they touch. The highest intellect in the country, on the other hand, all that is truly great in literature,—nobleness of purpose,—reach of thought,—philosophic depth, bears about it the inspiration of the Catholic faith. Poetry, as long as it retained its purity, historic research as far as it was candid, the more graceful and lighter productions of the day, whose beauty was incorrupt, sprang from Catholic sources, or were subject to Catholic training. During the last half century, with the exception of the exact sciences, where infidelity held its ground in the force of intellectual greatness, the whole literature of France, were it not for Catholicism, would have been an intellectual blank or a moral pollution.

There are other motives undoubtedly, besides an overweening ambition, which urge Louis Napoleon on in his present policy. To the prisoner of Ham, or to the exile from his native land, the character of his countrymen, their vain-gloriousness, their unquiet spirit and their love for military glory, were familiar subjects of meditation. One of the causes which led to the unpopularity of the citizen king, and to the fall of the unfortunate Bourbons, had long attracted the attention of the silent and thought-

* The *Siècle* alone possesses 50,000 subscribers, and boasts of having a million readers. *L'Opinion Nationale* has 22,000—*Les Débats* 10,000—*Le Monde* 13,000—*L'Union* 4000, and *L'ami* 4000, subscribers.

ful man who now fills their throne. He perceived that those reigns, which were undistinguished by the military glory of a grand European war, were unpopular with the people of France. To save his throne, to preserve his dynasty, the second Napoleon, while he proclaimed that the Empire was peace, planned aggrandizement of territory, revolution and war. And what has he to fear from Europe? Familiar with the baser elements of human nature, with the selfishness of the moneyed classes, with the low political morality of statesmen, with the intriguing and treacherous spirit of European diplomacy, and with the base desire of "peace at any price" which animates the traders and hucksters of commerce, he reckons, that by inspiring universal fear, he shall obtain universal domination. Mankind, he knows, is governed by love or fear. No nation courts the alliance of Napoleon, but Europe fears the chief of the revolution: Europe which showed so much daring, shed such torrents of blood, in the commencement of the century, in defence of her independence, trembles before a revived Bonapartism, and bends beneath the domination of a name which was once a reproach and a bye-word among the nations. The whole of Christendom is concerned in the quarrel, for has not Napoleon smitten the Pope in the face? The king among kings is hemmed in on all sides, by the emissaries of the revolution and the men of blood, and there is none to help him. Not a nation has sent an army to his rescue. Not a king has spared a regiment for his service. Of all the armed rulers of Europe, not one has drawn the sword on his behalf. The cowardice of kings is only equalled by the apathy of the peoples. All that united Christendom could muster up heart to give to the Sovereign Pontiff, in the supreme crisis of the revolution, were a few guns, insufficient to protect the strong places of his land, and a mere handful of recruits,—a small indeed, but glorious host, the elect of men,—who went out to fight, not for fame, not from worldly considerations, but simply because the name of the Father of Christendom, as of old, was a name of power over their Catholic hearts. Europe gazes at the issue of the fearful struggle with a fixed and stolid eye, like that of a sleep-walker. Napoleonism lies upon her breast like a nightmare. If Louis Bonaparte and his agents in Italy have nothing to fear from Catholicism, if law and justice and religion, in the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, be permit-

ted by the Catholic nations to be trodden underfoot with impunity, what has he to fear from the protocols and pretexts of a diplomacy which has become the scandal of Christendom? The fear of armed force, the ordeal of battle alone remains. Shall the cohorts of Austria issue triumphant from her far-famed Quadrilateral to crush the revolution, or is the Colossus of the North to be the Titan to hurl the Jove of the revolution from his usurped Olympus? Napoleon is prepared for either eventuality. He has made friends with the mammon of iniquity; the spirit of anarchy is his Familiar in every land. He is the principle of perpetual discord among the powers of Europe. His presence is felt in the council-chambers of kings. His voice is heard in the press. He directs the vote of constitutional assemblies and gives the tone to public opinion. To him belong the blood-stained outlaw, the perjured soldier, and the unfaithful priest. He sets the daggers of the secret societies in motion, and concurs by his sanction in their bloody issue. At his will the Vatican is a palace or a prison. And now, in the pride of his power, the Elect of the revolution confronts the armed force of justice and legitimate right. One hand he lays on the title-deeds of Europe, with the other he holds back the Red Revolution. But let one gun be fired in the battle-field of Europe, and the Man of the 2nd of December will let slip the bloodhounds of anarchy among the nations, and lay the torch of the incendiary to the thrones of Europe, to the hallowed institutions and bulwarks of society, and even to the Ark of the new Dispensation itself. Who then so bold as to provoke the terrific struggle, or so strong as to abide its dubious issue, or without serious misgiving, desire to witness the universal conflagration?

After having considered some of the various causes which are at work in Europe, and which are contributing to undermine the Christian edifice of society in order to reconstruct it upon the basis of a revived paganism—for nothing short of this will be the result of the anti-social and anti-Christian principles of the revolution, worked out to their logical conclusion—after having traced these causes which, like so many tributary streams have swollen the high-tide of Revolutionary Imperialism, we must now examine their effect upon unfortunate Italy itself. How far, we must ask ourselves, too, is Italy prepared to be the battle-field in this war of principles; what part will she

take in the struggle? Shall religion and justice and honour appeal to her in vain? Shall the prayers of the best of her children, the blood of her martyr-soldiers, fail to stir her torpid nature, or fire her cowardly heart? Shall Italy for ever be the prey of the uppermost, the slave of the successful, the mistress of the conqueror? Italy has fornicated with the Revolution, and the retributive sword of Justice is hanging over her head for her sin. She has stretched out her arms manacled with the fetters of fear, and embraced the spoiler and brought the robber of her virtue home as her master. Has Italy forgotten the traditions of her glory, her true historic grandeur, the Eternal City—the home of two hundred millions of Catholics—the tomb of the Apostles, the sanctuary of the living Church? “Let us hope,” with the Bishop of Orleans, “that the masters of error and deceit, who are now abusing the ephemeral power which has fallen into their hands, will see their fatal credit give way when misfortunes have prepared the way for reason and good sense. Them it is, far more than Bologna and the people of Romagna, whom we denounce. It is against them, above all, that we protest before all civilized and Christian nations. As to Bologna, Ferrara, and Ravenna, now so fatally misled, we cannot bring ourselves to despair of them.” But how far Italy has taken part in the revolt of her own will, how far she is coerced, how far corrupt, how far indifferent, how far stricken with moral and physical cowardice are perhaps the most momentous of all the questions which force themselves, in these troublous times, upon our notice.

Before we attempt to grapple with these serious questions, it were perhaps as well, or rather it is our duty, to take into account the effect of the presence in Italy of that great modifier of ideas, of political opinions, of parties, and even of duties,—an armed revolutionary force. The question at once arises, how far, for instance, it be the duty of a priest or bishop, to denounce from the pulpit or in a pastoral letter, the acts of a revolution, however criminal in its origin, however sacrilegious in its progress. Prudence forbids—not however that we fear that in Southern or Central Italy, zeal is outrunning prudence—yet prudence forbids men to put themselves in the way of an unnecessary persecution, or bishops to expose their sees to the loss of their spiritual guardianship. We know the unscrupulous character of the revolution. We have witnessed its excesses

in Sardinia during the last ten years of Cavour's boasted administration of freedom. We have seen the heroic resistance offered to its audacious spoliation, by the united and vigorous protest of the entire episcopate of Piedmont. We know what persecutions they have suffered in consequence, how the two archbishops of Turin and Cagliari were arrested, despoiled of their property, and condemned to exile. "The exile of these two archbishops," says the Bishop of Orleans, in his triumphant defence of the Papal Sovereignty, "has now lasted ten years, as all Europe knows, and all Catholics deplore; and there are at the present moment fifteen sees out of forty-one, vacant in the Sardinian States, either by death or exile of their prelates." Priests are arrested on all sides, says the same writer, though often released after a precautionary imprisonment. The "*Armonia*," of 20th December, 1859, contains the long list of the ecclesiastics, who had been falsely accused and unjustly imprisoned. Even women were not spared. Let us cite again the authority of Mgr. Dupanloup. The nuns of the Holy Cross, he states, "were expelled from their convent by carabineers, at night, on the 18th August, 1854. "I thank God," wrote the abbess, "that none of my daughters died in the street." Some years before (August 25, 1848) the nuns of the Sacred Heart had been proscribed throughout the Sardinian dominions; all their houses had been dissolved, their pupils dispersed, and their property, whether in lands or money, confiscated to the public treasury." The necessity of possessing an almost unlimited command of money, to propagate revolutionary ideas, to support the secret societies, to tamper with the fidelity of subjects,* and finally, to carry war into the neighbouring States of Italy, induced Piedmont, in defiance of the sacred principles of justice and of law, to seize upon ecclesiastical and conventual property. Confiscation at home enabled Sardinia to commit sacrilege abroad. To sum up her depredations in her own territory, the plunder of her own subjects, guilty of no violation of

* The Liberal minister whom the King of Naples, at the last moment was unwise enough to admit to his counsels, *Liborio Romano*, himself makes it now a boast, that he it was, who took the crown of Naples from the brow of Francis II., and placed it on the head of Victor Emmanuel.

law or of honour, we cannot do better than make use of Mgr. Dupanloup's description of religious persecution in Piedmont: "Thirty-five religious orders were proscribed; 7,850 religious were deprived of their property. Neither the learned orders, nor the charitable; neither the humblest nor the most illustrious, were spared. Piedmont possessed a noble institution, the Academy of the Superga, the greatest school of ecclesiastical learning in the kingdom, founded by the discerning liberality of her kings; it was suppressed. The religious of Hautecombe had been the guardians of the tombs of the House of Savoy; the post was a sacred one, but it was not respected" (the Papal Sovereignty, page 223.) Not individual freedom, and property only, but the faith and morals of this Catholic people were attacked in their dearest interests by the impious Government of Piedmont and their infidel allies in the press. "Piedmont has quite gained my heart since I see her make war upon the "black gown." The "reptile" has been but very imperfectly *crushed* by Voltaire; the business must be finished. At all events, it is a comfort to us to see crowned heads setting about this difficult task. Piedmont just now is giving an excellent example." Such were the fearful words uttered on the 10th February, 1855, by the "Avenir de Nice." It is notorious that religion is continually and publicly outraged in Turin, not only by the abominable language of the revolutionary papers, but by indecent caricatures of holy personages, by obscene engravings, and by blasphemous parodies of the most august mysteries. Conduct so gross deservedly provoked the severe rebuke on Piedmont, contained in the celebrated publication of M. Sauzet, upon marriage, in 1853. "Some fatal influence," observes this writer, "appears to have blighted Piedmont; the art of engraving seems to vie there with that of printing in corrupting the people by their abominations." We shall, perhaps, be told that Sardinia enjoys free institutions, and is able to give a just expression to its ideas and interests, or to find a remedy for its grievances in its representative system. The Parliament of Turin is much changed for the worse, since the days of Charles Albert, since the time when it made so noble a stand against the confiscation of church property. Death has thinned its ranks, and Cavour has filled up the gaps with creatures of his own. When an election is to take place, Government candidates are sent into the provinces, mere nomi-

nees of Cavour, with the intimation that it is expected, in high quarters, that the proposed candidate should be returned without opposition. With a furious and unscrupulous partizan like Cavour, at the head of the State, it is considered prudent by the Catholic and Conservative party to comply with the imperious demand and abstain altogether from voting. The consequence is, that the Government candidate, a mere tool in the hands of Cavour, is returned, by only a handful of electors, to register in the Chambers the supreme will and pleasure of the prime minister. The candidate for the representation of a populous city which possesses a large constituency, is often returned by a dozen or two suffrages, and when he speaks and votes in the Piedmontese Parliament, he speaks and votes, not on behalf and in the name of the vast masses of his fellow-countrymen, but on behalf of the government which procured his election. He does not represent the Conservative feeling and faith of the electoral body, he is the representative of anarchy and of intimidation, he is the living witness to show how, veiled under the mask of Liberal institutions, the anarchy of despotism can crush out in the breast of its victim every spark of freedom, of honesty, and of political independence. Sardinian freedom is liberty to abrogate the rights of the Catholic press, to banish bishops, to sequester sees, to suppress monasteries, to confiscate church property, to limit vocations, to silence, so to speak, the voice of the Holy Ghost. Sardinian freedom is on a par with its justice, with its respect for the law of nations. It is on an equality with its military honour, which does not scruple to bombard, for twelve hours, a defenceless fortress, protected only by the white flag, a symbol, however, which even barbarians respect. But how dare we speak of military honour in connection with an army, which, without a declaration of war, more in the fashion of a band of brigands than of Christian soldiers, burst into the Papal territories, and not in a victory, but in a cowardly and infamous surprise, won, in the emphatic language of the Bishop of Perigueux, "the two trophies of excommunication and blood? If, therefore, in Sardinia itself, we find that the exercise of its rights, and the free and honest expression of its will, are so thwarted, and encompassed with difficulties by a tyrannical government, how then will it fare with the provinces so recently annexed, by intimidation, by bribery, and, we

regret to have to add, by the cowardly connivance of too many of their own inhabitants, to the kingdom of Sardinia?

We know the terrorism exercised over the various States of Italy by the armed force of the revolution. We know by what arts, by what intimidation, the success of the universal election business was brought about. We know how the freedom of voting was preserved at Naples. We saw how, in the parish of Monte Calvario, a man who was bold enough to vote in opposition to the wishes of Garibaldi's National Guard, and the tumultuous partisans of the revolution who surrounded the urn and the two baskets, marked with the fatal words "Si" and "No" was struck down by a dagger.* The password of the revolution is indeed Victor Emmanuel or the Stiletto. We do not overlook the noble stand Francis II is making in defence of his crown and kingdom, nor the valour of the intrepid Bosco, in disputing, inch by inch, the last strip of land left to his royal master. Have not the subjects of the king of Naples caught up arms in defence of their rightful king? Are not the peasants sweeping through the province of Terra di Lavoro and the county of Molise, inflicting heavy losses on the Piedmontese soldiery? The first Piedmontese column under colonel Nutto, was thrown back and nearly cut to pieces by the valiant peasantry. Isernia is in ashes because it remained faithful to its king. Cialdini, the bloodthirsty Piedmontese commander, shot, in revenge of the reverses which his troops suffered at the hands of the country people, his prisoners of war, and murdered in cold blood the subjects of Francis because they would not forswear their fealty to their rightful sovereign. We rejoice to perceive that the clergy have refused to acknowledge the usurping king on his entrance into the capital of their sovereign, and into the diocese of their exiled Archbishop. Have not courage, and loyalty, and faithfulness been manifested in imprisonment and in exile by the bishops and by many of the priests in Umbria and the Marches, and in Romagna? Was the conduct of the Grand Vicar of Bologna in any way unworthy of the late glorious Cardinal Archbishop, Viale Prela? Three times did the Sardinian emissaries of violence approach the city of Imola to drag its venerable bishop to prison, and the last time they

* Oesterreichischer Volks-Freund.

were accompanied by a regiment of Piedmontese troops ; and three times did the brave citizens repulse these sacrilegious violators of the laws of God. Had there only been a few more cities in Italy like Imola, so many princes would not have lost their thrones, so many bishops would not have been driven from their sees, and the Pope would not have been insulted by the invasion of his territories. Did not the bishops of Tuscany, too, unite in the protest of the now exiled Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa ? Were not some of the bishops of Lombardy expelled from their sees or forced to take refuge from violence in flight ? The names and the number of those who have suffered persecution in their heroic resistance to the revolution, would form in themselves a noble array ; but yet, can we in fairness state that the revolution going on in every corner of Italy, has not received, not only more open countenance and support, but a much larger undercurrent of favour than we like to acknowledge, and met a much less real resistance than we had a right to expect from Catholic Italy ? In our endeavour to account for the success of the revolution, and to see how far, or in what manner Italy is guilty of this great political and religious convulsion, we shall not so much follow its large geographical divisions, as divide into various categories the opinions which agitate and unsettle the country. Were we, however, called upon to characterize Italy according to her great geographical divisions, we should say that northern Italy was most conspicuous for the piety of its peasantry and of its lower orders generally, and of some in the middle ranks of life,* for the bold and unscrupulous ambition of its professional classes, and for the disguised Voltairianism among the nobility. And that central Italy, or that portion of it which was so long under the yoke of foreign domination, inoculated to a great extent with the worst principles of Josephism in church and state, had become a continual prey to the excitement and love of change. And that southern Italy, with the exception of Sicily, where chronic discontent had so often broken out into open anarchy, and of the Romagna, where a turbulent spirit had so long

* The long lists of small sums for the Pope, with appropriate remarks in quotations from Holy Writ which crowd the columns of the 'Armonia,' speak well for the faith and piety of these classes.

shown itself, was characterized by habits of indolence and mental apathy. We might further remark that in northern Italy the monarchical sentiment is deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, and that the principle of cohesion exists in strength sufficient to form a powerful state. While in central Italy, and the south, local traditions, the habit of ages, the rivalry of races, the pride and historic recollections of the various cities, the necessity of the Papal Sovereignty, and the very configuration of the land, speak in a language which cannot be disregarded, against a vast central government, and in favour of the separate existence of the smaller republics and principalities. Governed by its own peculiar laws, and enjoying its traditional privileges, and preserving its individuality unimpaired, each separate state might preserve, under a federal union, its independence, and become a member of a strong, united Italy. If, however, centralization be permitted to have its own way, the landmarks of ages will be removed without compunction, and the honour and religion of Italy be wounded in its highest interests.—In a land so marked out by the strong individuality of its various states, so diverse in their habits and history, any attempt to characterize the inhabitants, according to an arbitrary geographical division, is insufficient and unsatisfactory. We shall endeavour, therefore, to enumerate according to large sections of opinion, the various parties which exist, and inquire into the influence they exercise upon one another, and the direction they give to public affairs. In the outset an objection might perhaps be fairly started against the likelihood, that the inhabitants of Catholic Italy, to the number of twenty-two millions, should take part—to confine ourselves to the gravest sin in the present revolution—against the temporal rights of the Holy See, and should lavish their loyalty, affection, and obedience, on its arch-enemy, unless they were able to show an apparent justification for their lawless acts, or some deep unendurable provocation to rebellion. If this, indeed, were so: if the objection were correct, it would indeed be strange, that Italy, weakened by no corrupting heresy, by no internal dissension in matters of faith, should, by her cry of annexation, prefer to the rule of the Father of Christendom, the sway of an excommunicated King, the puppet of France, in the States of the Church.

To meet the objection that Italy, in her totality, is com-

mitted to the revolution, we shall endeavour, in broad outlines, to show how the inhabitants of the Peninsula are broken up into parties, of unequal extent and of various character;—how some are hostile to the Papacy out of hatred to religion and law; how vast numbers are coerced into connivance with the revolution, or into a cowardly betrayal of their principles; how some are indifferent to the issue of the struggle, and how others by no means a few, await the event in order to bow the supple knee to success; and how others again, are led away by mistaken views, but harbour no ill at heart against social order or religion. We shall, however, never understand the causes which have led to the triumph of the revolution, unless we remember that the vast mass of the population are content to be the hewers of wood and the drawers of water, to till the earth in peace, and to worship God undisturbed, after the traditions of their forefathers. This large labouring population of the fields has not the energy or the understanding, or has not had, at least as yet, a fair opportunity to make known its respect for law and its reverence for religion.

It is the comparative few who, by the energy of their minds, or the boldness of their ambition, or by their high sense of duty, govern the world for good or evil. And these men of active habits and of mental capacity, few in comparison with the multitudes of the timid, of the indifferent, of the waverers, of the mistaken, and of the incapable, are divided again into the good and the evil. In Italy the good have an unequal combat to sustain. Against these courageous opponents of irreligion and the revolution, the whole weight of an unscrupulous government is brought to bear. Against armed force, what can bishops, however daring and outspoken, what can priests and monks, however faithful, effect? Without organization or freedom of speech, or the right of association, what resistance can the nobles, the natural leaders of the people, offer? They, or at least those among them who are not yet pseudo-liberals, like many of the nobility of Lombardy or of the Romagnas, or Erastian, like most of those in Tuscany, or profligate like too many in Naples, must remain the idle spectators, if not the victims, of a lawless persecution. The sturdy opposition of the burgesses of many an indignant city, the bold, defiant spirit of many of the scattered peasant-proprietors, the disdain of many a

soldier, who is too jealous of his honour to consecrate his sword to an unrighteous invasion, are elements which may eventually lead to a terrible re-action ; but, terrorised over by the few and in the presence everywhere of the civil power which has only to be invoked to bring down immediate destruction on their heads, the best even of these men lose hope and heart. They have witnessed the champions of freedom and justice in the press fined and imprisoned, or torn from their employment and turned adrift upon the world ; they have beheld the boldest of their bishops dragged like the noble Cardinal Archbishop of Pisa to prison, or like the Cardinal Archbishop of Naples, driven into exile ; they have seen the glorious company of Jesus fall the first victim to the wrath of the infidel, their houses seized, their property confiscated, their lives in danger. Nothing is too sacred, nothing too weak, nothing too dear to the hearts of the people for the vengeance of the revolution. The leaders of the party of order are to be struck down, no matter by what weapons. Insult and intimidation, falsehood and calumny, bribery and corruption are resorted to by turns, with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause. Shall we wonder if, under such pressure, even the bold are abashed, and that the zealous are too long or too often silent ?

The infidel party, on the other hand, is small, but it makes up for the fewness of its numbers by the surprising activity of its members, and in the virulence of its hatred against religion. Italian infidelity is in its first vigour, and possesses all the headstrong impetuosity of youth ; unlike the infidel of France, the Italian infidel is seldom known to seek a death-bed repentance or a final reconciliation. The secret societies are its head-quarters, and the chief agency for the propagation of its views. The members of these societies, bound by a fearful oath and by terrible penalties, are ready to obey all the behests imposed upon them even to the work of midnight assassination, of sacrilege and king-murder. The manner in which the ranks of these societies are recruited, and how they gradually draw into their fellowship the able and active-minded men, who are not enlisted under the banner of the party of order, are curious illustrations of the ill-effect produced by a long-continued repressive system of government. Deprived of the right of public discussion, of the freedom of the press, men of all ranks, the noble

tinged with a false liberalism, the man of letters, the professional man, all, in a word, who have a grievance to complain of, or have suffered an injustice, nurse their petty wrongs in secret, until they can no longer endure the unnatural restraint, and seek relief in the forbidden societies. Here they find full expression for their real or imaginary wrongs, uninitiated at first in their darker mysteries—*nemo repente turpissimus*—they are only gradually allured, step by step, until at last, often to their horror, they find themselves entangled in fatal meshes from which there is no escape. When an insurrection is to be improvised in a locality, fixed upon by politicians of a superior order and of high standing in the esteem of Europe, these delegates of destruction hurry from all sides into the devoted city, form themselves into sub-committees of ten in number, affix in the dead of the night revolutionary placards and proclamations on the walls, and succeed at last in provoking, by some daring outrage or cold-blooded crime, a collision between the authorities and the people. A knot of these revolutionists by profession is to be found in every city in Italy; and by their perfect organization, systematic training and correspondence, they exercise an influence, which is in no proportion to their numbers, over the public mind, and strike terror into the well disposed, by the audacity of their crimes and the almost invariable impunity which attends their most frightful outrages. These secret members are also traitors in the camp; they hold their meetings in a beleaguered city and afford often invaluable information to the besieging enemy. Against this bold, unscrupulous, and compact body, on whom every new and startling crime confers new strength, the lovers of religion and order and peace, oppose no unbroken front, and no vigour of resistance, or show no determination to track the ill-doer to his secret den, and overpower him by their numbers and the authority of outraged law. They too prefer to act in secret, they like their goodness to remain unknown, their faith to be unobserved. They are averse to imbruing their hands in blood, for bloodshed would be the necessary result of a conflict with the lawless delegates of the secret societies. They prefer the agony of a life-long fear to the death-struggle of a moment. Yet, compared with those who are well disposed to civil order and the Church, the avowed infidels and priest-haters all over Italy are in number so small that they might be

trampled underfoot and crushed in a moment. But the bad are bold in their wickedness, while the good are cowards in their virtue. Domination belongs to the bold, though few; and to the timid, though a multitude, comes inevitable defeat. Revolution and infidelity triumph to-day over order and religion, because Italy is smitten, not with political blindness, not with impiety, but with the curse of cowardice. In the class of the good and timid are to be reckoned not a few of the clergy in every province of Italy. This faint-heartedness, which is always the companion or forerunner of failure, has helped more than anything else to the otherwise unaccountable triumph of force over conscience, over justice, and over right. In that part of Italy, however, so long under subjection to the Leopoldine laws, this spirit, which is so opposed to the heroism of the Gospel, made even bishops for awhile forget that "excommunication and blood, two frightful stigmas," to quote the words of the courageous Bishop of Perigueux, "which stain and dishonour the forehead that bears them, lay on the soul of him whom they were not ashamed to welcome or receive as their Sovereign."

From motives as various as can well be conceived, and comprising in its number persons of all conditions, there are descriptions of men totally indifferent to the issue of the struggle in Italy, as long as it does not affect their personal interests or concerns; men of contracted hearts and of narrow minds, to whom generous sympathies and enlarged views are foreign or unintelligible, and who only desire to be let alone in the pursuit of their pleasure, their business, or even their piety. Too many of the nobles of Naples, whose best energies were wasted or perverted under a despotic government, which sedulously excluded them from all participation in State affairs, and cut them off from the road of honourable ambition, are content to fritter away an ignominious existence in idleness or debauchery. Intent only on the gratification of a criminal self-indulgence, they have grown indifferent alike to politics or to the interests of religion. The selfish trader and artisan—the frivolous crowd of pleasure-seekers who throng the magnificent Corso of Naples, or fill the proud piazzas and squares of Milan and Florence, and Bologna, men, and the foolish giddy women, who rejoice only in illuminations and festivals, and celebration-balls, who live only for excitement and change, who sing triumphant *Io pœans* no

matter who falls, or what throne is destroyed, what altar profaned—these, and such as these, thoughtless or criminal, or both, swell to very gigantic proportions, the fatal indifference to the great principles of justice and religion involved in this Italian revolution. Either from the indolence natural to the Southern character, or from ignorance of its fatal consequences, how many priests are there not to be found who use all the influence which their sacred calling confers, to let the evil of a victorious revolution take its course, undisturbed and unrebuked? How many pastorals from the bishops do we miss? * Where are the dignified episcopal rebukes against usurpation, Church robbery, and sacrilege, which from every see that is not yet vacant or violated, should issue in rapid succession? Why are monasteries plundered with impunity, Jesuits banished without trial, nuns driven from their convents by the bayonets of a brutal soldiery, but because too many Catholic men and women in this beautiful enervating Italy, too many monks and priests and bishops are too timid, too unheroic and unmartyr-like, or too blind to the ulterior results of the movement, to rise up with one voice before the evil-doer, and declare that this lawless and Godless revolution must come to an end? Next in number to those who are cursed with the barrenness of indifference, are the votaries of success, the worshippers of the golden calf, men who wait to see which way the tide turns before they will declare “under which king” they serve, men who are ready to burn the grain of incense before any god in the Capitol. In Italy their name is Legion. Unhappy Naples with its riches is today the booty which they are come from all parts to share. Royal palaces and art-museums are taken possession of by these despicable sycophants of the revolution and of the press, who ape the grandeur and the dignity which they affect to condemn. But one brush of the hand would suffice to sweep them into insignificance again, yet these are they who swell with their superfluous suffrages the urn of the successful candidate† at its close. Of these

* In the Neapolitan States alone, there are about 87 bishops, mitred abbots, and arch-priests, and but few of these dignitaries of the Church have protested against the usurpations of the excommunicated King of Sardinia.

† By its artifice and trickery the universal election system is

various divisions of opinion, which have broken Italy up into parties, and which, by their activity or passiveness, have contributed to the triumph of Napoleon's policy in the Peninsula, the one to which we must attribute the most general influence is the desire for the unification of Italy. This desire springs from different, and often opposite motives. In some, as in the infidel party, in Mazzini and his disciples, it arises from the desire of sweeping away all existing institutions as unfit for the enlightenment of the age, and of substituting, in the place of the Church and of the throne, a huge and Godless republic. In this notable scheme the principles of 1793 are revived in their full force and receive their final apotheosis. In some, as in the followers of Gioberti, the object is to give glory to the Church, not through its spiritual preeminence, but by bestowing upon it the political headship of a great and united nation. The Papacy is to be exalted in the world by the grandeur of its political rank among the nations, and to be beloved at home for its external power and glory. In conformity with this vain-glorious spirit, the Papacy would thus be made to lower its divine title, in exchange for an earthly crown. And the temporal power which God bestowed upon it as a shield to protect the spiritual sovereignty, they would convert into an instrument of secular aggrandizement. Others again, out of a more ignoble vanity, desire the unification of Italy under the sceptre of a soldier-king, in order that their country may, at one bound, advance in military prowess to the vanguard of Europe. These men seek no harm to the Church for harm's sake; but if the Church stand in the way of their vain-glorious ambition, without scruple or misgiving, they will push her aside. This restless spirit has smitten too many men in all classes of society, as to urge them on with a fatal and unreasoning impetuosity. It heeds not, in its passion, the abyss on either side,—the lawlessness of anarchy or the destructive action of a centralizing rule. It forgets history, local traditions, loyalty, religion; even the stern reality of an Austrian war is passed over in this day-dream of a revived and glorious and undi-

now bankrupt in credit throughout Europe. Universal suffrage is an Imperial subterfuge—a modern receipt to make revolutionary kings.

vided Italy.* Into a country, which had long groaned under the dominion of the stranger, and borne the despotic yoke of France, and which more recently had not forgotten the tyranny of Austria, or the violence that stung the nation to the heart, or the voice of Silvio Pellico which still cries in its ear for vengeance,—into a country still suffering from the impious rule of a revolutionary king at Turin, and from the stiff unbending despotism of Naples, from the Josephism of Tuscany, and from the unwise system of centralization in the Roman government which was borrowed from revolutionary France, and which replaced the noble institutions Rome had inherited from the middle ages,—into a country tortured by political passions, by moral cowardice, and by the destructive spirit of infidelity, Napoleon, like a midnight conspirator, flung the torch of revolution, and retired to a distance to watch the fearful progress of the flames.

With the fatal gift of the revolution what moral havoc has not Bonapartism brought into Italy, what dereliction of principle, what forgetfulness of honour, what outrages on the sense of justice and on the sanctity of religion? By publicly bestowing a reward on Agisaleus Milano, it has given its sanction to kingmurder: by confiscating the private property of the princes and princesses of the Royal House of Naples it encourages communism;† in dragging priests from the altar and bishops from their sees, it has made common cause with impious unbelief all over Europe. At Rome, Bonapartism has added the infamy of treachery to its bolder crimes. It has left a stain upon its honour which no military exploit can hereafter wholly efface. The pre-

* In a former Article on the Italian Revolution, its Character and Causes, we pointed out at some length the objections, historical, political, and religious, against the unification of Italy, and need not repeat them here.

† By a decree of Garibaldi, the Dictator of Naples, the private property of the royal family, amounting to 25 millions of francs, in the Neapolitan funds, and comprising the dowry of the queen, the portions of the royal princesses, and the fortunes of the royal cadets, were summarily confiscated. A commission was appointed to distribute this money among the patriots who had suffered for their country.

sent revival of Bonapartism in Europe has likewise been most unpleasantly inaugurated by another unholy feature, by what Lord Bacon terms, the unclean sacrifice of a lie—the lie political, not the gross vulgar lie, but the interior lie, which puts out the light of truth altogether, and leaves the conscience dark as night. The lie to-day has taken a recognised place in the system of politics. It is employed without scruple and avowed without shame. It is a royal prerogative in the mouth of revolutionary kings. Ministers in constitutional states have not been slow to encroach upon the royal privilege of their masters. It is become common by use, and has lost somewhat of its value. The leaders of the revolution, with an insolent and unbecoming freedom, have imitated their betters. The lie has multiplied. It is become incarnate in the press of Europe. It has peopled deserted dungeons with living victims, sullied the fair fame of brave men, and routed many a victorious army. We should have thought that by this time it had been worn threadbare, and that not a ghost of a lie had been left to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, did not every day bring irrefragable evidence to the contrary and convince us that were the revolution to be driven back to-morrow, the flight of the lies, to borrow an illustration from a witty contemporary, would be like “the retreat of the ten thousand.” If the triumph of the revolution be permitted in Italy, the triumph of Bonapartism will not long be delayed in Europe. To confine the revolution within the limits of Italy is, according to the maxims of our short-sighted minister of foreign affairs, the sole duty of England. But if the torch of the crowned Incendiary of Europe have once succeeded in lighting up the insurrectionary fires, who shall keep the conflagration within the prescribed bounds? For, as Schiller sings,

“Furchtbar ist des Feuer's Macht
Wenn es der Fesseln sich entrafft.”

Who shall stay the devouring element? what nation shall escape, what throne, what altar?

It is not in the nature of things for revolutionary triumph to be moderate, for ambition to abstain from its purpose, or for infidelity to forget its hate and dread of the Church. Italy once subdued to its will, revolutionary

Imperialism must fall upon the left bank of the Rhine, break up Germany, and then with its fleets, manned by the sailors of Genoa and Venice, reserve its last vengeance for England. How vain and inconsistent is British policy ; on the one hand we shout with joy at every fresh triumph of the revolution in Italy, on the other, to protect the sanctity of our shores against the chief of the revolution, we fly to arms. The manhood of England is true to its instincts, and with quiet resolution and characteristic dignity learns the practice of the glorious rifle, and by its grand volunteer movement strikes a blow at the tortuous policy of its Imperial neighbour.

But has Europe in arms then, indeed, no remedy for Italy? We have no hope nor heart in the repressive bayonets of Austria to cure the political degradation and the moral cowardice of Italy, or to dispel its false day-dream or to break its faith in Victor Emmanuel. The government of the axe and the gibbet would be necessary to exterminate the secret societies, but before Christian Philosophy could put out the light of a false and impious liberalism, a war of the secret knife would begin. The broken sword of the Italian, Mazzini boasts, becomes a dagger. Foreign favour and French gold would be again at work. There would be no cessation of conspiracies, no repose necessary for regeneration, no liberty for the good or the bad. Italy would have to be ruled with a rod of iron, or not ruled at all. At last, before ten years had expired, compression would have reached its limit, and would result in an explosion more terrific than any we have yet witnessed.

If the days of monarchy be numbered, if kings are no longer to reign over a lawless generation, if the ancient institutions of Europe are to be broken up, and the laws and customs and traditions of ages to be swept away like cobwebs,—if to suit the temper of men's minds and the enlightenment of the age, old landmarks are to be removed, and the prescriptive habits of nations altered ; if even the unchangeable Church of Rome is to be changed, and the Pope, through the unspeakable wickedness of men, to become a wanderer on the face of the earth ; if these evil things be about to befall us to-day, we shall owe the calamity, in the main, to the revived Paganism in the intellect of Europe, to the folly and cowardice of the kings since the Restoration,

and to that shortsighted and criminal policy which has crushed out, as far as it was possible, in Church and State and school, the divine illumination of faith. Not then in the arms of Austria, however just and glorious, but in the hearts of the Italians themselves, do we place our hope for the restoration of Italy. Purified by persecution, made wise by bitter experience, the Italians will return like the Jews from captivity to their old paths of duty and faith. Collision will give strength to the weak, courage to the timid, and inspire in all a new and holy fervour. But, above all, we place our hope of Italy's regeneration in the moral martyrdom of the successor of St. Peter at Rome. Alone, unarmed in the presence of brute force, and subject to violent outrage, and yet unbending, the Vicar of Christ still upholds the symbol of moral power in the world. Insulted and wounded in the violation of its sovereign rights, and yet sublime in its patience and strong in its weakness, the Papacy affords to all men a spectacle of wonder, of admiration, and of hope. If even the Church have, in our day, to tread the way of the Cross, what then? shall we lose hope, or confidence, or faith? If the enemies of God and man advance upon her with shout and yells hideous to hear—if she be abused, buffeted, spit upon,—if she be stripped of her royal garments—if an impious soldiery cast lots for her vesture—she will only, like her Divine Founder, be atoning for the sins of her unworthy children, who know not what they do. Should she even have to suffer the incomparable degradation of the presence of her two crowned Enemies on either side, she will still be mindful how her Divine Master was crucified between two Thieves, and await, like her crucified Prototype, in patience and in suffering joy for the resurrection of her glory, and for her ultimate day of triumph.

Extract from the protest of Father Beck, General of the Jesuits.—

“Dating with the Italian war which began last year, the Society has lost three houses and colleges in Lombardy; six in the Duchy of Modena; eleven in the Pontifical States, nineteen in the kingdom of Naples, fifteen in Italy. Everywhere has the Society been literally plundered of its moveable property and real estates. Its members, to the number of about 1500, have been driven from their establishments and expelled from the towns in which they lived; they have been escorted by armed bands, like miscreants, from

place to place, thrown into public prisons, maltreated and outrageously insulted. This system of persecution has gone so far as to prevent them accepting an asylum that the piety of individual families might offer. In many localities no regard whatever has been shown either to old age, ill health, or infirmity."

ART. IV.—1. *The Missing Link*, or Bible-women in the Homes of the London Poor, by L. N. R. London, James Nisbet and Co.

2. *The Book Hawker*, his Work and his Day, by Rev. H. G. BUNSEN, M. A. London, Aylott and Sons.

3. *Reports*, Annual and Monthly, of the Church of England Book-hawking Union.

4. *Elementary Books for Catholic Schools. The Primer.* London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.

5. *Reading Book*, Nos. I., II., and III. London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.

THERE appeared, some four years ago, a well written article in a Catholic magazine, on the future prospects of our literature, in which the pressing want of books and scarcity of good Catholic reading, were brought before the public. We were told the simple truism, that we were not at all in a position to compete with the literary standard raised by nearly every one of the Protestant sects which inundate this country. Since that period a start has been made, and we have gained a step or two. This, comparatively speaking, is great progress. In educational works, travels, biography, works of useful knowledge, miscellaneous information, fiction, and general light literature, we can take our stand. Catholic writers have sprung up, and done much work, publishers have done more; yet we are very far from being able to walk side by side with Protestants; we are still in the back-ground; we hang aloof, and have a "shady," slow look about us as we tread along the paths of literature, which contrasts unfavourably with the bright, enterprising air of our Protestant

brethren. Now let us search into the cause of this slow work. When we wish to ascertain what success a new book has, we ask, "How does it sell?" So let us pass from individual to general cases, and ask: "As a whole, *in toto*, what sale have our books?" The simplest answer would be, "No sale at all," of course comparatively speaking. But we must go deeper into the causes of this real evil, the limited sale of Catholic publications.

In looking back on the history of our literature during the last fifty years, we find that there has been a very general *ignoring* on the part of Catholics of the existence of Catholic literature. We say general, because there have been amongst the upper classes many individuals who have nobly supported and promoted its advancement. The middle class again has been a staunch though moderate supporter of the English Catholic publisher. Whilst the poor, alas!—we must acknowledge it in all sincerity and candour—have been most unequivocally behindhand in their pursuit of knowledge and their taste for reading. It is beyond a doubt, that there has been made hardly a single organized attempt to promote the circulation of useful books amongst the labouring class of Catholics. What individuals may have done, whether priests or laymen, cannot of course be looked upon as a movement influencing the mass. Very much, we know, has been done privately, in different parishes—town and country; but there has not been one great, organized, efficient association which could extend its influence and operations throughout the whole of Catholic England. This, then, seems to us the reason why our literature is "slow," and why, considering the present importance of the Catholic community in this country, we stand so far in the background of Protestant literary society. It is urged that Protestants have pecuniary resources which we cannot command; that Catholics are overwhelmed; that charities increase every day, and, with them, the demands upon Catholic funds increase also; that subscriptions and collections, under every form pour in daily from all quarters, and drain the pockets of the faithful to the very dregs; that actual temporal relief takes all the money that each individual can afford to give as a poor-offering, without bestowing money on the creation of a taste which is expensive and unfitting the station of the poor; that there is, in short, enough to do to help our needy brethren in

their daily wants, of bread and clothing, so as to keep them tidy and out of sin with its consequent punishment, without buying them books which they can very well do without. We answer, you are mistaken, and you fall into a grievous error. The Protestants have shown that they understand far better than we do, what is the growing want of the present generation. They have proved that they know how to get at and attack vice in a more able manner than we have as yet conceived; though they have not, and never will have, the power to conquer it. Because, blessed be God, we possess what they, alas! can never command, the all-powerful weapon wielded in the sacrament of penance.

Let us sketch one of the plans by which they get at the poor of our great metropolis and are able to hunt out evils which beset them, whether temporal or spiritual. We have it before us in the "Missing Link." The second part of the title is an epitome of the whole work: "Bible-women in the homes of the London Poor." A respectable woman, of moral and religious principle, taken from amongst the poor, is employed, at a fixed salary, to carry Bibles, Testaments, Prayer-books and other religious publications, into the very houses of her fellow classmen and sell them at incredibly reduced prices. This NATIVE AGENT, with a bag of books in her hand, threads her way amongst the lowest haunts, the darkest courts, the narrowest lanes, and finds willing and eager customers, of all kinds. Let us cite a few passages, giving statistics of Bible-sale in London, ere we draw our conclusion.

"Hannah (the Bible woman) has sold in Spitalfields, as the result of six months' labour, 151 Bibles and 57 Testaments. She has since been removed to St. George's in the East. She left in the hands of her successor 88 subscribers; a number since increased to 122; while the number sold in all is 256 copies.....

"The sum of Marians' account sold, is for 1004 copies, 413 Bibles and 591 Testaments, purchased in St. Giles' in twelve months by the penny subscriptions of the lowest of the low;—one penny called for once, twice, and sometimes thrice, by the patient *Native Agent* chosen from among themselves.....

"'Tis a ray of light in our picture that in seven months Priscilla has sold 85 Bibles and 121 Testaments, and has still 67 subscribers.' This is Limehouse Fields, Stepney.....

"Susan, in Whitechapel, had 50 Bible subscribers. She visited the Jewish, German, and Rag Fair districts.....

"In the first I sold twenty copies,—7 Bibles and 13 Testaments ; and another night 8 Bibles and 13 Testaments were sold by the same woman in the Brill Market of Somers' Town.

"Again, in Seven Dials, within twenty weeks the Bible woman sold 130 Bibles and 120 Testaments."

And now we ask why Catholics cannot do the same. Not, indeed, hawk about the Holy Scriptures, indiscriminately ; but why should not a man or woman be sent into the different districts, carrying with them a supply of useful Catholic books, Gardens of the Soul—that favourite of the poor—cheap prints, pictures, rosaries, crosses and medals ? Look how these Bible-women penetrate into the homes of our own people. We read from the journal of the woman who is employed in the *Soho* district, writing of the houses she visited :—"The tenants were mostly Irish.—Many of them tailors, hard at work, who answered, that when they wanted a Bible the priest would get it for them."

Another "Native Agent" in *Gray's Inn Lane* says, "A great many were Irish and Romanists, who said they were not going to be converted ;"—an answer worthy of the sons of St. Patrick's isle. We hope the Bible-woman may stumble upon many a "Romanist" if she always receive such a reply. But here lies the danger ; brethren of weaker faith than poor Pat are flattered by these visits. No one of their own people comes offering a tempting book or picture for sale at a price that suits their pocket ; the Protestant agent sees her advantage, and profits by it. It is pleasant to have some one come in and read to them, and speak a kindly word, and so they welcome her each time more warmly, while, backed by her zealous anti-popish lady superintendent, the Bible-woman follows up her advantage by spontaneous offers of temporal assistance. Thus we read, that in *Church Lane* "There is a willingness manifested on the part of the Romanists to listen to the reading of the Scriptures which has never been evinced before." And again, in another district, that, of seventy subscribers obtained by the first labours made, there were "two Romanists." Another woman is asked if her Bible be "Catholic" ? Then comes a refreshing scene with an Irishman in the *Brill Market, Somers' Town*, who says to the Colporteur, "You are selling a dangerous book, master—why the people can't understand it at all. They put a wrong meaning on it ;

and it is King Harry the Eighth's edition. He was a bad man, and could not write a good book."

Now we may see from these glimpses into the "Missing Link" system of Protestants, what a field there is for the introduction of Catholic book hawking. A glance at the Reports of the Protestant Book-hawking Union does but serve to strengthen this conviction. In these days of educational progress, there is scarcely one out of ten throughout our whole population who cannot read. What is more, they *will* read. And *what* do they read:—what do *Catholics* read?—the Catholic London poor, in their spare evening hour, their Sunday Holiday? What books do the children, brought up in our schools, and trained for years by religious men and women, devour in their idle moments? *The Penny Newsman*; *Lloyd's Weekly Paper*; *The London Journal*; *The Parlour Journal*; *Reynold's Miscellany*; *Songs, and Ballads*, sold for a farthing, a halfpenny, and a penny. Novels and tales, picked up at a third of cost price, at the numberless second-hand book stalls which stretch far out upon the pavement of our London streets. There is no doubt that at these very cheap book stalls the first seeds of future ruin are sown in many a fresh and pure mind. Protestants have felt this evil, and applied a remedy. Their books, moral and religious, are circulated freely in every town and country district; and by the avidity with which the travelling hawker of their Union is welcomed, we see what a field of encouragement there is for the spread of the system.

It is time that we looked into the admirable little pamphlet of Mr. Bunsen. He sketches the rapidity with which Book-hawking associations have increased in number since the first was set afloat, and combats the two principal arguments raised against the diffusion of knowledge amongst the poor. First, that book-hawking injures legitimate trade; secondly, the objection that it is not good for man to read much, and that there are already too many books circulated amongst the younger portion of the labouring classes. The first objection he answers from the words of a bookseller, who assures him that, instead of injuring the trade he benefits "on market days" by the labours of the hawker during the week. The ready support given by publishers also to the Book-hawking Union is a contradiction of this view. With regard to the second he says:—

"Their objection arises from utter ignorance of existing circumstances, or at least from a want of acquaintance with the marvellous changes which have been brought about among us by the progress of education, more especially among the working classes. Twenty years ago, perhaps, our book-hawkers might have found little to do. Reading was a privilege of the upper and middle classes; few among the working men could read, or, if they did so, could read with sufficient ease to find pleasure in it. Now, however, that a new generation has sprung up, most of whom *can* read, and most of whom *will* read, it is no longer optional with us whether we will or will not supply them with books. It has become a positive duty, and that a truly Christian one, to send good books of every kind into every village and hamlet, into town and country. And this for *two* reasons;—*First*, if by a more extended system of education we have increased the power and taste for reading, we ought to supply this new want with every kind of good and useful publication—religious and moral, historical and biographical, scientific and amusing, as well as with prints and pictures. Through the eye, quite as much as the ear, the heart and mind of man are fed and nurtured for good as well as for evil, *Secondly*.—The evil disposed have, as usual, been beforehand with us; and hawkers of bad books have forestalled us in our works, to an extent which is but little known. For, 'too wise in their own generation,' to expose their evil publications to view, they only tempt the weak, or pander to the taste of the already vicious, or initiate into the systems of vice any casual inquirer; and, under the cover of boot and shoe laces, or well hid by a fair sprinkling of blameless and even religious books, this class of hawkers (whether men or women) carry about with them some of the most abominable publications which the most wicked of men ever penned, or the most depraved imagination can conceive. Our Book-hawking Societies, therefore, have not come into the field a moment too soon. The evil I am complaining of was increasing rapidly; and, therefore, legitimate book-hawking has not only become a duty, owing to the increase of education amongst the working classes, but a necessity, owing to the aggressive nature of our work. We must endeavour to drive away the hawkers of bad books. We can only hope to succeed in our endeavours, by offering for sale—at every cottage door, at every tradesman's shop, at farm-houses as well as to gentlemen's servants, good books of every kind at the cheapest possible rate."

This view is energetically acted upon by the Book-hawking Union. Forty-two Associations in connection with it have been formed, employing fifty-five hawkers. These hawkers sell books and prints to the average amount of £4 to £10 weekly, or from £300 to £900 per annum. Of course the Bible is the book principally hawked, and the thousands sold quite incredible. Prints and picture-

cards seem also to be a favourite commodity, and to our shame we see them stealing a leaf out of our books and turning it to good account, whilst we let it lie idle, burying our talent in the napkin. This *picture teaching*, so essentially Catholic, and formerly so cried down by Protestants, is now adopted by them, and enters most systematically into their operations for the spiritual benefit of the labouring class. In one district we find that 1,200 single prints, and 166 packets of picture cards were sold in the course of the year. The author of the "Missing Link" remarks: "We think it has not been sufficiently observed how acceptable picture-teaching is to the poor.....a picture persuades insensibly."

Proceeding with our examination of the results experienced by the "Union," we find that the total number of publications sold in the year in some districts is more than 10,000 each; in one county association 22,000. In another district, the first year, 3,600 publications were sold; in the second 4,900; in the third, two hawkers being employed, 10,500; the fourth year, 13,600. The customers of the hawkers are thus classed in one district:

Labourers,	1,813
Servants,	747
Tradesmen,	478
Mechanics,	278
Gentlemen,	139

The average price of the publications sold is 4d. to 1s. 6d. Few exceed that sum. Three shillings is the highest price of any book hawked, though orders are often received for more expensive works to be brought the next time the hawker comes his round. Books on Cooking, Gardening, &c., also meet with a ready sale, and the advantage of circulating them is easily seen, since they contain hints on household economy and good management, to which the poor, as a class, are generally strangers. To see how thoroughly convinced Protestants are that the circulation of solid useful books is a necessary adjunct to education of the poor, we have only to look at the sums given to Book Societies. First and foremost stand the two great Societies, for promoting Christian Knowledge and the Religious Tract Society. The former receives yearly in subscriptions and donations upwards of £26,792; the latter £13,010. The issue of publications by the former

Society is 6,120,641. Dissenting associations for diffusing useful knowledge amongst the poor receive nearly £4000 every year in subscriptions.

Now, what have we Catholics to show for all this? What, to come back to our first question, what sale have our books? Are not the answers most emphatically *nothing, none?* We have, comparatively speaking, little or no literature which can be really called English Catholic literature, and what little we possess has next to no circulation. An effort deserving of all praise and all encouragement has been recently made for the publication of Catholic educational works, of a character suited to the requirements of the time; and the little series named at the head of these pages is a most encouraging specimen of the undertaking. But it would be a delusion to imagine that a great deal does not still remain to be done. We have no really efficient society for publishing cheap books; we have no properly organized associations for disseminating what are published. In the literary railroad of the nineteenth century we crawl along like a heavy luggage-train loaded with books that are selling at double the price, which similar volumes are sold for, by our adversaries, who shoot past us at the full speed of express. With exceptions, inferiority is stamped upon the whole of our publishing and bookselling concerns. It is useless for authors, editors and publishers, to toil and labour so long as this state of things continues. The public must come forward and open a channel whereby Catholic books shall find a free circulation. We see what Protestants do, and what success attends their labours. The question is not how much of that money it will take, which is needed in charity, but how *much* may be done with a *little*. How well organized the scheme shall be, how practical, how generally supported.

And the effects of Book-hawking would soon be felt. It would be amongst us, if properly managed, what it is among the Protestants, a very efficient Home Mission. There is no Irish den, we will venture to say, where the Book-hawker, authorized by the parish priest, would not be welcome with his prints, his blessed rosaries, crosses, and medals. To those Irish who can read, the cheap books would also be a great boon, penny lives of saints, martyr legends and the like would be bought up with avidity. In families where there are many children who

have been brought up in the schools, a welcome would again be sure to greet the Book-hawker. At the present moment poor Catholics are driven to buy Protestant works, sometimes of the worst moral description, or, as we said before, the Bible and Tract woman insinuates herself into their houses. A perfect propaganda is thus carried on especially amongst the class of workmen who possess some little "learning," and like to display it in the purchase of a book. And those books often contain that most insidious poison called "liberal principles," which are no less than a gradual and invisible undermining of the faith. A lukewarm Catholic may be easily persuaded to believe that it is a grand thing to be liberal and noble-minded, to accept broad views. This is the weak point of attack, and there are enough publications spread about to lay siege to it. Again, how many thousand Catholics are there in London alone who are ignorant of the whereabouts of any of our few Catholic book-shops, or knowing, never enter them! whilst there is scarcely a decent street where there is not one or more shops where cheap miscellaneous books may be bought. Worse still, in every hucksters, tobacconists, sweetmeat-vendors' and shaving-shop, penny and half-penny journals of the lowest moral tendency, are placed attractively in the window with striking illustrations, and find customers by the hundred. Let the hawker penetrate into the remote regions where so many Catholics dwell, and display his wares, cheap useful books, prints, rosaries, and other articles of piety, and who can doubt his finding many a glad customer? And if this be the case in the city, what would it not be in the country, where the Catholic often finds himself miles from his church and priest, and far from the nearest town. Perchance too, no Catholic bookseller in that town! We know what a Godsend a new book is to us in a dull country house, even though we have the prospect of an enlivening spring séjour in town. At an isolated farmhouse, where the family, consisting of young people, just returned from school with all the thirst for knowledge and reading just awakened, what a greeting the hawker would receive! Again, amongst the servants in large houses there is a wide mission open to the hawker. Few have an idea how much the better class of servants read. They are really often "well up" in all the novels and light reading of the day, and there are very few upper servants who do not regu-

larly take in one of the cheap periodicals, such as the "Family Herald" and the "London Journal." All this has to be taken into serious consideration by Catholics. We have done nothing yet, and there is a great pile of work before us.

It is not the few dozen of books scattered here and there by private hands that will meet this growing want, or combat the two evils of bad books and proselytizing books. It must be one steady organized system for circulating amongst Catholics, works of sound principle, solid worth and usefulness; books that shall each contain and forcibly convey some lesson. And this diffusion of knowledge on Catholic grounds will serve the two ends we have in view. It will give the necessary stimulus to our literature and be the means of attacking many of the prevailing evils and miseries amongst the lower classes. By aid of the hawker we shall penetrate into the very heart of our Catholic population, and bring to light many "hidden things of darkness." For though at first sight there seems to be no connection between the "Missing Link" system and that of book-hawking, our examination of the two theories and their practical working has taught us that one fits in admirably with the other. The hawker, whether man or woman, if truly pious, intelligent, and earnest-minded, would prove a most efficient lay-missioner amongst his own class, and an effectual auxiliary to the labours of the priest. And when we remember what those labours are, how, amongst the hard struggles a parish priest in England has to go through, the evils arising from false views and false principles—imbibed from the cheap publications of the day,—stand out most prominently, there are few of us who will not acquiesce in the opinion that Catholic Book-hawking is "not only a duty, but a necessity."*

* Since the above article went to press, we rejoice to find that the Society of St. Anselm, for the diffusion of good books, has come into operation. May it meet with warm support, and lead to the establishment of a Catholic Book-hawking Association!

ART. V.—*Travels and Adventures of the Rev. Joseph Wolff, D. D., L.L.D.*, Vicar of Ile Brewers, near Taunton, and late Missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Persia, Bokhara, Cashmeer, &c. London : Sanders and Otley.

SOME shrewd observer has remarked that, when the Pope weeds his garden he throws the weeds over the wall, and they fall into—Protestantism; not usually into any exact creed, but into Protestantism unattached:—i. e., the denial of Catholicism without the adoption of anything certain in its stead, except, of course, the Bible, which every one professes to follow, but which every one interprets differently, whence naturally ensues a fortuitous *divergence* of atoms. Joseph Wolff is one of the weeds which the Pope could not allow to remain in his missionary garden; it was picked up by the late Henry Drummond and planted by some one else in the Church of England, and then was taken great care of by many divines and rich religious laymen in England, because it came out of the Pope's garden, and was employed and commissioned by the Society for the conversion of the Jews, and by the Church Missionary Society, and probably by other societies; but all this time Joseph Wolff, though he ceased to belong to the Catholic Church, and became, as he still is, a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, never really adopted the entire creed and doctrines of the Church of England, but formed and promulgated a little peculiar creed of his own, of which we may give one or two illustrations. Indeed, if his qualities as a leader had been equal to his inclinations as a wanderer, (both in body and mind,) he would have become the parent and founder of some new form of Protestantism, which might have handed down his name and his peculiarities to the admiration of future ages. He has enough of natural insubordination to make his permanent attachment to any form of creed or any established order of things improbable, if not impossible, and enough of vanity to incline him to suppose his own interpretations superior to those of any one else, or of all the rest of the

world put together; he has propounded abundance of new ideas, he acknowledges his own ambition, and he has obviously a superabundance of enthusiasm: if, therefore, he hold a living in the Church of England instead of becoming the founder of a new sect, it must we presume be from some other peculiarities of character, but certainly from no lack of many of the qualifications requisite for the inventor of a new religion. Let us say frankly that we do not wish to express or imply any doubt of Dr. Wolff's sincerity; he is by nature insubordinate and vain, enthusiastic and eccentric, but he has much earnestness, and we doubt not, sincerity; he has moreover an astonishing memory, is a good linguist, seems to be without fear, and has undergone great personal labour and exposed himself to extreme personal risks for the attainment of an object (the conversion of the Jews) which we shall find he considers to be, humanly speaking, unattainable.†

Joseph Wolff was born a Jew—became a Christian, spent much time amongst Catholics, went to Rome to be educated as a Catholic missionary at the Propaganda, was sent away thence, was invited to come to England, came here, chose a Protestant form of religion, was sent to Cambridge, and was sent out as a Protestant missionary. If, in the following pages, we somewhat follow this his career, it is because our readers may be interested to learn how such a man ceased to be a Jew, became a Catholic, and became a Protestant, to learn what a man who has had such varied opportunities of observation may say about Protestant Germany and Catholic Vienna, and the Pope and Cardinals, and colleges at Rome, and London, and Cambridge, and the English missionary societies, and such other persons, places, and topics as came peculiarly under his notice. He has seen many phases of religious life.—What says he of them? We shall give some of his observations *in his own language*, and in reading them it must be borne in mind that he *was* a Catholic and *is* a Protestant, and cannot therefore be expected to have any bias in favour of the creed which he does not now profess.

The following character given of Wolff, by the Rev. Lewis Way, his former friend and patron, whom Wolff calls "a noble soul" and which is quoted by Dr. Wolff himself we copy, because, though exaggerated in terms, we believe it to be in some respects deserved. "Wolff is so extraor-

dinary a creature, that there is no calculating *a priori* concerning his motions. He appears to me a comet without any perihelion, and capable of setting a whole system on fire. When I should have addressed him in Syria, I heard of him at Malta; and when I supposed he was gone to England, he was riding like a ruling angel in the whirlwinds of Antioch, or standing unappalled among the crumbling towers of Aleppo. A man who at Rome calls the Pope 'the dust of the earth,' and tells the Jews at Jerusalem that 'the Gamara is a lie;' who passes his days in disputation and his nights in digging the Talmud; to whom a floor of brick is a feather-bed and a box a bolster; who makes or finds a friend alike in the persecutor of his former or present faith; who can conciliate a Pacha or confute a patriarch; who travels without a guide; speaks without an interpreter; can live without food and pay without money; forgiving all the insult he meets with and forgetting all the flattery he receives; who knows little of worldly conduct and yet accommodates himself to all men, without giving offence to any! Such a man (and such, and more is Wolff) must excite no ordinary degree of attention in a country and amongst a people, whose monotony of manners and habits has remained undisturbed for centuries. As a pioneer I deem him matchless and 'aut inveniet viam aut faciet'; but if order is to be established or arrangements made, trouble not Wolff: he knows of no church but his own heart; no calling but that of zeal; no dispensation but that of preaching. He is devoid of enmity towards man, and is full of the love of God." Of this Lewis Way the history is remarkable, and is thus given by Wolff. We quote it, though relating to a man rather singular than important, because it indicates how some religious societies in this country may be maintained, and what has been may again be their practical result. "Lewis Way was a barrister of small fortune, when one day as he was walking in a street in London, he met by chance with an old gentleman with whom he entered into conversation, whose name was also Lewis Way, and who invited the barrister Lewis Way to dinner. They became friends, and soon afterwards that old man died and left to the barrister £380,000, with the condition that he should employ it for the glory of God. Lewis Way immediately took holy orders in the Church of England; and his design was to devote his life to the conversion of the Jewish

nation and the promotion of their welfare, temporal and spiritual. Lewis Way^{*} then heard that there was a society existing, composed of Churchmen and Dissenters, for the purpose of converting the Jews, and that society was very much in debt. Upon which he nobly came forward and offered to liquidate the whole debt, which amounted to £20,000, on condition that the Dissenters should retire and leave the whole management to Churchmen. They accepted his terms, and he took sixteen Jews into his house and baptised them all; but soon after their baptism they stole his silver spoons, and one of them, Josephson by name, was transported to Australia, having forged Mr. Way's signature. However, nothing disturbed him in his purpose; so he went to the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle, and interested all the powers of Europe in favour of the Jews." Such at least seems to be Dr. Wolff's impression. "Noble Lewis Way had one Jew still under his care, a young man of extraordinary talents named Nehemiah Solomon, whose beard he had shaved off; and after he had got him instructed in Latin and Greek, he had him ordained Deacon by Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. Davids." How neat the expression, "*he had him ordained Deacon*:" the idea of a vocation does not seem to enter into any one's mind; Lewis Way is evidently the man who *has the thing done*, of which the Bishop is merely the formal instrument. "After this, Lewis Way set out on a missionary tour to Russia, and was accompanied by Solomon his Jew protégé and by Sultan Kategherry Krimgherry, a Tartar nobleman, who was sent by the Emperor Alexander to Edinburgh, to study. Sultan Kategherry-Krimgherry, a muhammadian by birth, was baptized in Edinburgh and was made a member of the Kirk of Scotland, and married in Edinburgh a Miss Neilson." Of course he did; Wolff forgets to say to *how much*. "On reaching the Crimea with these two converts, Lewis Way desired Solomon to preach to Coraite Jews in the place called Jufut-Caleh, near Bakhtshe-Seray; but whether Solomon preached or did not preach admits of a doubt. It was after this expedition, and when Lewis Way had returned to England, viz., in the year 1819, that Joseph Wolff met that earnest man, still flaming with fire for the zeal of promoting the Gospel of Christ among the Jewish nation. In the year 1820 Solomon returned to his patron from the Crimea, pretending that he had a doubt

about the Trinity. Lewis Way sent him to Scott the commentator, in order that his mind might be settled upon that important point; *and so it seemed to be after a stay of three months.* But Wolff saw him afterwards and said to Henry Drummond, 'This man is not sincere; he will break out terribly some day.' However, Solomon was ordained a priest, and seemed to be going on well, when, to make his story short, he suddenly ran away, after having drawn £300 from the Society, and was never heard of afterwards." The only wonder would seem to be that he went off with so little! "Nothing however, disturbed Lewis Way; and soon after he went to Palestine. But there he was shamefully deceived by a Mount Lebanon Christian, and was so distressed by the circumstance, that it made him burst into tears; yet he continued his operations among the Jews with the same earnestness as ever. But neither his service nor his character was appreciated as they ought to have been, even by his own countrymen, and his fine spirit was chafed by the indifference and ingratitude of common men; and at last the dear man died at Leamington, broken hearted." So writes Joseph Wolff respecting Lewis Way, as Lewis Way had previously written respecting Joseph Wolff. "Arcades ambo, cantare and respondere parati." If Lewis Way's services were not appreciated at all, it seems probable that his character was *rather* appreciated, and his money very much appreciated indeed. Dr. Wolff omits to inform us whether any of the £380,000 was left when the "dear man" died, whilst it would have been interesting to have had recorded how many conversions (real or pretended,) of Jews were effected with the outlay.

On this subject Wolff thus writes from Cambridge to Henry Drummond. "The Jews' Society for promoting Christianity *has been disappointed by every Jew they took up.* One became a Muhammadan, another a thief, a third a pickpocket: and I am determined to remain here to show there is a sincere Jew in the world." Wolff in another place "maintains that only those Jews who are converted in an extraordinary way are worth anything. Thus, for instance, Neander in Berlin, Emanuel Veit in Vienna; the two Veiths, stepsons to Friedrich Schlegel; Monsieur Ratisbon of Strasbourg;" three out of the four of Wolff's instances becoming Catholic. "But Jews who are converted by Societies are like Eastern fruit, cultivated

in greenhouses in Europe, and have not the flavour of those which are naturally grown. The Apostle Paul's conversion has been a type of the way in which many Jews shall be converted after him, namely, suddenly, by miracle, by inspiration. For the grace of God comes often suddenly, as genius came upon Correggio as a boy." Notwithstanding the opinion thus strongly and repeatedly expressed, he quarrels and gets into a hot disputation with a Catholic missionary for saying the same thing—for surely the remark of the French priest, that "The endeavour to convert the Jew is a vain thing," merely means what Wolff had before himself expressed in perhaps even stronger terms; but as Wolff avows, in reference to that very conversation, "that he had often wished to have an opportunity of arguing with a Roman Catholic Missionary," it is probable that, however Père Reynard might have "opened the discourse," Dr. Wolff would have contradicted him. Though Dr. Wolff seems thus (when not bent on argument) to be of opinion that Jews are converted only by miracle, there seems nothing miraculous in his own conversion; unless, indeed, he wish his readers to adopt the following as his own miraculous conversion from Judaism to Christianity; not the least feature of the miracle being that it occurred when he was seven years old. After relating a curious tradition which Rabbi David had read to him out of the Jewish Talmud, to the effect that "Titus died from the tortures produced by a little fly of copper, which entered his brain during the siege of Jerusalem, and increased in size until it became as large as a dove, and tormented him to death; that when he was dead, a man named Onkelos raised Titus to life by magic, and asked him how he would treat the Jews? to which Titus replied, that he should illtreat them, and that on this Onkelos raised Jesus of Nazareth also from the dead, and asked him how the Jews ought to be treated? And Jesus of Nazareth answered, 'Treat them well;'" he proceeds, "This history" (so Wolff calls it) "made a very deep impression upon young Wolff, so that he asked his father who this Jesus was. And his father said he had been a Jew of the greatest talent; but as he pretended to be the Messiah, the Jewish tribunal sentenced him to death. Young Wolff then asked his father 'Why is Jerusalem destroyed, and why are we in captivity?' His father replied, 'Alas, alas! because the Jews murdered

the prophets.' Young Wolff reflected in his mind for some time, and the thought struck him, 'perhaps Jesus was a prophet, and the Jews killed him when he was innocent,'—an idea which took such possession of him, that whenever he passed a Christian church he would stand outside and listen to the preaching, until his mind became filled with the thought of *being a great preacher* like Mymonides and Jadah-Haseed; and he would frequently go to the synagogue and stretch himself in front of the sanctuary where the law of Moses was deposited. Sometimes he wished to go to Jerusalem and appear there *as a great preacher*; and sometimes he wanted to go to Rome and *become a pope*. He almost every day visited a barber who was also a surgeon, and whose name was Spiess. Here he would talk about the future glory of the Jews at the coming of the Messiah. At that time Wolff, in his simplicity, related that when the Messiah should come, he would kill the great fish leviathan, who ate ten millions of every kind of fish every day; and who is as large as the whole world, and would also kill a large ox, which is as large as the whole world, and feeds every day on three thousand mountains; and the Jews would eat of that fish and of that wild ox when the Messiah should come. When Wolff was thus talking, Spiess and his family would be all the time in fits of laughter. But one day old Spiess, with his stern look, said to little Wolff, 'Dear boy, I will tell you who the real Messiah was; He was Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God, whom your ancestors have crucified as they had the prophets of old. Go home and read the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and you will be convinced that Jesus Christ is the Son of God.' These words entered like a flash of lightning into Wolff's heart; and he can sincerely say that 'he believed and was struck dumb.'" And thus was miraculously converted to Christianity a Jewish child, seven years old, whose creed at that moment included the fish leviathan as large as the world, who every day ate ten millions of fish, and the ox as large as the world who ate every day three thousand mountains, both of which were to form a dinner of two courses for the Jews when the Messiah should come! "When Wolff was eleven years old, his father sent him to the Protestant lyceum at Stuttgardt,"—"Wolff grew tired of all this," (of *what* we know not, since the only thing mentioned is his brother who went to school with him, "selling his books, and" (with hereditary in-

stinct,) "buying with them pins and needles to sell again," "so he left his father's house and went to Bamberg, a Roman Catholic town, where he was kindly received by his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, who was *a Jew of the modern style, rather leaning towards infidelity.*"

He there became the pupil of "a Roman Catholic Priest, who was married." Thus it is printed, but as the thing is of course impossible, and we don't believe that Wolff would wilfully state a falsehood, the probability is that his amanuensis misunderstood him: for, the preface informs us, that he "dictated the principal events of his life aloud in a family circle, where many willing scribes were to be found," and hence the peculiarity of Wolff's own narrative being in the third instead of the first person. He heard another priest say, in preaching on the 9th chapter of the Acts, "the Church of Christ contained people who trod in the footsteps of Francis Xavier, Ignatius Loyola, and the many missionaries who went forth to preach the Gospel of Christ to the nations." "Wolff was so struck with amazement that he determined to join the Christian Church. So he went back to the house of his cousin, Moses Lazarus Cohen, and said to him: 'My mind is made up, I will become a Christian and be a Jesuit; and I will preach the Gospel in foreign lands, like Francis Xavier.' The cousin laughed, and merely said, 'You are an enthusiast.'"

"Wolff left Bamberg without saying one word, and without a single farthing in his pocket, and travelled towards Wurtzburg." On his way he met with a poor but good Catholic shepherd, who took him into his house, fed him, prayed with and for him, and lent him two florins. "He arrived at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, where he found *the Jews complete infidels, and the Protestants the same.*" Unbiassed evidence this, at all events, and a similar remark we have heard applied to Germany generally, that the people are either Catholics or Infidels. "Then he came to Halle, where he fell in with some Professors, *who were rationalists*, and there he had to contend with much external opposition, both from Jews and from *the infidelity of Christians.* On his arrival at Prague the Roman Catholics entirely mistrusted him, saying: 'Jews here become Christians by hundreds, without the slightest conviction of the truth of Christianity, so that, if a boy twelve years of age does not get from his father what he wants, he says to him: 'Father, if you do not grant my request I will *hitch* (i. e. apostate-

tize.)” It seems indeed to have been his fate throughout to have been “entirely mistrusted by the Catholics;” nor do Protestants seem to have gained much by trusting him more, for he speaks at least as ill of the latter as of the former, probably because his forte lies chiefly in relating anecdotes, and he happens to have a more pungent stock respecting Protestants than Catholics. He then entered a Benedictine monastery at Molk, where the cook asked him to eat pork, and, free of hand as well as tongue, “he gave her a slap in the face,” fled the monastery, and came to Munich. There he says he was “flogged with a birch and imprisoned for 24 hours on bread and water,” because he declined to learn dancing and drawing, and got another to do his drawing for him. And the Director of the gymnasium, a monk of the order of Theatines, said: “Wolff, you had better wait some years before you are baptized; the levity of your mind is too great at present.” So he left Munich and came to Anspach, where he fell in with Protestant professors, *all of whom were infidels.*” At Saxe Weimar “Johannes Falk, the satirical poet, &c., took much interest in Wolff, but Falk was at that time a *complete Pantheist.* When Wolff told him his design of becoming a Christian, and treading in the footsteps of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, he said to him: ‘Wolff, let me give you a piece of advice. Remain what you are; for if you remain a Jew, you will become a celebrated Jew, but as a Christian you will never be celebrated, for there are plenty of other clever Christians in the world.’” Good advice this so far as related to this world, and according to the experience of Germany. Wolff might have replied, “*Here* you are right, but if I go to England I shall be petted and patronised, and educated and provided for, and have rich friends and a noble wife.” “Wolff was not pleased with the religion of Weimar, for, although the men he met there were far from being infidels, still the religion of Herder, Göthe, Schiller, and Wieland, was a mixture of poetical, philosophical, *half Christian, half Hindoo materials*, and not at all to his taste. They swore by Prometheus and sympathized with Ariadne upon Naxos; Kant and Fichte had been their saints and subjects of daily meditation. He was baptized at Prague by the most Rev. Leopold Zalda, Abbot of the Benedictine monastery called Emaus, on 13th September, 1812, being then 17 years of age.”

Thence he went to Vienna, and here, he says, "it is necessary to state the condition of Roman Catholicism in Vienna." He does not speak of any *infidelity* amongst them. He enumerates "five parties," all of which comprised, he informs us, persons of great talent and learning; and the alleged distinctions between them seem to have arisen rather from Wolff's not having accurately appreciated the identity of religious belief, and the diversity of religious feeling according to the natural temperaments of different individuals. Thus the first party "believed in the Pope's supremacy," (which might be safely predicated of *all* Catholics,) "but tried to keep the Court of Rome within proper bounds, and were opposed to what they considered as encroachments of the papal power on the rights of the national Church." "A second party was strictly attached to Scripture, but leant somewhat to German neology: not with regard to the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the atonement, but upon the grand question of the inspiration and the interpretation of prophecy." This interpretation of prophecy is by the way a subject upon which Dr. Wolff considers *himself* a peculiar authority; and at a later period he and some others, similarly enlightened in their own opinion, met in conclave at Albury Park, the hospitable mansion of Henry Drummond, to interpret the unfulfilled prophecies, where we are comforted to learn that they, or most of them, arrived at the conclusion that the Pope is *not* Antichrist. "The third party united strict orthodoxy and attachment to the Papal power, admiration for antiquity and the fathers, firm adherence to the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, and belief in the miracles of that Church, with rejection of what is called 'pious opinion.' As, for instance, they rejected not only the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, but denied the *necessity* of asking the intercession of the Virgin or of saints; and their minds revolted" (as do the minds of all Catholics) "at the idea of *worship* being addressed to any but the Most High. They believed in the Infallibility of the Church, but denied that of the Pope." "The fourth or Mystical party taught that people ought to be so inflamed with the love of Christ, that they might desire with St. Paul to 'know the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death.'" "The fifth party was that of Hoffbauer, Friderich Schlegel, Werner, Adam Müller, &c.: a burning love towards the

Virgin Mary and all the saints, and belief in the perpetuity of the power of miracles in the Church of Rome, were doctrines which he (Hoffbauer) powerfully impressed from the pulpit, united with a love of Jesus Christ."

In these descriptions which Dr. Wolff gives of the various classes of Catholics which he found in Vienna, either he has made several mistakes or he is but imperfectly acquainted with the Catholic religion, since he considers some Catholics distinguished by what is common to all Catholics, and throughout seems to forget that Catholics, in being Catholics, do not cease to be human beings, with various temperaments, tastes, feelings, and dispositions, and that there is therefore nothing inconsistent in Catholics who are united in the same creed, being, according to their various natural dispositions, more sensibly or strongly affected, in their reason or their feelings, some by one aspect or feature of religion, and some by another, just as men and women are led by different views and ways to the recognition of the same religious truth, and as even in looking upon the same landscape their attention will frequently be attracted by different features. That man must be strangely ignorant, both of human nature and of the whole body of religious truth, who does not recognise how the characteristic peculiarities of the former may be developed in an attentive contemplation of the latter.

Of Vienna and people there Wolff has, as usual, abundance of strange anecdotes to relate; indeed he seems to have swallowed greedily all the stories that anybody palmed off upon his credulity, whilst his certainly wonderful memory has enabled him to reproduce, and probably warm them up a little—he is in truth a good story-teller, and we dare say an entertaining companion. He assures us, for example, that Hoffbauer once related the following story of Martin Luther: "A preacher in Switzerland exclaimed in a sermon, 'My dear brethren, shall I bring forth Luther from Hell?' they exclaimed, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he cried, 'Luther.' And a voice was heard outside asking, 'What do you want?' 'Come in,' was the reply, 'and show yourself that you are in Hell.' Then Luther came in, in his old gown, roaring dreadfully, and with a kettle of sulphur upon his head, with which he made such a stench, that all the congregation ran out of the church." Again, speaking of some "pictures of holy women," Wolff says he "saw one of those pictures; it was that of a fine and

beautiful lady lying on the ground with a rosary in her hand. Her eyes were directed to heaven; but upon her body mice and rats were gnawing, and she was covered with thorns. In this state the woman *was represented to have lain thirty years on the ground.*" Wolff has probably told the anecdote until he believes it; it is *possible* that such a picture may have been painted to indicate the insensibility of a human being to pain when rapt in contemplation; but as the picture could not represent the time, most likely some wag was hoaxing poor credulous Wolff, in telling him she had lain so for thirty years. Wolff remained about two years in Vienna, studying languages, translating, &c.

One of his narratives of this period deserves to be related in his own words. "At that time in those literary circles there was a great discussion about a wonderful nun, Catherine Emmerich, in Westphalia, who bore on her body the wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ. Upon her head was the crown of thorns, and in her two sides were the wounds of Christ. The crown of thorns and these wounds were said to bleed every Friday; and it was asserted that no painter could paint them with more exactness. All the philosophers and the physicians who examined her, and the director of police, M. Garnier, had declared them to be supernatural. For, as the physicians justly observed, if these wounds had been made by art, they would become sore, which was not the case with them. She expressed herself with dignity and beauty about religion, which, as Count Stolberg justly observed, she could not have learned within the precincts of the monastery in which she lived, which was an institution chiefly for the lower orders. She said to Sophie, Countess of Stolberg, 'How happy are we to know the Lord Jesus Christ; how difficult it was to our ancestors to arrive at the knowledge of God.' She never admitted any one to see her wounds, except those who were introduced by her spiritual director and confessor, Overberg of Münster; and Wolff boldly confessed his belief in the genuineness of that miracle, for did not Paul carry about with him the marks of our Lord Jesus? That holy woman had visions, and why should such a thing be impossible?" Why, indeed? But how comes it that a person who thus expresses himself, can be "Vicar of Ile Brewers, near Taunton?" If a man only come from

Rome he seems to be allowed in the Church of England a very considerable latitude as to his belief.

In 1815 Wolff went to Tübingen, entered the Protestant University there, and "disputed with all the professors in favour of the Roman Catholic Religion. But when he stated his views on the dogmas of the Church of Rome, the unanimous opinion of the professors and students was, that his views were not those of the Church of Rome, but those of Count Stolberg and Bishop Sailer; and that though they tolerated at Rome that those views should be held by Stolberg, they would not allow Joseph Wolff to hold them when he came to Rome and entered himself a pupil at the Propaganda, which was his intention." Protestants of course expect to find the same elasticity (which is a mild term for inconsistency) in the Church of Rome to which they are accustomed in the Church of England, and are quite surprised to learn that two Catholics cannot say of that which is essential in e. g. baptism or the eucharist, "it is" and "it is not," and yet remain Catholics. This may be possible when that which is true can also be at the same time untrue, but not till then.

Wolff left Tübingen in 1816, to proceed towards Rome, and on his way at Aarau saw Madam Krudener, who "had been exiled from Basle before she came to Aarau. The moment she left the town, a dreadful thunderstorm was heard at Basle, which was declared to be a *punishment upon the city for having exiled that holy woman*. She wrote in Wolff's album *five sheets*, which were penned with an eloquence which astonished Pope Pius VII. when Wolff translated them to him. She had such influence that people knelt down, *confessed their sins, and received absolution from her*." Of what religion this extraordinary lady was Wolff does not report his opinion, but, as he mentions that "Baron d'Olry, Bavarian Ambassador at Berne, a Roman Catholic by profession, had been converted to a living faith in Christ by her preaching," it may be presumed that she did not profess to be a Catholic. Women preachers we know there are, but this is the first time we have heard of a female confessor, and we guess that none but Dr. Wolff would have ventured to introduce such a personage to the favourable notice of his English readers.

"On his road to Fribourg he met Protestant peasants, who seriously asked the Roman Catholic Friars to make

the sign of the cross upon their sick cattle, in order that they might be cured; whilst *with the same breath, they laughed at the superstition of the Roman Catholics, though they were not behind them in the same thing.*" Of course so; it has frequently occurred to us to hear the most superstitious people sneer at Catholic superstition; we remember a large farmer, a *gentleman* farmer, a man of property, and of much influence in his neighbourhood, declare that "they might say what they liked about crossing out magpies, but one year he omitted to cross them out when he saw them, and he lost more lambs that year than he had ever done before;" and so he persevered, and does no doubt to this day, in making a cross with his finger in the air whenever he sees a magpie. Without assuming to draw out the comparison with other countries, our experience leads us to declare that there is a great deal of superstition in Protestant England.

Wolff seems, according to his own account, to have been civilly and obligingly treated at Rome, where he was allowed to enter the Propaganda. He was introduced to His Holiness Pope Pius VII., who received him with the greatest condescension; Wolff had seen him previously in the church of St. Maria Maggiore, and had been deeply impressed by the sanctity of his appearance, and now wished to kiss his feet, but he held out his hand, which Wolff kissed with great simplicity. The Pope said to him: "You are my son;" implying his affectionate interest in him; "the Propaganda is not yet restored from its confusion during my exile, but you shall go to my own seminary and hear the lectures at the Collegio Romano until order is re-established. I shall give directions for your reception." "The Pope's voice was as soft as a child's, his countenance remarkably mild, and his eyes had an habitually upward glance, though without pretension or affectation. Wolff gently and caressingly patted his Holiness on the shoulder, saying: 'I love your Holiness! Give me your blessing!' Then kneeling down he received the benediction of that holy man, of which he will always treasure the most pleasing recollection, in spite of those bigoted Protestants who declare the Pope to be Antichrist!" Of the Collegio Romano he thus writes: "To the honour of the pupils and professors be it said that they treated Joseph Wolff with the greatest kindness and cordiality. They were young men of the highest intelligence

and talent; lively, fiery, witty, cordial Italians: among others was Count Ferretti, the present Pope Pius IX., a mild, pious, liberal-minded young man, who was well acquainted with the writings of Savonarola, and warmly recommended them to Wolff."

He gives various instances of his own rudeness and insubordination towards the superiors and lecturers, upon which he candidly remarks: "Wolff does not justify his frequent rudeness to his superiors; but one good result certainly followed from his habit of questioning the infallible authority of his teachers. His desire for studying the Holy Scriptures grew stronger, &c." The authority of teachers to which Wolff applies the obnoxious epithet of "infallible," was just that authority to which any youth more modest and less wilful than Wolff would have felt the propriety of submitting; his refusal to do so led eventually and properly to his dismissal. He appears from his own account to have attended more to the study of Oriental languages than of Divinity, and certainly everything he has written, and all that we have heard of him, would lead us to this conclusion: an Oriental linguist he doubtless is, but of either Catholicism or Protestantism he seems to have no accurate appreciation, though he was a student of the one and is a minister of the other.

The following is the testimony of Dr. Wolff to the internal conduct of the Roman Colleges. "Wolff is anxious here to have his opinion of the Roman Colleges thoroughly understood. Differing as he constantly did from both teachers and pupils in theological views," (as the foregoing anecdotes have shown,) "he must yet uphold to admiration the moral and religious training he witnessed in these establishments. Neither in the Collegio Romano nor the Propaganda, did he ever hear an indecent observation, either from priests, prefects, or pupils; nor see one single act of immorality. A strict surveillance was the system of the Collegio Romano. The prefect called the pupils every day for the rosary prayer, and closed the doors of their rooms in the evening. On his opening the door and awakening them in the morning, one of them had to recite the Litany of the Virgin Mary, and the rest to cry out *ora pro nobis*. After this they went into the private chapel and read a meditation, taken from the book of the Jesuit Segneri, which contains many good and beautiful things. But the description of Hell and Paradise there

is the same Wolff once read in a Rabbinical book, and in a Surah of the Koran. During recreation, after the first studies of the day were over, the pupils (invariably accompanied by the prefect,) walked out and visited several churches, performing a silent prayer for a few minutes in each of them. After which they went to the Porta Pia or the Quirinal, where there is always a gathering, both of the inhabitants of Rome and of visitors. There they might meet, any day, cardinals, prelates, princes, noblemen, their own friends, and strangers from foreign lands—Germans, Spaniards, English, French, even travellers from Chaldæa, Abyssinia, Jerusalem, &c. Thence they returned to the college, where, after a prayer, each pupil returned to his own room for further study. In the evening, again they assembled in the corridor of the building, where their friends in the town visited them, and they conversed freely on any matter they pleased. Then followed supper, and then, before they retired to rest, they went again to the chapel, where a portion of the Gospel, and meditations of Segneri or Rodriguez were read aloud. Such was the daily routine at the Collegio Romano, varied during vacations by expeditions into the country, and even temporary absences. And in the Propaganda, to which Wolff went afterwards, the regulations were very similar, only with this addition, that in the time of recreation letters from all parts of the world were read, giving accounts both of the progress of missionariés and of their complaints, that there should be so few labourers in the vineyard. In one of them, from one Du Burgh, then in the United States of North America, the following outpouring occurred: 'Alas! whole districts here have embraced the Protestant religion, because there were no labourers of the Church of Rome. Prince Gallitzin has to do all the work alone as missionary, going about with the rosary and cross in one hand, and the breviary in the other, to convert the whole of America to the true faith.' An American gentleman, Barber by name, originally belonging to the Protestant Episcopal Church there, but who had become a Roman Catholic, and was visiting the Propaganda, heard Du Burgh's letter read, and made the observation that almost all the Protestants in the United States were very well intentioned, although, as he now thought, mistaken. To which Professor (afterwards Cardinal) Orsini remarked, 'Wolff is right in maintaining that we ought not to say all

Protestants are lost—for multæ oves foris, multi lupi intus—there are many sheep without and many wolves within the Church.' Every true Christian must see the value of this remark, and acknowledge the liberality which dictated it; and if the Missionary Societies of England would look at the Roman Colleges with the same candid spirit, they would see many things there which they might take as a model, with great advantage to themselves, instead of finding sweeping and indiscriminate fault because differences of religious opinion exist. The Cardinal-prefect, and the rest of the Cardinals, who are members of the Propaganda, are not mere patrons, giving their names and subscriptions, but never going near the place, nor troubling their heads about it, as is the case with patrons of English Societies, who leave everything in the hands of a few individuals. Of these, even the nominal committee knows little or nothing; and they are often retired tradesmen, or unemployed naval officers, without either knowledge or interest in the matter. In the Propaganda the patrons are workmen, and do their own work, or see for themselves that it is done. They visit the college, will attend sick pupils, cover them up in their beds, send them suitable presents, as of cakes, with twenty or thirty candles burning on them; or, in cases where amusement is necessary, will order actors, ventriloquists, and jugglers to be fetched for their entertainment; and the Pope himself does not disdain to visit among them. Surely this is a contrast to English customs, and not very much in their favour! Again, on the return of the Propaganda missionaries from places where they have been stationed, they are consulted by the assembly of Cardinals, as to what has been done, and what remains to be done, in that particular locality; instead of being, as in England, sent to a poky lodging-house in High Holborn, and submitted from time to time to the humiliation of being lectured by some long-nosed snuff-taking lady, of the so-called evangelical party, whose only care is to bid them beware of Puseyism, over-formalism, &c., whatever happens to be the religious bugbear of the day. In short, at Rome the value of a man's work is both ascertained and acknowledged; and a missionary coming from a distant country is frequently consulted privately by a cardinal, as well as publicly by the general assembly of cardinals and monsignori—the subject of these discussions being, the necessities and result of the

mission. And, when he is sent forth again, he is not hampered with instructions from a petty committee, or even a cardinal, but he goes out as *missionarius cum omnibus facultatibus apostolicis.*"

This is such a broad but clear sketch as would have enabled Hogarth to paint effective illustrations of the two systems, the one being entitled "*Roman Cardinals doing the thing,*" and the other "*English Lords, Ladies, and halfpay officers playing at doing it.*" If they had at Rome half of the money which is in England spent in missions, heathenism would hardly be extant in the world! Might it not be the most sensible and practical thing for the English to employ Catholic missionaries to convert the heathens to Christianity, in which of course many lives would be lost by the pioneers, and then, when the heathens had become peaceable and quiet Christians, let the English send their married and well-to-do missionaries amongst them to teach them how to get on in the world, and glean as many converts as they can from the shorn field! This would be doing *something*, it would be a sure way of making many Christians, perhaps as many Protestants as at present.

The zeal and good intentions of those who in England subscribe their money so abundantly are obvious and admirable, their sincerity we respect, though to us it always is a source of regret to see so much of human means and appliances for the extension of Christianity so utterly wasted. We must candidly confess also that we have more respect for the "retired tradesmen and unemployed naval officers, and long-nosed snuff-taking ladies" referred to by Dr. Wolff, who according to their lights do in their way what they can, than for the man who, having received his education, his outfit and his means of support as a missionary from them and such as them, turns upon and ridicules them, ridiculous though they be!

As to the liberality with which men of all religions are treated at Rome Wolff thus writes: "Wolff has always thought it delightful to see Rome still the rendezvous of the most learned men in the world. So it has always been, and so it is now. Moreover, he is convinced of the liberality shown there to strangers, travellers, and savans of every sort. He cannot believe that Winkelman had any reason for committing the hypocrisy of becoming a Roman Catholic in order to make researches in the Vatican. Wolff

himself has heard in the Café Greco, unbelievers discussing the merits of revelation with believers, perfectly unmolested."

* He says in another place p. 89, "Wolff saw many fine sights while he was in Rome, for instance, the Canonization of Alfonso Maria Liguori, the founder of the Redemptorist Order, and other imposing spectacles; but nothing that ever impressed him so much as when that holy good trembling old man Pius VII., with a crown upon his head, entered the Church of St. Peter, and kneeling down at the sepulchre of the Apostle St. Peter, offered up a silent prayer amidst the dead silence of the whole crowd in the church. Then Wolff burst into tears."

The acknowledgment of his disputations and insubordinate character and conduct is thus frankly made. "In spite of the respect which was shown him, Wolff was often very unhappy, for his continual disputes destroyed all devotional feeling and Christian meekness; and yet he could not resist engaging in them, although his best friends counselled him otherwise. The painter, Overbeck, said one day, and with much justice, 'We should bear the prejudices of other men with gentleness and humility, because we are all more or less prejudiced.' But Wolff could not see properly then. On the contrary, he argued with Overbeck, 'The Protestants of Germany believe me to be a hypocrite in entering the Roman Catholic Church; and I should be such, if I were to consent to their abuses.' Overbeck's answer to which was, 'You are not yet able to check such things as these. You must wait as Christ did, till you are thirty years of age. Nay you will surely fall into the same error, and embrace the doctrines you now abhor, if you will not hear the voice of your friends.' Nevertheless Overbeck spoke for the time in vain. But here one frank confession must be made. It may well be asked, Why did Wolff always attack the abuses and irrelevant points of the Church of Rome, when he was only a pupil in that place for a particular object? Protestants, as well as Roman Catholics, advised him not to do so. Niebuhr, Stolberg, and Cardinal Litta, as well as many others, all agreed on the point. They said, 'You, Wolff, are only a pupil; you are neither bishop nor priest; be quiet till you have heard more and have a position.' Wolff answers frankly, that although he hopes that love for divine truth has been one of his ruling motives from his youth upwards, yet his great

enemies all through life have been—vanity and ambition ; cherished and encouraged alike by injudicious friends and covert foes. He owns that during his stay at Rome, his vanity made him believe that he knew everything better than those by whom he was surrounded ; and as people told him that he was like Luther in outward appearance, he resolved, if possible, to be a Luther also in his stormy and wild career ; while, at the same time, his insatiable ambition made him wish and aim at becoming Pope, as he once openly avowed in the college. And, being then an admirer of Gregory VII., he said he wished to be like him in daring and firmness, but to do exactly the contrary to what he did, and to signalise himself by abolishing celibacy and the worship of the saints.” Which last, if he had only studied religion as much as he studied languages, he would have known there was no need to abolish, since it had no existence.

He speaks in the following terms of the advantages of a religious retreat, and of the Society of St. Vincent of Paul : “ But there is a beautiful custom at Rome, that before one enters upon a new situation or place, one goes to a retreat. Wolff went, therefore, with all the collegians of the Propaganda, to a monastery built upon Monte Citorio, of the Order of St. Vincent de Paula, inhabited by holy men, but suspected to be Jansenists. He found amongst those monks *deep and silent devotion, not the spirit of controversy*. They always rose early in the morning and went to the chapel, which was only half lighted ; and every day, on some different subject, a silent meditation was carried on. Not Segneri, but Thomas a Kempis was read ; and during dinner the life of Filippo Neri. To Wolff’s utter astonishment in the life of Filippo Neri, the cause of Savonarola was declared to have been just, and that he was put to death most unjustly by Alexander VI.” So far as to Dr. Wolff’s sentiments respecting the Pope, the Cardinals, the Propaganda, and the course of life at Rome.

We now arrive at his dismissal from the Roman College, his mode of treatment by the authorities there, and his subsequent passing over to England.

Whilst at the Propaganda, Wolff, in some way or other became acquainted with the late eccentric member for Surrey, Henry Drummond, who said to him, “ Wolff go with me to England.” Wolff replied, “ No ; I shall not stir until I am turned out ;” and in this Wolff kept his

word. He subsequently received a letter from Drummond, saying, "Wolff, come out of Babylon," and this became known to the authorities. What was Wolff's conduct at the Propaganda, and what the conduct of the professors and pupils, may be inferred from the following remarks by Wolff himself. "Wolff's stay at the Propaganda had now become very critical; yet amidst all these controversies, the pupils and professors behaved very amiably towards him." "Thus Wolff spent his days, notwithstanding all controversial quarrels, most agreeably with the Propaganda." "A circumstance happened which hastened Joseph Wolff's removal. All the pupils became discontented with the new rules given to them, and rose in open rebellion against the rector. Wolff sided with the pupils and declared the rules monkish."

The following is one specimen reported *by himself* of the unbecoming mode in which he stated his own opinions, and of the kind manner in which he was remonstrated with. "Wolff wrote to Cardinal Litta, 'the Protestants of Germany were right, the Propaganda teaches errors;' and unfortunately, Wolff added in his own name the argument used by Tragano, (in order not to compromise Tragano,) that if Christ died not for all, all need not to worship him. Next day Litta himself entered the college of the Propaganda, and went at once to Wolff's room, and sat down. Wolff attempted to kneel before him, but his Eminence told him to sit down. Cardinal Litta said, 'I have read your letter, in which there is a great deal of nonsense. First, ask any theologian you please, and he will tell you that Christ died for all is not dogma, because the Church has not so decided; and the words of Scripture therefore may mean, that he died for 'many,' (as it is said also once;) and as to your argument that if He died not for all, we need not all worship Him, it is most absurd; for we do not worship Him because He died for all, but we worship Him because He is God.' Wolff gave up the argument entirely." We own that we think it improbable that what was said by the Cardinal was intended to convey the impression which this language imports. The narrative proceeds: "At the same time Wolff received letters from Monsignore Testa, private secretary to the Pope, warning him in the most affectionate manner; telling him that a tempest was over his head, that his sentiments were disapproved by the Propaganda,

that he was in danger of being turned out. Testa wrote to Cardinal Litta at the same time, and spoke to him as well, recommending Wolff to his protection. Litta replied, 'I can no longer save him.'"

He was accordingly sent for by Cardinal Litta, and told that his sentiments and correspondence were known. (Wolff adds in a note that he had "in spite of several warnings. corresponded in a very unguarded manner with Bunsen and other German friends,") and that his opinions and manner of thinking were also known. That "he was not for the Propaganda, that his views differed from theirs, and that he must return to Vienna," and letters to Cardinal Lante, the Cardinal legate at Bologna, and to the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna, were given him.

Wolff says the gentleman who accompanied him "was a member of the Holy Office, i. e. the Inquisition;" however that may be, Wolff says that the gentleman treated him well, gave him tokay, lodged him in a good house, and allowed him to correspond with his friends, which he did, and next morning they started off together to Vienna. After the narrative of his being thus sent back whence he came, Wolff adds, "But to do the Propaganda justice, we may be allowed to observe, that the statements of his sentiments were correctly reported, and that no injustice was done to him; for with the opinions which he entertained, many of which were totally in opposition to those taught at Rome, he certainly never was a Roman Catholic in the sense which could have justified the Propaganda in sending him out as a missionary."

Wolff tells us that on the road he opened the sealed letters which had been given him, to ascertain if they contained an order to put him in prison, or anything against him, but found himself in them "highly recommended." Still his suspicions were not removed, "he knew that his companion had other letters, and tortured himself by conjecturing that *they* possibly contained the true orders about him," so when his friend's eyes appeared closed he tried to abstract them, but the man observed, quite coolly, opening his eyes, and keeping Wolff off, "It is of no use, I'm not asleep. *I do not intend to sleep.*" Whether he kept his word till they reached Vienna Wolff does not relate. At Bologna he delivered the opened letter to Cardinal Lante, and explained why he had opened it. "Cardinal Lante reported this to Cardinal Litta,

who wrote a very affectionate letter to Wolff on the subject, only regretting that Wolff should have had so little confidence in him as to believe him capable of treachery. And he ordered the Pope's Nuncio at Vienna to show to Wolff, on his arrival there, the private letters which had been written by the Propaganda about him, by the perusal of which Wolff perceived that they had acted throughout towards him with the kindest intentions, without treachery or dissimulation." At Vienna he was received with kindness by his old Catholic friends. "These all argued with Wolff and overpowered him by the force of their reasoning. They asked him if he knew the sad condition of those German Roman Catholics who denied the authority of the Pope;—viz., that they had become Socinians, embraced an allegorical, so called philosophical Christianity, which was true in many cases, no doubt; but still Wolff's mind was not altogether satisfied." Wolff entered various monasteries, but seems to have manifested everywhere a besetting disinclination to submit to any rule or authority.

The "flash of lightning" which was to turn Wolff from Rome to England occurred in this wise. "He was walking in the street at Lausanne, when a lady who appeared to him to be an Englishwoman, happened to be passing him. Wolff stopped her and asked her whether she was an English lady? She said, 'Yes.' Then said Wolff, 'Do you know Henry Drummond?' She replied, 'Yes,' and like a flash of lightning, she asked Wolff, 'Are you Abbé Wolff?' Wolff said, 'Yes,' and she said, 'Come with me then,' and forthwith brought him to the house of Professor Levade. She said, 'I have been looking out for you for some time; I was at Rome and heard all that happened to you there, and here is a letter I have for you.

You must go to England; Henry Drummond is waiting for you, and we shall send you at our expense to London." The lady's name was Greaves, of whom and of her brother, and on the subject of modern miracles, Dr. Wolff thus delivers his judgment: "She was a lady of the highest benevolence, and very active in circulating the Scriptures." But soon after Wolff left her, she was converted to "*Quietism*," (not a bad kind of conversion perhaps if taken in the primitive meaning of the word,) "as were also her brothers and sisters. Another Greaves, her brother, went to Miss Fancourt, who had been

bedridden for nine years, and was given up by all her physicians, and he said, 'In the name of Jesus Christ, arise and walk!' which she did, and was perfectly cured; and she married, and died twenty-five years afterwards, bearing children strong in body, and tender-hearted like their mother. Dr. Wolff asserts, with Maitland, the librarian to the late Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Claudius of Germany, and with Jung Stilling of Germany, that the Lord glorifies himself even in this age, by miracles; and therefore, that the miracle wrought by Mr. Greaves upon Miss Fancourt is not to be derided." Again we ask how, holding this belief, does it happen that Dr. Wolff holds also preferment in the Church of England? At Lausanne he met with an English clergyman, the Rev. Thomas Jones, "who said he should be happy to take Wolff back with him to London; an offer which was accepted." On their way Wolff called at Lyons on a priest whom he had never seen in his life before, and stared at him so that the priest evidently thought Wolff mad, and told his servant to remain in the room; they conversed however, for some time, until the priest heard enough to induce him to say, "I see the end of your career—I am sorry for you—you will become a heresiarch," a prediction which had been before made it seems to Wolff, by Cardinal della Somaglia. At Paris, they fell in with Mr. Robert Haldane, a Scotch gentleman of large fortune, who had originated a dissenting party in the Scotch Church, which went by his name, the "Haldanites," with whom, leaving Jones, he pursued his way to London, and there "went to Charing Cross, to Drummonds' bank, where he found his friend, Henry Drummond," who first set him up in (we trust not 'poky') lodgings, and then took him to his own residence. Having got *out of Rome and into England*, Wolff was now led about in search of a Church. He attended the service of the Baptists, but "there was not," he said, "the slightest reverence in that service," he wished Drummond to take him to Dr. Poynter, the Catholic Vicar Apostolic, but Drummond instead took him to another Baptist Chapel, which he liked no better. "Then another friend took him to a Methodist minister, the famous Richard Watson, who explained the views of their sect, which Wolff found to resemble, in many points, the Church of Rome in its good phases. But still this did not suit Wolff. At last Drummond said, 'I see what it is you

want, Wolff,' and took him to the Episcopal Jewish Chapel, in Palestine Place, Hackney, where the service was performed according to the rites of the Church of England. Wolff was now *enchanted with the devotion and beauty of the ritual, as performed by Mr. Hawtrey, and at once expressed himself satisfied.*" Henceforth Wolff considered himself to be a member of the Church of England, but his liberality towards other denominations was without bounds; so much so that he took the sacrament from Dr. Steinkoff, of the Lutheran Church one Sunday, and on the next from a clergyman of the Church of England. His view then was (as it is to a great degree now) "that members of the living Church of Christ, *i. e.*, those who in the last days shall compose the Church which is to be the Bride of the Lamb, are to be found among the baptized members of all denominations; whilst on the other hand, he maintains that the only divinely constituted Church is that which has preserved the Apostolical succession," which last remark reminds us of the boy in the tree sawing off the branch on which he is himself seated, since the Church of England, not having preserved the Apostolical succession, is thus declared by Wolff not to be a divinely constituted Church. Wolff got introduced in London to various linguistic celebrities of various religious denominations, but seeming especially to select those who were in any respect *peculiar*. He was then at Cambridge for two years, where he reports of himself that "everything he undertook he succeeded in learning, except shaving himself." However, he informs us that he was shaved at one time by the Rev. Charles Simeon, and at another time by the Rev. Edward Irving.

"Wolff describes his stay at Cambridge as a happy time. He was called by the members of the University, Mr. Simeon's and Professor Lee's pet. The Society of Baptist Noel and Lucius O'Brien, and Crawford, of King's College, and of Scolefield and Lamb, who was afterwards master of Bennet College, electrified him daily more and more with ardour for proceeding as a missionary to the Jews and Muhammadans in Jerusalem and other parts of the east."

Though we have quoted so much, the following tit bit ought not to be omitted. "Wolff now relates what took place one day at a public meeting of the Church Missionary Society, where Mr. Simeon, Daniel Wilson, afterwards

Bishop of Calcutta, and Gerard Noel, were speaking Simeon said, 'I have accompanied on board ship when they set forth as missionaries, men like Thomason, Claudius Buchanan, and Henry Martyn, and I hope to accompany many more such next May,' and, saying this, he danced about like a dancing dervish. Upon which Daniel Wilson ran on the platform, and said, 'If all were to leap about with the vigour of youth, as our elderly friend Mr. Simeon has done, all prejudices would soon disappear,' and then Daniel Wilson also jumped and danced about like his friend."

There seems to have been a struggle amongst the different leaders of sects and the different religious societies, which should get hold of Wolff. Henry Drummond thus writes to him at Cambridge: "I am grieved to the very heart that you should allow yourself to be kept so long by the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews. What can you learn from them that you do not know already? Tell them that you must go out immediately, and if they don't send you, I will send you out at once. There is as much pride in the Church of England as there is in the Church of Rome." Wolff was staying with Lewis Way, at Stansted Park, "*in order to get more knowledge of the world,*" whence he wanted to get away to go to Portsmouth to preach to the Jews. Simeon said to him, "My dear Wolff, you ought to stay a little longer, for two reasons, first, in order to acquire more experience of the inner life of a Christian; second, in order to learn how to shave yourself." He did not, however, stay for either of the two singularly assorted motives; but, after an interview with the Committee, sailed for Gibraltar on the 17th of April, 1821. Wolff, however, here interposes, "before we leave Cambridge altogether, we must survey it a little, as we have already surveyed Rome;" and as we have quoted largely from his opinions on Rome, we will copy also what he says on Cambridge. "One cannot but be struck with this fact in coming from Rome to Cambridge; Rome appears at once in all its institutions, in all its manners, as the capital of the Papal power—a power which, with all its learning and all its disasters, and in spite of the mighty schism of Martin Luther, has, nevertheless, not yielded an inch to the Protestant communion, and every one entering Rome will at once say, 'Here is the Pope; the infallible head of a Church which cannot

change,''' (which, as truth cannot change, must be the character of every true Church, whilst that Church which is "going on" changing, cannot in the very nature of things, be and continue a true Church.) "Cambridge, on the other hand, in all its institutions, in all its regulations, is the representative and mistress, not of an ultra-Protestant Church, but of a Church which has striven to retain all the good that is in the Church of Rome, and to remove Romish abuses from her, as well as the ultra-Calvinism of the Continental communities. *And the struggle is still going on.* She has certainly not yet succeeded in exterminating Antinomianism from her Church; for Wolff was horrified with the spirit of some naval officers, who had entered Catherine Hall as students, when he was there, and who, scarcely knowing even the elements of divinity, set themselves up as teachers. There was one especially, who was always flying into a passion, and would then excuse himself by saying, 'I am, after all, a child of God!'" The good Charles Simeon, on the one hand, withstood the formalism of that portion of the Church called the 'High and Dry;' and on the other hand the filthy Calvinism of some of those preaching lieutenants of the navy who have been alluded to."

Dr. Wolff accordingly set out, *he* would say on his mission, *we* should say on his travels; for the narrative of his journeys, his adventures, his sufferings, his escapes, his disputations with Rabbis at various places, how he was imposed upon here and there, and what sort of people they were whom he met with, and many surprising, and some funny anecdotes, which he has a happy knack at telling, all this seems more like a book of travels than a missionary's account of souls saved; and if he ever was animated by the ambition of emulating St. Francis Xavier in the conversion of either Jews or Gentiles, he must, we fear, now experience some disappointment in contemplating the barren result of all his zeal and his labours. God alone can give the increase; and there is perhaps no more remarkable instance of the absence of the grace of God from the work of man, than in those missions where so much money and such superabundance of material means are amply provided by the generosity of English Protestants, where the respect for English power, and, as in India, for English government, must give a preponderating influence to English missionaries, where talent, and zeal, and excel-

lent human agencies are frequently employed, where there would seem to be, humanly speaking, every reason to expect success, and yet the increase is not given.

The missionary travels of Dr. Wolff have less interest than his travels from Judaism to Christianity, from Vienna to Rome, from Rome to England, to Cambridge, and to the Church of England, and his opinions respecting what he observed, and the persons whom he met with in this singularly varied career, such as few other men have passed through. We have therefore quoted largely, perhaps some of our readers may think too largely, his observations on German Jews, and German Protestants, and German Catholics, on Rome and the course of education there, and on the dignitaries of the Catholic Church, and, lastly, on English Protestants and their missionary societies. On all these subjects we have endeavoured to give our readers the benefit of his opinions *in his own words*, sometimes, we fairly admit, because his opinions are such that we could hardly have obtained credit for stating them fairly if we had not quoted his very words. If he says little of the fruits of his missionary labours, it is probably because there was but little to say, and he has in that respect, at all events, the merit of candour. We happen, fortunately, to be able to supply the report on this subject of another traveller and keen observer, who was a friend of Wolff's, to whom Wolff acknowledges obligations, and who is a witness beyond challenge or reproach.

At p. 435 Wolff mentions that after having been robbed and hunted by pirates, he arrived in woful plight at Thessalonica, and "the first person he met there was a British officer, Lieutenant Adolph Slade, of Her Majesty's Navy, now Admiral in the Turkish Navy and Pasha; and he comforted Wolff in his distress, and advanced him money and clothing." Lieutenant Slade himself published in 1833 a couple of well-written volumes of Travels, in the second of which, at p. 452, we find the following account of Wolff and his missionary labours.

"I had been at Salonica ten days when we were all much surprised at the Consulate by a letter from Mr. Joseph Wolff, missionary to Persia and Palestine. The Reverend Gentleman stated that he was at a village, two days' distance, in consequence of having been maltreated by pirates off Cassandra Point; that he was shoeless and coatless and moneyless;—in fine wanted aid. It was, of course, immediately sent. A few hours after a large boat

arrived, containing seven cases of Bibles, and Mr. Wolff's domestic, a Cypriote Greek. The Cypriote informed us that his master had embarked in this same boat about a fortnight before at Mytilene, having resided there six weeks, preaching the Gospel—to no purpose. He had come to the island from Alexandria, where Lady Georgiana was then staying. From Mytilene they went to Tenedos on the same errand; and thence, after remaining a few days, steered southwards. They passed one night at St. Anna, a small convent at the extremity of Mount Athos, and were continuing their voyage with high spirits to Salonica, when it was interrupted by a pirate giving chase to them off Cassandra Point. Not trusting to his eloquence to convert his pursuers to a better life, or thinking that the Gospel would be thrown away on them—pearls to swine—Mr. Wolff directed his boat to be run on shore, and left her, half dressed as he was, on account of the heat, accompanied by his Arabic professor, a Maronite. Landing also, the pirates pursued them some way up the hills, firing several shots; but on finding that faith gave speed to the fugitives, they abandoned the chase, and returned to pillage the boat, from which they removed everything valuable excepting the Bibles; then beat the Cypriote, and bid him tell his master that he owed his life to his legs. We were not so much surprised that Mr. Wolff had been attacked by pirates, as that he had been able, as his letter showed, to escape the brigands who infest the promontory of Cassandra. It was like jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire. We expected him with impatience. In three days he arrived, with his feet in a woful plight from the thorns, though otherwise in good health, and undaunted by his disaster. Notwithstanding his fatigues, he commenced his labours the same day. His name was already well known to the Hebrews, and they were not remiss in flocking to hear him. The house and adjoining streets were filled. He preached assiduously two or three times a day, and *disputed hotly* with the Rabbis; taking care, however, not to eat or drink with them, for he remembered his experience of their artifices at Jerusalem. He distributed Bibles with profusion; and after some days put up in the streets a call to the Jews, showing them from the Testament that Christ was Messiah, and would come again on earth in 1847."

This it seems was included in the Gospel he was preaching.

"I have often heard this prophecy from Mr. Wolff's lips, and he has done me the favour to explain to me his calculations, from which he deduces that year in particular for the advent. They are ingenious, and the connection of them good; but no calculation from the data in the Old Testament can be relied on, because no two people can agree on the expression of those data. I have listened with delight to Mr. Wolff. He is eloquent and persuasive, with four languages—Hebrew, Italian, German, and English—in

which to clothe his thoughts gracefully ; besides having a tolerable knowledge of Arabic and Persian. But on one subject his enthusiasm rather taxes his auditor's patience, if not precisely of his opinions. He has published, and he believes in the year 1847 Christ will come in the clouds, surrounded with angels, and commence his reign in Jerusalem for one thousand years. It is difficult to listen to such expressions without regarding the speaker of them twofold, to discover if there be not something hidden under the garb of enthusiasm ; but I really believe that Mr. Wolff is sincere—deceives himself as well as others. The great foil of his character is vanity. How far this passion, if deeply probed, may be found to have acted on his judgment till he believed himself preeminently the chosen of God, I will not pretend to hint at : we forget his foibles in considering his talents and his principles : yet, without being thought uncharitable, we may be allowed to suppose that Mr. Wolff, on being enlightened by the Holy Spirit, would have done well in sitting down unostentatiously in Bavaria, endeavouring to convert his relations, before wandering to distant lands. I asked him one day, whether he would be at Jerusalem in 1847 to receive the Messiah ? ' Certainly,' he replied, ' Lady Georgiana and myself will go there for that purpose.' The call he put up excited great sensation. He was obliged to give a soldier money to prevent it from being torn down. Thousands of Jews came to read it. Some said in reply, that as the advent was only 17 years off, they would wait till then before determining their opinions. Few men are so old as not to hope for as many as 17 years more life. The whole city was upside down. Hitherto the Pasha had been silent ; but on this he sent to the Consul, and desired him to tell Mr. Wolff not to affix any more calls on the houses, inviting people to change their religion, which he considered highly improper. To make a long story short, after a fortnight's preaching and arguing Mr. Wolff desisted. He told me that, endeavouring to convert the Jews was reaping in a barren field. No one acquainted with them will be much surprised at this confession. I was less so, because I knew the opposition he had encountered from the Jews in every part of Turkey. From the Ottoman authorities he never received any serious obstacle. The intrigues of the Jews obliged him to leave Cyprus and Rhodes ; they poisoned him at Jerusalem ; they burnt the New Testaments he distributed at Adrianople ; at Arnoutkeny, a populous village on the European bank of the Bosphorus, they paraded a crucified dog in derision of him ; how they may have evinced their abhorrence of his apostacy in other places I do not know. He might well say that he reaped in a barren field ; at the same time he told me that at Constantinople he had baptized thirteen Jews, who were afterwards banished through the influence of the Rabbi ; and will probably, if not already, by means of discipline, be induced to recant.

"The Thessalonians not only would not listen to Mr. Wolff;

they libelled him by swearing to the Consul that he had offered 4000 piastres to any one who would consent to be baptized. I believe this to be false; Mr. Wolff assured me it was. Though unsuccessful in his pursuit, none can deny Mr. Wolff great praise for the single-minded zeal that he displayed in his avocation, or can depreciate his motives, which he has shown to the world, are pure. The lavish distribution of Bibles is distressing to behold. Did the members and supporters of the Bible Society know how they go, how they are received, they would infinitely prefer giving their money to their poor countrymen. God knows it would be a more praiseworthy action. But then the patronage of appointing missionaries, Bible distributors, &c., would cease. Let us examine what becomes of these books. Bibles are given to the Turks, printed very rationally in the Turkish character—(199 of 200 cannot read). A Turk takes one of them as he would a Treatise on Fluxions, or a Life of Lord Bacon, and with about as much interest, as neither the pasha nor the muphti interferes with his possession of it, it does not gain additional value as a prohibited article: he either keeps it as a curiosity or tears it as waste paper. If Imams came to England and France, and distributed Korans in the English and French tongues, I make no doubt that the people would willingly accept them, or buy them cheap; but I am sure that the propagation of the Mahomedan faith would not be the least advanced by this liberality, especially not being enforced by word of mouth. The Hebrews take the Bible with great pleasure, because saving them expense; they carefully destroy the New Testaments, and place the Old Testaments in their synagogues, sneering at the donors. The Albanian Kleptes make wadding for their guns of the leaves of the Society's Bibles, if they have no other. Vast numbers of Bibles are annually distributed or sold cheap to the Greeks; these tell their priests, and their priests, as in duty bound, relieve them of the charge of keeping such forbidden books.

"I must, however, add, that the missionaries do not entirely labour in vain. Converts are obtained, not many certainly; but enough to impose on the world, chiefly from among the Syrian Christians. I will not say that any of them are gained by actual bribery, but they certainly are by promises of employment in the missionary line—promises often not fulfilled; in consequence of which the converts are often reduced to distress. More than one Armenian bishop has embraced a Protestant faith in order to marry; 'every man has his price.' Mr. Wolff's Arabic professor, of whom I have spoken, was one of these Syrian Christians. He had been converted five years since by an American missionary at Beyrout—converted to the American's own doctrines; what they were I know not; I only know that the said American, with another of his countrymen in the same line, have brought the English name into great discredit with the inhabitants of Mount Lebanon and thereabouts. Having been

strongly recommended as one admirably qualified to preach the Gospel among the Arabs, Mr. Wolff took him into his service, with a liberal salary of £80 per annum. When obliged to make the precipitate retreat from his boat off Cassandra, Joseph (the convert) accompanied him. In his fear he did not forget his Syrian craft, but opening a trunk, took out his master's ready money, 4,000 piastres, and put them into his sash for his own private use. At Sicaya, Mr. Wolff wanted money very bad to repay the civility of the Aga's attendants, Joseph offered him none; indeed his master thought he had none, and did not ask him. On arriving at a convent, on their journey from Sicaya to Salonica, Joseph, tormented with the fear of brigands, lodged his money in the hands of the prior, and when he reached Salonica, requested the consul to withdraw it from him. The consul, knowing that Mr. Wolff had been in distress for money, was scandalized at this mercenary trait in the Maronite, and thought that the man who could be guilty of such meanness towards a liberal patron could not be honest. Sanctified Joseph, still feigning poverty, induced his master not only to reimburse him for the loss of apparel which he had sustained in the boat, but also to fit him out entirely anew, and pay up his arrears of salary. He insisted on these terms without delay, which put Mr. Wolff to great inconvenience on account of the exchange at the moment being unfavourable. At this unprincipled extortion I could not restrain my indignation, or from expressing it to Mr. Wolff, who was much surprised at hearing that his strongly recommended good honest Joseph was possessed of a considerable number of piastres, especially as he had reason to know that he had had none previous to the visit of the pirates—gentlemen who take rather than give. Still, judging from his own good feelings, he was inclined to think that he might have been mistaken, and that at worst Joseph was only guilty of bad faith with him, not of a crime which in England might have brought him to the gallows. I thought differently. Here, however, the affairs ceased for the present. Mr. Wolff resolved on parting with him on arriving at Smyrna, not on account of this, but on account of his ignorance of any other language than Arabic, which rendered him of little service, also from his lukewarmness in the cause of religion. He settled his own mind that Joseph should be sent to Alexandria *with strong certificates to the missionaries there*, in order to be profitably employed. I am happy to say that the rogue was unmasked in time. On our arrival at Smyrna, the Cypriote (Mr. Wolff's domestic) between whom and Joseph had been a growing coolness on the passage, quarrelled with him seriously on account of the said wrongly-appropriated piastres, and to be revenged told his master the story of the theft, of which he was an eye-witness, and which he was to have shared. The case being laid before the consul, honest Joseph was induced to disgorge great part of his dearly-beloved piastres, and was sent back to Syria in disgrace. He will probably resume his old creed, laugh at the credulity of missionaries, and lament his own

sufficient want of cunning. *The name of this man has figured more than once in the reports of the Bible Society, and been cited as an instance of the success attending the missionaries' labours.*"

But even this evidence of Slade as to the uselessness and delusion of Protestant missions is capped by the following sentence of Dr. Wolff himself, "And Wolff is sorry to make here the declaration that the worst people among the Eastern natives are those who know English and have been converted to Protestantism," p. 434. Well, for a man who has devoted himself to the conversion of Eastern natives to Protestantism, this is a sorry but at the same time a candid and honest confession to make.

A few other matters had been noted by us for reference or quotation and remark, but we find we have already exceeded reasonable limits and can therefore only refer our readers to the following sentiments which from such a source may perhaps be noteworthy; his belief in miracles at present occurring has already been noticed, and instances, some of them *in his own behalf*, may be found at pages 40, 121, 203, 207, 253, 285, 362, and 382; he is of opinion not only that in baptism there is regeneration, but also "believes that the power of baptism is so great that it may even produce fruits in the souls of those unbaptized persons whose ancestors received the holy rite," p. 297; he also opines that Isaiah and the other prophets were dervishes, p. 329; his opinions in favour of tradition may be found at pages 339 and 382; indeed not only the opinions of himself, but also of those peculiarly enlightened men who were assembled at Henry Drummond's to interpret the prophets, for he says that a "result of those conferences in Albury Park has been, that people have seen the importance of revising other points which seem to have been settled by Protestants; but for which assumption there is no certain warrant from Scripture; for example, Wolff pointed out two errors of this kind at the time. First, it is an assumed maxim of the Protestants, that miracles were to cease when the Apostles died. Secondly Wolff threw out the hint that Protestants undervalued tradition too much; for, *without tradition we cannot understand the meaning of Scripture*;" and at p. 405, is strongly expressed not only by Dr. Wolff, but also by the late General Sir Charles Napier, the true sentiment that superstition is preferable to incredulity; and Wolff

adds, "I can never believe any religion to be true which can be entirely fathomed by, and made consistent with, human philosophy, because there are necessarily many things in heaven and earth which our philosophy does not dream of." At page 443, he writes:—

"It is a remarkable fact—and it must not be concealed—that, except the Armenians in Etsh-Miazin, Persia and Russia, and their enlightened brethren in Hindostan, the native Christians of Anatolia and the Turkish empire in general, where Roman Catholic missionaries have not penetrated, are ignorant, rude and uncouth, like buffaloes! Roman Catholic missionaries have carried everywhere the light of civilization."

At page 294 he makes a declaration peculiarly apposite to the present times, and which therefore it would be unpardonable to omit:—

"I shall never have confidence in the reform which is brought about by miserable revolutionists of Italy and France; and I shall always declare the outcry, *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité*, to be nothing else but Tyranny, Beggary, Butchery. And all these revolutionary movements verify the words of Ezekiel xxi. 27, 'Perverted, perverted, perverted, or overturn, overturn, overturn, until He come whose right it is, and I will give it Him.' One revolution shall take place over another, and men shall strive to establish peace and happiness, but by their own efforts and without the *Author* of happiness and peace. And they shall be disappointed until the rightful possessor of the earth shall come to his own."

We fear it may be thought that we have devoted too much time and space to the autobiography of Wolff, although his experiences have been so peculiar; we have let him speak for himself about both himself and others; amid much that is ridiculous, there is much also that is candid and just; and his book leaves on us the impression that if God had been pleased to grant him the grace of *humility*, as ballast to his character, his career in life might have been altogether different.

ART. VI.—*Illustrations, Historical and Genealogical, of King James' Irish Army List* (1689) Second Edition. Enlarged. By John D'Alton, Esq., Barrister, Corresp. Memb. S. A. S. Author of 'The Prize Essay on the Ancient History &c. of Ireland,' 1830; 'History of the County of Dublin,' 1838; 'Memoirs of the Archbishops of Dublin,' 1838; 'History of Drogheda,' 1844; 'Annals of Boyle,' 1845, &c. In two Volumes, published by the Author, for the Subscribers.

THIS is a remarkable work by a remarkable man. Mr. D'Alton is well known as one of the most laborious Antiquarian writers of the present age, and although, as he says, verging upon that period of life, the dread yet hoped-for limit to man's earthly career, it is refreshing to see with what energy he labours in order to add a new page to his country's history; and to hand down to posterity the last noble efforts of his enslaved and ill-treated countrymen, on behalf of a family and king that, however worthless they showed themselves towards other countries, were not only worthless, but unjust and ungrateful towards Ireland. The work cannot fail to show, in the face of the still virulent maligners of that unhappy country, that, torn and oppressed by centuries of misrule; distracted by internecine madness; hunted by fellow Christians with a fury as unrelenting as that by which the savages of the North American Continent were chased to their doom; Ireland, ever loyal Ireland, with the spirit of the true Catholicity of ages, was not only willing to forgive and forget the wrongs of by-gone times the moment the appearance of a kindly hand was held out to her; but prepared herself, imperfectly armed as she was, to do battle on behalf of her legitimate sovereign when the hard measure of another portion of his subjects, with his "very children turned against" him, threw him friendless and moneyless upon her shores.

To this "labour of love" has Mr. D'Alton been able to bring an amount of erudition, the well deserved acquisition of many a long year of weary research; and few that have ever read his Prize Essay "on the Ancient History, Religion, Learning, Arts, and Government of Ireland from the commencement of the Christian Era to the twelfth century," will hesitate to say that no fitter man could have

stepped forward to emblazon before the world the sufferings and the virtues of ill-treated Ireland. This prize essay was published in 1830 for the Royal Irish Academy, by their printer, R. Graisberry, Dublin, filling 380 quarto pages in the first part of the 16th volume of their "Transactions;" and to it was awarded the Cunningham gold medal, with the sum of £80 that was offered for the best writer on the subject. If it was not confessedly the guide all the way in Moore's History of Ireland, down to the reign of Henry the Second, Moore laid the work largely under contribution; for ideas are not only carried out in a similar train, but many passages are written in almost the same words. In any case the perusal of it must have saved Moore a world of painstaking research, and it is in itself an evidence of unbending labour. In the "History of Drogheda" too, is Ireland indebted to Mr. D'Alton for a valuable book; and did any doubt remain as to fitness for the present undertaking, it must be removed by the perusal of the following letter, which we copy from the weekly press, from one of the best judges, if not the very best judge of the matter in hand:

"Record Tower, Dublin Castle, 14th Sept. 1860.

"My dear Friend,

"Your grand work reached me three hours ago, and I have been ever since deep in its learned and interesting pages. Allow me to congratulate you on your completion of this national undertaking, which will be referred to by all writers on Irish History in years to come, when you and I have long been at rest. The book is a fund of genealogical facts, which could not be got elsewhere; and is besides an admirable narrative of an important chapter in Ireland's annals. I rejoice that, despite of all difficulties, you had energy to go through with your task.

"Your sincere and devoted friend,

"J. Bernard Burke,
Ulster."

J. D'Alton, Esq.

The extensive scope of the undertaking must have demanded researches as varied; and hours of tedious investigation must have been given to subjects which it cost but a dip of ink to commit to paper.

The annals of the most ancient families of Ireland are, like those of other countries, derivable from Bardic legends and the native chronicles, which should not be slighted; and happily we live in an age when every day exhumes an Irish record which the liberality of public feeling is now

investing with the permanence of print. Our author has availed himself largely of these treasures, embodying them without bias or religious prejudice. He brings upon the stage to a living audience the scenes of former days, shows forth the actions of those who lived before us, of those who flourished in the nation in which we are living, and trod the path we are unconsciously travelling every day; and he raises, as from consecrated earth, the manner in which they spoke and acted. The work has been looked forward to from the date of its first announcement not only with very great national, but Continental and American, interest; and copies, as we see, have been secured for the Royal Library at Windsor; for the noble-hearted Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; for the Universities of Cambridge and of Dublin; for the Society of Antiquaries of Edinburgh; as well as for a long list of the nobility, bishops, clergy, and gentry of Ireland; while no less than thirty copies were bespoken for Montreal alone, and many we notice marked down for Boston.

It is of deep importance to expound the causes and consequences of the transmission of property, the creations and extinctions of heraldic honours, the rise and fall of families, the profiles of illustrious houses in the days and the homes of their fame. These causes included the oppressions of early English misrule, and the long continued action and reaction of oppression and resistance—the mask of religion assumed to excite feelings of diabolical hostility,—the Lords of the Pale up to the time of James, the First fomenting and fostering Irish disunion;—Cromwell's adventurers let loose upon the country! But let the author speak.

“The Civil war that commenced in Ireland in 1689, and whose discomfited partizans, their broken fortunes and attainted families, the ensuing pages are designed to record, originated in bitter feelings, generated a century and a half previously, when the relentless arm of one, whom history has truly delineated a Royal Despot, sought to enforce the religion of the Reformation upon that reluctant country. Happily, it is not necessary or fitting here to enter into unwelcome controversy; enough to rely upon the facts of history, and confidently to assert that in Ireland, legislative persecution was pre-eminently directed to such an object. The declaration of the King's Supremacy, the abolition of appeals to Rome, the vesting in the Crown of the appointment to ecclesiastical preferments, not only in the instance of bishoprics, but of those abbeys, priories,

and colleges, which were of exclusive Roman Catholic endowment; the suppression of their principal religious establishments on delusive surrenders, the confiscation of their revenues and possessions, their diversion to lay uses, or what was yet more bitterly felt, their appropriation to the aggrandizement and maintenance of the new, by law established Church, created feelings of hostility to the English government, that the progress of time but increased.

"On Queen Mary's accession her parliament suspended the action of these penal inflictions,—Queen Elizabeth restored them with the superadded terrors of the Act of Uniformity; and although this last autocratic effort of bigotry was, it may be said, allowed to sleep during her reign, yet, in the times of her successors, it was started into vigorous operation. The policy of James the First devised, in 1613, a new and more temporal grievance for the Irish people;—that Commission of Grace as it was styled, which abolished the old tenures of immemorial use, tanistry and gravel-kind. The uncertain exactions, theretofore imposed upon the tenantry, were, it is true, thereby altered into certain annual rents and free holdings, a change that would at first sight appear beneficial to the people; but when it is understood that these Irish tenures gave occupants only a life estate in their lands, and that while these were suffered to exist, no benefit whatever could accrue to the Crown on attainders;—the new patents, which this commission, as on defective titles, invited the proprietors to take out, gave the fee to the king, the old being for ever surrendered; and thus were they obvious and powerful securities, that, on any act of constructive treason, the whole interest might be absorbed from the native tanists. At the same time fell upon the native Irish Catholic population, what the Protestant Bishop of Leighlin and Ferns, in his official return of 1612 designated, 'the payment of double tithes and offerings, the one paid by them to us, and the other unto their own clergy.'

"In 1626, in the pecuniary exigencies of the exchequer, King Charles was induced to proffer new 'Graces' as a consideration for liberal advances of money from the Irish Roman Catholics. By this device it was provided that the taking of the oath of Supremacy should be dispensed with, and ecclesiastical exactions be modified; privileges which the Deputy Lord Falkland caused to be proclaimed over the country. His successor, the unfortunate Lord Strafford, however, having recommended their retrenchment, the King's intentions were in point of fact superseded; and, while the Catholic Members who sat in the Parliament of 1640, relying on their fulfilment, joined in voting the large supplies required, the King's letter and the order for levying those subsidies contained no recognition of the promised graces. That Parliament adjourned on the 7th August, 1641, and it is not to be wondered, that the native Irish and the whole Catholic population were thereupon too nationally excited to an assertion in arms of privileges, their King had pro-

mised—had actually *fiated*—but which his Irish viceroy refused to effectuate. They saw that King overruled; they felt that their altars were denounced, their homes invaded, and their titles confounded by alleged defects and deceitful commissions. Is it then to be wondered at, that the ensuing 21st of October witnessed the outbreak of such a national resistance, as bequeathed an inheritance of jealousy and disunion to Ireland from that day?"—Vol. I. pp. 1, 2, 3.

Any analytical review of this work would be a matter of great difficulty, for it is all but a history of the different Irish families, as well of the original races as of those of Anglo-Irish descent. Of these Mr. D'Alton takes each in its turn, traces it through its but too often melancholy vicissitudes, bringing us at last to that period where the long expiring flames of many were quenched for ever in the havoc of the revolution of 1688, and where those of others were only carried away to find in foreign lands a more congenial soil than that which gave them birth, and where fostering care again renewed the flames to shine forth at the present day, "the first in battle's stern array." Among the noblest of the chivalry of many a foreign court, we find the MacMahon and O'Neill of France; the De Burgh, the O'Donnell, O'Reilly, O'Brady, Kavanagh, Nugent, &c., of Spain, Austria, and Sardinia.

"King James' Army List" first appeared in 1855, in one large volume, and was then remarkably well got up, was well supported, and is long since out of print. The present Work forms a superb edition, and reflects the greatest credit on the Dublin press. It does not, as the author premises, "aspire to be a History of the Revolution in Ireland," but simply preserves "in print brief annals of the particular *officers* commissioned on the ARMY LIST; their individual achievements in the war, and those of the survivors, and of some of their descendants in the lands of their expatriation, together with such collateral notices of the respective surnames and families as historic retrospects may have recommended for selection." (Pref. xv.) We regret to find that the "compilation was too Irish (would that a better feeling were to be found,) to induce a publisher in the sister country" to take charge of it.

"The author expresses his "regret that an unaccountable apathy 'tabooed' all family documents from his inspection, and ancient *existing* diaries, journals and correspondence, were wilfully withheld from him in Ire-

land; while the chiefs of English and Scotch houses, of which respectively many of the officers on this Army List were members, declined answering his genealogical enquiries, as if they were desirous to repudiate any connection of their ancestors with the crownless James." He however notices the Marquis of Abercorn as a noble exception to this ungenerous conduct, in furnishing him with an invaluable genealogical manuscript, as well as with a copy of the *Negociations of Comte D'Avaux*," whom Louis XIV, on kindly receiving James II, at the court at Versailles, and earnestly espousing his cause, sent as ambassador extraordinary to accompany his "Britannic Majesty" to Ireland. Louis most felicitously suggested that, the said Seigneur D'Avaux will employ all his address to reconcile Protestants and Catholics, so that the former may be persuaded that the others are very far from seeking to commit any violence upon them, and that the king, their master, will always treat them with the same kindness and good feeling, without any religious bias, and that he will make no distinction, except in favour of those who will serve him best.' (*Negociations* pp. 1, 2.) Would to heaven that the rulers of Ireland had acted in such a spirit towards the Catholics!

The "days of chivalry" must indeed be "gone" when the highborn of England, Ireland and Scotland give the go-bye to the memory of those ancestors who gloriously fought on the side which they considered right, and who, were it only for the fact of having espoused a losing cause, deserve more sympathy and admiration from that fact alone. It is from the descendants of such men that we should expect more unswerving loyalty, more enthusiastic devotion to the reigning dynasty, than from the descendants of those whose meaner instincts made them leave the "falling house." There can be but little doubt it must have been with something of a feeling like this that Sir Walter Scott, "at the close of his life, when he visited Rome, viewed the houses once occupied by the dethroned Stuarts, and that their tombs in that city were objects of peculiar interest in his eyes." And it must have been with a similar feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate—that true characteristic of noble minds,—"that our gracious Queen has visited, as in pilgrimage, the halls and rooms where the last of that dynasty, nearly a century and a half before, endeavoured to uphold the shadow of a court. The

truly royal lady that now hallows the throne that once was his, exulted not in the destiny that secured her succession, but sympathized with the fallen fortunes of the prince who died there a prisoner.... That the Prince of Wales, it is understood, made himself acquainted with many of the scenes of the unhappy war, whose defeated partisans are the subjects of these *Illustrations*; while Prince Alfred, amidst the trying appeals of popular plaudits and youthful relaxation, was fain to turn aside to look upon the room where he was led to believe king James passed his last night in Ireland." (Pref. p. xix.)

The author alludes to his manuscript collections which must in themselves have been a herculean labour, and it would be a pity and almost a national disgrace, if through the chances and accidents of life such a collection should be divided, scattered, and lost to the country. They are all open to inspection, and might be valued separately or as a whole. "They are all *indexed* and *classified* in prefatory pages to his *Annals of Boyle*." Here comes the goodly list.

"Three volumes of Indexes, *small quarto*, detailing references and authorities for illustrating upwards of 2,500 surnames, alphabetically arranged." "Nine volumes of Indexes, *octavo*, affording similar references in aid of the history of Irish localities; directing the enquirer to the historic associations, legal records, and statistics of every province, county, barony, and parish of Ireland, every city, borough, castle, town, lake, river, &c., and all details thereof are so alphabetted and arranged that, in a successive investigation from the particular locality to the parish, the barony, the county, the province, no repetitions waste the time of the enquirer."

"One thick volume, *Genealogia Generalis*, thick *octavo*, containing directions and aids in searches in family Pedigrees chronologically, from the earliest periods. This digest classifies the materials for its object and the authorities by periods, as under the reigns of successive sovereigns of England from the Conqueror to the present day, with especial attention to the attainders and forfeitures incurred in the civil wars of Ireland. This portion of the volume is followed by distinct classifications of collections for more peculiarly provincial pedigrees of Leinster, Munster, Ulster, and Connaught; then of Scotch and Welsh pedigrees; and, lastly, of those of English descent through each respective county of England."

"Eleven volumes *octavo*, giving extracts from MSS. of rare access as those of Trinity College, the Royal Dublin Society, Primate Marsh, the Surveyor-General's Office, the British Museum, the First Fruits Office, the Hanaper, the Rolls, Bermingham Tower, the King's Inns, the Registry Office, and the Tower of London.

"*Sixty-eight* volumes *octavo*, containing compilations of annals, records, and events, with reference to authorities, chronologically arranged for *distinct* histories of the several counties of Ireland, through their respective baronies, parishes and leading localities, with notes of excursions in some.

"*Two* volumes *octavo*. The first containing complete materials of chronological reference for a History of the Archbishops of Armagh, from the earliest period to the present day; the second a similar collection for Memoirs of the Bishops of Meath. With three other volumes of Diocesan Digests.

"*Thirty-three* volumes *quarto and octavo*, containing chronological notices of Families of Ireland, as well those of the native sept, as of the Anglo-Norman introduction.

"*One* volume *large folio* comprising a full list of all the outlawries that issued from the King's Bench in Ireland, for 'treasons,' from 1640 to 1698, alphabetically arranged in columns, under the respective heads of 'Parties' names', 'places of residence,' 'dates of inquisition,' and 'places where held'.

"*Twenty* volumes Miscellaneous Essays, Excursions to England, Wales, Ireland, &c.

"*Two* volumes Copies of Sundry Charters, Patents, &c."

In noticing a work like the present, however painful the retrospect, it will be necessary to allude cursorily to the conduct of England towards Ireland for many a weary century. That this is an unprofitable task we need scarcely premise; because the same unworthy spirit which in times of comparative ignorance prevailed, and which, a short time since, we had hoped all had learnt to deplore, is still, unhappily for England as well as Ireland, as rampant as ever. A mass of ribald abuse and virulence is daily poured out from, almost without exception, every English paper, whose stereotyped "leader" periodically appears against the country, the religion, the capabilities and the habits of Irishmen. A nation with still many and grievous wrongs; whose assizes show them almost without a crime; the conduct of whose women might be put up as a standard of virtue to the world; whose sons have but lately shown in their devoted and uncalculating adherence to the wronged and unoffending head of the church an example worthy the palmy days of chivalry; and lastly that church and its ministers, to whom they owe these good things, are assailed in language that puts to the blush all good manners, and are stigmatized as if they were the most worthless of creation. This, too, from the press of a country where crime of every denomination unhappily prevails to the

greatest extent, and in many parts of which the primary tenets of Christianity are, as Government Protestant statistics assure us, so little known—nay, even the name of the Saviour of mankind has not been heard of—as almost to leave infidelity an heir-loom in families, and indigenous in localities. Yet credit where credit is due; for we had the consolation the other day to see one paper at least, the “John Bull,” take roundly to task, as if ashamed to belong to it, the press which in its anxiety to insult the Irish, has given a wound to the entire kingdom.

We might have hoped that a generous press would have spared us the taunts of “savages,” mercenaries, &c., &c., when they recollected how much the soldiers of Ireland had contributed to the glories of the Nation. The nature of our subject might have well warranted us in taking this occasion to protest against the injustice which has recently been done to the Irish Brigade in Italy; but we must forbear; and we do so the more readily because of our conviction that it cannot be long before the truth will force itself upon the people of England.*

Those who read the following facts, must agree that in the history of the whole Christian world no tyranny was ever equal in kind, form or degree, to that of England towards Ireland. Let them ponder well upon the inexpediency of stirring up disaffection and fostering agitation amongst Continental nations, whose sins of omission or commission towards their subjects, are not for one moment to be compared with the grinding tyranny which our history exhibits. The long, melancholy, and ever to be deplored imprisonments of Continental nations, let it not be forgotten, were but too often the result of a dislike to capital punishments; and that similar or far less weighty crimes would formerly have been visited in Ireland by confiscation and death, with their concomitants of *hanging*, *drawing*, and *quartering*? The reader may at the same

* Since writing the above we have received Lamoricière's report of the capture of Spoleto. As far as regards Irishmen it is complete. With characteristic consistency, in the suppression of truth, the “Times” does not give it.

“At last on the 17th, one of the columns which had marched upon Umbria, commanded by General Brignone, attacked La Rocca de Spoleto. I could only spare for its defence two old iron guns, with bad carriages. The enemy was in great force and well supplied

time give a passing thought to the grand moral attitude of that nation which, while declaring "non interference," supplies from the deep recesses of its well-filled money-bags munitions of war to the buccaneer chief and his not over-scrupulous master. While a jocund premier, and his subordinates pledge themselves in the face of the world to a system of neutrality and to the doctrine that every country has a right to choose its own rulers, some of their wives are acting on committees formed to collect money for *one* of the belligerent parties; and the people whose ministers these are, follow this example and add men to the money. Such is non-interference, and such is the despicable attitude of bible-reading and "truth-loving" (!) England—"willing to wound but yet afraid to strike." She will not pistol the head of the Neapolitan king it is true, but she will buy the pistol, load it, and give it with her blessing to any one who "volunteers" to

with artillery. Major O'Reilly defended himself gallantly with his Irishmen, and repulsed an attack, in which the enemy had serious losses. Towards evening the Piedmontese riflemen approached, and all appearances indicated during the night a second assault, with considerable forces. One of the two guns was disabled, and the carriage of the second was much damaged. After twelve hours fighting Major O'Reilly asked to capitulate. His men were extremely fatigued, and he found he could not depend on his reserve, composed of recruits and detachments of various corps. He estimates the enemy's loss at 100 killed and nearly 800 wounded. As for his part he had but three killed and six wounded." In speaking of the capitulation, after three hours' fighting, of the citadel of Perugia he says, "An Irish Company (the only one there) with the bulk of the battalion of the 2nd regiment of the line ALONE displayed a determination to do their duty."

After this he says :—"There were at Castel-fidardo 100 Irishmen brought from Spoleto, who, having neither knapsacks nor cartouche boxes, had been put at the disposal of the artillery. The first farmhouse, though warmly defended, was taken; a hundred prisoners, including an officer, were made there; two pieces were soon brought to the bottom of the slope to protect against a probable new attack, the position we had carried, and two mortars under Lieutenant Dandier, were brought under a most lively fire to the front of the house, with the help of the Irish. These brave soldiers, after having accomplished the task they were charged with, joined the riflemen, and, during the rest of the battle, distinguished themselves among them."

do so ! Noble attitude ! chivalrous enemy ! When it is further added that all this proceeds not in reality from a love of liberty, but from a blind, headlong hatred of Catholicity, once the pride and glory of the land, which it enriched with noble and lasting temples to the Almighty, the picture is complete. A wicked determination to influence the nations of the Continent in throwing off like themselves the pure light and consoling doctrines of Catholicism, until like themselves they are left on the deep and dark sea that leads to eternity, confessedly without pilot or rudder, is the ruling influence of English sympathy at present. It is not enough to act the part of the prodigal son in disobedience : to cover that homestead from which they have emerged, with obloquy, is the further virtue of the modern religious prodigal. The most stringent protest that we can present against the impolicy and baseness of the system which we have denounced will be found in a reference to those dealings of our ancestors which led to the alienation of the heart of Ireland from the British Rule, and which, on the modern theory, would of necessity have led to the absolute severance of the two countries.

The elopement of the wife of an Irish prince, with Dermot McMurrough, King of Leinster, brought consequences that caused that traitor to his country to seek the aid of England. This was given in 1172 ; and for centuries the English dominion extended over a very small portion of Ireland. Indeed it was not till towards the end of Elizabeth's reign that it became general, and it was finally established only during the time of the First James. Yet, with a grant consequent upon this invitation of McMurrough's, of not a third of the country, the English proceeded after a very brief sojourn, and without even the plea of conquest, to cantonize Ireland. This was done by Henry II. amongst ten powerful English families, viz., Earl Strongbow, Robert Fitz-Stephens Miles de Cogan, Philip Bruce, Hugh de Lacy, John de Courcy, William Fitz-Adelm de Burgh, Thomas de Clare, Otho de Grandison, and Robert le Poer. Although these had not gained possession of a third of Ireland, "yet in title," says Sir John Davis, "were they owners and lords of all, so as nothing was left to be granted to the natives." And therefore we do not find any record for the space of 300 years after these adventurers first arrived in Ireland, that any Irish lord obtained a grant of

his country from the Crown, but only the King of Thomond, who had a grant, and this only during King Henry the Third's minority; and Roderick O'Connor, King of Connaught, to whom King Henry II., before this distribution was made, did grant "that he should be made king under him, and keep his kingdom of Connaught in the same good and peaceable state in which he kept it before his invasion of Ireland." Without conquest the land was taken from the Irish, who further were denied all benefit of the English law for property or life! Strange even, that while the Irish were thus treated, the Danes, who still held a footing in the land, and chiefly in Dublin, Wexford, and Waterford, in which latter place Strongbow landed, were allowed this benefit. This favour to the Danes, refused to the natives, may be accounted for by the fact that being a colony of Norwegians and Livonians, they were thus countrymen of the Norman invaders, and so considered worthy of favours denied to the luckless Aborigines. Besides they were nominally converted to Christianity by their Norman brethren, and indeed the conquest of England by William the Conqueror was hailed by the Irish Danes as a triumph. These privileges were earnestly sought for by the Irish for two centuries at least after the first arrival of Henry the Second, and the impolitic and tyrannical denial of them was attended with the inevitable consequences of border warfare and protracted enmity.

Five families only, amongst the Irish, called those of the "five bloods," were considered worthy by their generous conquerors to enjoy these privileges. These were the O'Niels of Ulster, O'Melachlins of Meath, the O'Connors of Connaught, the O'Briens of Thomond, and the MacMurrroughs of Leinster. All the rest were shut out from protection, rendered incapable of suing as plaintiffs in courts of justice, and were treated, not as subjects just conquered, but as "enemies, and altogether out of the protection of the law; so as it was no capital offence to kill them." To show even how completely the English were determined to keep them out of the protection of the law, the disobedient of English descent were always called "rebels," while those of Irish origin were called "enemies." It was not until the reign of Elizabeth that the "mere Irish" were honoured by being called, like the Irish of English descent, "*rebels*;" but much no doubt

has been done in order to make up for the omission, by the repetition of the denomination up to the present time. The English were forbidden, under heavy penalties, to intermarry with the Irish, or to have trade or commerce with them. Yes, even to the time of Henry the Eighth, the pure father of the pure Reformation, intermarriage was not allowed unless under certain circumstances.

Nearly 300 years after the invasion it was enacted that if any were found robbing by day or night, "or going or coming to rob," (!) unless in company with some respectable person in English apparel, that it was lawful to kill them and *cut off their heads!* and as if it were the heads of wolves that were spoken of, a certain amount was allowed to be levied by the bringer of the said head and his "ayders." A system like this, with oppressions of every conceivable description, was the one which the English Parliament of the Pale thought proper to adopt towards Ireland. The object was avowed; to root out the inhabitants or destroy them in the land; and famines were absolutely insured that this effect might take place. Thus for the sake of a few great families did the English people endeavour to sacrifice an entire nation.

Nearly four centuries elapsed from the beginning of English rule before the benefit of English laws was conferred on the Irish, although long and earnestly desired, and the denial of this benefit rendered them liable to be persecuted and even murdered, without redress, by any Englishman. They could not hold "converse or commerce" with the English, "or enter a town without peril of their lives!" O England, champion of liberty on the Continent, can these things be said of you? Alas, yes, and more, much more.

The Christian massacres in Syria the other day were not outdone by some perpetrated on the Irish; and if before the "Reformation" they were chastised with "whips," they were afterwards beaten with "scorpions." When in 1579 a garrison in Kerry surrendered on "mercy" to Lord Deputy Gray, they were disarmed, and an English company being sent into the fort, under Sir Walter Raleigh the unfortunate people were butchered in cold blood; and about the same time, on the conclusion of a peace, the chiefs, with a great number of their retainers, were invited by the Earl of Essex to an entertainment which lasted three days, when the chief guest, O'Niel, and his rela-

tions, were arrested, and his friends put to the sword before his face, the women and children being included. The unfortunate chief himself, together with his brother and wife, on being afterwards sent to Dublin, were cut in quarters. Shortly after this the Irish of two counties were invited to settle terms of a treaty, being previously assured of safe keeping, and on meeting they were surrounded with English troops and butchered on the spot. In Elizabeth's reign it was a thing so common to destroy the ornaments and defile the altars of Catholic churches, that the impression generally produced was "that the new system of religion sanctioned sacrilege and robbery." There, too, in a country where the doctrines of the Reformation never took kindly, abbots and priests were hanged and quartered for the offence of having said Mass; and friars in great numbers were slain in their very monasteries. The *torture* in its worst form was used, as in the case of the Archbishop of Cashel, whose legs were immersed in jack boots filled with quick lime, watered, until they were burnt to the bone in order to force him to take the oath of supremacy, "and who was then, with other circumstances of barbarity, executed on the gallows." "It was a usual thing," adds Bishop Milner, "to beat with stones the shorn heads of their clergy, till their brains gushed out!" In strange contrast with these things, is the fact, well authenticated by Protestant testimony, that the Irish Catholics, when in power, never retaliated, but often saved their persecutors. Thousands of instances could be adduced, and these exclusively upon the testimony of Protestant historians, where the most shocking cruelty was enacted towards the unfortunate people; where scenes of heartless barbarity were indeed the rule; and where, without even the mockery of a trial, capital punishments took place. Yea, after pardon for offences, *secret commissions* have been granted to kill the unhappy men under pardon. No pen can describe, few imaginations can realize the cruel tyranny exercised by England towards the natives of Ireland.

Even the common law of the land was set aside, and men in times of peace were tried by martial law and executed, and to such a state were things brought in Elizabeth's reign, that she was assured that, owing to the inhumanity of Lord Deputy Gray, little was left in Ireland to reign over but "ashes and carcasses." "Every inconsi-

derable party," says the Protestant clergyman, Dr. Leland, "who, under the pretence of loyalty, had power to repel the adversary in some particular district, became pestilent enemies of the inhabitants. Their properties, their lives, the chastity of their families were all exposed to barbarians who sought to glut their brutal passions; and by their horrible excesses purchased the curse of God and man." Other authors concur with Leland, (the Royal Antiquary of England), in describing that system which induced the governors of Ireland to have those considered as aliens, whose estates they coveted, and in showing that in later times the natives of English descent, some of whom loved Ireland with a love almost superior to that of the native Irish, and who were represented as "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*," were treated by Irish viceroys with as much inhumanity and injustice as were the "mere Irish" themselves. This was but too fully exemplified in the melancholy case of Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, who, on the assurance by the Lord Deputy of pardon, repaired into England, whither his five uncles, three of whom were manacled at a feast to which they were invited by the same vile governor, were sent also. Three of those uncles, to the utmost of their power, opposed Lord Thomas' resistance to the English government, yet all six, these men of high lineage and noble blood, were taken to Tyburn and there "hanged, drawn, and quartered," to the consternation of Europe. It need only be further mentioned that this inviting to feasts and there killing in cold blood, was but too often acted on. "The annals and achievements," says the author, "of this noble and historic name, are emblazoned in the history not only of Ireland, but of every civilized country in the world."

After the tragic death of the "great Earl of Desmond" in 1583, the confiscation of his estates amounted to at least 570,000 acres. Then also, "and after the entire suppression of the rebellion, unheard-of cruelties were committed on the provincials of Munster. Great companies of these, men, women, and children, were often forced into castles and other houses, which were then set on fire. And if any of them attempted to escape from the flames they were shot or stabbed by the soldiers who guarded them. It was a diversion for these monsters to take up infants on the point of their spears, and whirl them about in their agony. Many of the women were found hanging on trees, with their

children at their breasts, strangled with their mother's hair."—Curry. "And all the people that they met with," says Hollinshed, "they did without mercy put to the sword. The soldiers likewise in the camp were so hot upon the spur, and so eager upon the vile rebels, that that day they spared neither man, woman, or child, but all was committed to the sword." "The attainders in 1642 present no less than sixty inquisitions on Fitz-Geralds. This name is most abundantly displayed over the present List, as in the Horse of Nicholas Purcell, Sir Neill O'Neill, Colonel Robert Clifford, Lord Galmoy, and Sarsfield; in Lord Dongan's, and Colonel Francis Carroll's Dragoons, in the King's own Regiment of Infantry, and in nine other infantry regiments." Sir John Fitz-Gerald, the Colonel of the regiment of infantry called Fitz-Gerald's Infantry, had suffered under the machinations of the Whigs in the reign of Charles II. He with great bravery opposed De Ginkell's advance on Athlone; and on the retirement of the Irish army to France, he was made colonel, of what was there and then styled "the Regiment of Limerick." He acquired glorious renown in various engagements in Normandy, Germany, and Italy, and fell at Oudenard in 1698.

Here it may be proper to dwell upon the fact that the first invaders of Ireland, under Henry II., were all men of high families and Norman blood, and that with the generosity of such, they generally, or at least, finally espoused, as all men should, heart and soul, the cause of their adopted land, so far at least as the spirit of selfishness and acquisitiveness common to human nature would let them; while the planters under James, generally from the commoner sort, and of another religion, never turned with love to the country where their interests were concerned; and those of later importation, the gloomy and revengeful Calvinists and Presbyterians of Cromwell, seem scarcely less ruthless than their sanguinary leader, towards the people amongst whom they lived, and the land of which they were natives. This is shown in the proceedings of one of the greatest curses of the nation, the orange association, which, whether intent upon shedding the blood of its fellow countrymen, and so destroying their country's chance of prosperity; combining to shut out from the throne the legitimate sovereign of the realm; or still later insulting the son of that sovereign, and the heir apparent of the kingdom, is still

ever the same; unpatriotic, brutal, disloyal and unreasonable. Sir Robert Peel, sick "usque ad nauseam" of them, called them a set of vagabonds, and Sir Robert knew them. What the Duke of Newcastle may denominate them remains to be seen.

The diabolical system of insuring famine by preventing the inhabitants tilling their land, by destroying their crops and cattle, and mercilessly slaughtering all that came in their way, men, women, and children, belongs, we believe, to the annals of no other two Christian countries than those of England and Ireland. Even the refined mind of the poet Spenser did not revolt from carnage and starvation, but rather recommended the latter as a sure means of subjecting the natives,—breaking their spirit and obliging them to "devoure one another!" How few are aware that while Spenser was actually giving that horrible counsel, to force the inhabitants to such a pitch that they should be driven to eat one another, he was then imbibing the inspirations of his "*Faerie Queene*" and the imagery of his poem, on the pleasant banks of the Blackwater! Even he acknowledges their bravery, and says they were as soldiers, "valiant and hardy, for the most part great endurars of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardness; very active and strong of hand, very swift of foot, very vigilant and circumspect in their enterprizes, very present in perils, and very great scorers of death. When the Irishman cometh to experience of service abroad, or is put to a piece (musket) or a pike, he maketh as worthy a soldier as any nation he meeteth with." He adds what he heard from great warriors who served in foreign countries, that they "never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor one that cometh on more bravely to his charge." Unsparing truly were the means employed. Even in oppositions that were fostered and forced upon the people, no lenity was shown. In such cases cattle of all kinds were taken, the country burnt and destroyed, and the people put to the sword without mercy. Often when the large ransoms offered by prisoners *were brought to the camp*, these unfortunate prisoners were hanged. But too frequently when the milch cows, and every edible thing were snatched from them, did the poor people, in their distress "offer themselves, their wives and children, rather to be slaine by the army, than to suffer the famine wherewith they were now pinched." To such a state of

horrible misery did this inhuman government drive the people, that, as Hollingshead says, further on, in which he is confirmed by a flood of Protestant writers, they were forced not only to eat horses, dogs, and dead carrion, but also to devour the carcasses of dead men. Children were driven to feed upon their dead mothers, and women to feed upon children. To such a length had the land been depopulated by merciless butcheries, that for six score miles, man, woman, or child, was not to be met.

By means such as these, carried to a most fearful extent, was Ireland finally subjugated under Protestant sway. The cursed feelings which then prevailed, exist in the minds of many of the writers in our daily press; no treatment was too hard, no calumny too bad for the unhappy Irish; and thus did a false and short-sighted policy, make Ireland then the weak point of England. Should she ever, which God forbid, resume such cruel and dishonest policy, Ireland will become the most vulnerable point of England's shield. For it was thus, as Attorney General, Sir John Davis remarked that the Queen's army, under Mountjoy, destroyed the Irish chiefs, "and brayed the multitude as in a mortar, with sword, famine, and pestilence." And yet it is of these people that the same author asserts that "there is no nation under the sun that doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves." And one might fancy that he had been speaking of the present time in the following passage, "I dare affirm that in the space of five years last past, there have not been found so many malefactors worthy of death, in all the six circuits of this realm, which is now divided into thirty-two shires at large, as in one circuit of six shires, namely, the western circuit, in England! For the truth is, that in time of peace, the Irish are more fearful to offend the law than the English, or any other nation whatsoever."

It is not to be wondered at that a people whom it was attempted to destroy, root and branch, in their native land, whose property was then taken and whose very name was rendered a bye-word to the nations—and all through the unrelenting and unchristian enmity of England—should never, while the same persecutions continued, have felt a love or respect for a country so vindictive. If indeed some apostle of charity should arise and preach a crusade

amongst his countrymen against that spirit of tyranny which has rendered England so notorious throughout the world for her conduct in regard to Ireland, how very much more noble would such an apostle appear, than any of the bigoted fanatics who are to be found in every corner of the metropolis of the kingdom, haranguing to willing dupes about the "man of sin;" "the number of the beast;" "the city on the seven hills;" with all the other clap-traps with which they gull their gaping audiences. Most earnestly do we deplore the, we fear, increasing tendency of no small or uninfluential portion of the public mind to fan and rekindle the flames of hatred towards the Irish; and force them to recall to mind how different would be the conduct of England if all her citizens really felt ashamed of that part of her history which proves, beyond a doubt, that her own conduct within—we will not say centuries—but years, would have justified one hundred-fold the spirit of resistance to her rule, of which England is now the avowed protector throughout the world. Absit omen! and may the conduct of our rulers create and foster reciprocal feelings which will render all portions of this one kingdom so kind and so lenient towards each other, as to secure, in a full interchange of feelings, the safety and happiness of the entire people!

In the pursuit of a favourite object, the "Plantation of Ulster," by the pedantic James I.—like other pursuits of the English government—all rules of right were set at defiance. Finding no feasible grounds to dispossess and throw as outcasts on the world the unfortunate inhabitants of six whole counties in Ulster, he felt obliged to go back to the times of Henry II, in order to invalidate titles confirmed by centuries of possession. Every possible means, right or wrong, were employed in order to find flaws in men's titles; depositories were hunted up, in order to discover ancient grants; and the most iniquitous proceedings, and perjury of the most flagrant character were put into requisition in order to plunder of his inheritance the unfortunate proprietor. The title by which the natives held under the two great chiefs, O'Neill and O'Donnell (the Lords Tyrone and Tyrconnell) was deemed perpetual. A conspiracy was formed, in order to accuse these lords of treasonable practices, aided by Spain; and proceedings were actually taken on the strength of an anonymous letter dropped at the Council door of Dublin

Castle! Conscious of their danger, and knowing of what little avail innocence would prove in the trials that awaited them, these unhappy noblemen took flight, and landed on the coast of Normandy, whence they proceeded through Belgium to Rome, where the latter died in about a year; the former, blind and crushed in spirit, lived to 1616. After their flight the royal James vilified them in choice Billingsgate, and denied that they had any title to their estates. Nevertheless the six counties were declared forfeited to the crown! The noble owners were caused to be attainted by act of parliament, a proceeding frequently taken previously, when it was necessary to despoil the Irish of their lands! And thus, three hundred and eighty five thousand acres were thrown into the hands of the king for distribution. Some even place the amount of forfeited lands at this time, including those of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, at half a million acres. This was divided amongst British "*undertakers*," Servitors of the Crown, and Natives: but those natives could not be the "mere Irish" to whom the Anglo-Irish settlers could not even alienate their land; these could not be allowed to inhabit their native land; and as the oath of supremacy was necessary, of course Catholics, even of English descent, were excluded. Puritans and Calvinists rioted in the homes of the Catholic natives.

The laws during this reign were of the most barbarous severity. Catholic bishops and other clergymen were hanged, drawn, and quartered; and jurors whose consciences would not allow them to bring in verdicts for the Crown against evidence, had their ears frequently cut off, were themselves imprisoned, and lost their goods. An attempt was made on the entire province of Connaught after this, where, although, as Leland says, the titles were all rightly secured at first under Elizabeth, the surrenders were neglected to be enrolled, or letters patent taken out! These oversights were rectified by James himself; but although thousands were paid, the deeds were not enrolled in Chancery; and the paltry king intended to take advantage of this omission, to dispossess the owners and plant the land with strangers. He died before he could put his plans into execution.

While the first Charles had so much to encounter from wars, and from the hostility of his English subjects, the Irish Catholics showed themselves loyal and generous to a degree.

While the English left their monarch to suffer in embroilments into which they led him, and showed a still growing enmity to himself, the Irish repeatedly offered an army of five thousand foot and five hundred horse, together with a large sum of money, provided they were only tolerated in the exercise of their religion. But this was too much for the wretched bigots of the day, who soon got up a cry. On reading it one finds it difficult to believe that it has not been repeatedly uttered during the last eight years by some of the canting vapourers of the time. How often do we recognize its expressions and sentiments in the cuckoo shrieks of a hoary Sheik of Birmingham, or the howlings of a Shaftesbury; and how plainly do they show that no religion can be more merciless or persecuting towards its opponents than Protestantism! Hear the language of the "bishops" of Ireland, with the Protestant "Archbishop" Ussher at their head; that Ussher who, in the true spirit of Protestantism, (which as one of its ablest champions, regretfully acknowledges, is the only Church that falsifies dates and circumstances when it wants to gain a point,) fabricated papers to show—what we now-a-days occasionally hear—that the Pope's Supremacy was not acknowledged by the Catholic Church in Ireland. He overreached himself, however; for his assertions having been subjected to much criticism and ridicule, a grandson of his, a clergyman of the Church of England, warmly commenced the defence of his grandfather. He left no means untried in order to arrive at a true conclusion, and in his endeavours he was obliged to admit the *falsehood* of the *Archbishop's* assertions. Disgusted and perplexed, he began fresh enquiries after truth; the result was that he gave up his living and became a priest of the Catholic Church. Here is the declaration of this conclave—the toleration of Protestantism!

"*Firstly*.—The religion of the papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their Church, in respect to both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or a consent that they may freely exercise their religion, and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin, and that in two respects; for, first, it is to make ourselves accessory, not only to their superstitions, idolatries, and heresies, and, in a word, to all the abominations of popery, but also (which is a condition of the former,) to the perdition of the seduced people which perish in the deluge of the Catholic apostacy.

"*Secondly.*—To grant them a toleration, in respect of any money to be given, or contributions to be made by them, is to set religion to sale, and with it the souls of the people whom Christ hath redeemed with His blood. And as it is a great sin, so it is also a matter of most dangerous consequence; the consideration whereof we commit to the wise and judicious, beseeching the God of truth to make them who are in authority zealous of God's glory, and of the advancement of true religion; zealous, resolute, and courageous, against all popery, superstition, and idolatry."

The so-called "Graces," consisting of fifty-one reasonable articles, so warmly sought, and paid for to the extent of £120,000, and granted under the king's own hand, but never carried out, embraced amongst other things, and in addition to those mentioned by the author (ante), the leave to practice in courts of law; to sue the livery of their lands out of the Court of Wards; that the claim of the Crown to lands should be limited to the last sixty years; that a new enrolment of their estates should be permitted to the inhabitants of Connaught by the sanction of a Parliament. Justice was sold to the Irish, the consideration money pocketed by Charles, but the consideration itself basely withheld. A parliament was held to confirm the "Graces;" to the infamous Strafford's prayers and promises, subsidies were unanimously voted, but Poyning's Act having been purposely evaded in the summoning of this parliament, its proceedings were rendered null and void,—and thus basely did the king and his minister, Wentworth, act.* The Court of Wards of Ireland was of a most infamous nature. By it the heirs of Catholic noblemen and gentlemen were destroyed in their estates; bred in irreligion and dissipation; their younger brothers and sisters utterly ruined; yet the High Commission Court instituted by Strafford, incapacitated all Catholics from suing, without taking the oath of Supremacy, and inflicted several penalties on them.

We cannot allow Mr. D'Alton to exculpate the King in this matter. He well knew of, and consented to the whole trick. While these subsidies were being voted by the

* In fact, in the Parliament of 1634, between bullying and cajoling, Strafford obtained a grant of six subsidies of £50,000 each—no mutual concession being granted by the crown!—*Vide Strafford's Letters*, v. i. p. 273.

credulous Catholics, the Lord Deputy wrote to London and informed Mr. Secretary Coke that it was by no means the intention to grant these paid-for Graces, and more especially that referring to land! And Charles wrote to the deputy:—

“Wentworth.....I must tell you your last public despatch has given me a great deal of contentment; and especially for keeping off the envy of a necessary negative from me of those unreasonable Graces that people expected from me!”

After this disgraceful violation of the most solemn promises by the king and his minister, the latter commenced his plans with Connaught, as James did with Ulster, and determined to render null and void the titles to every estate in that part of the kingdom.* All old records were hunted up to show the original title of the Kings of England to Connaught. The title deeds of the great lord of that province, Richard de Burgo,† (from his vast possessions, the most powerful subject in Ireland, and the then head of the Burke family,) were singled out to try the question. When in 1218 King Henry III. confirmed to him the grant of all Connaught, made by King John, to be of effect after the death of the then King, O'Connor, “five choice cantreds of land” near Athlone, were reserved (for the support of the garrison) to the Crown. It was argued that while the grant included the “whole of the remainder” of the province, it was forfeited by O'Connor, and that the lands and lordship of De Burgh descended lineally to Edward the Fourth, and were confirmed to the Crown by a subsequent statute. How this was attempted is shown in the important pedigree here given. This is the “valuable but unprinted table of Royal Descents from the Lady Elizabeth de Burgo,” (vol. ii. p. 139) furnished by Dr. Burke Ryan, of London, to the Author, and which he, evidently with much unwillingness, but with some appearance of a very pardonable pique at the cold reception his applications met with from the Marquis of Clanricarde and

* This project, when first proposed in the late reign, was “received with horror and amazement.”

† The descent from this *Earl Richard to Edward IV.* is traced in a direct line by an inquisition preserved in the Rolls Office, Anno. 13. Car. i.

DESCENT OF

William de Burgh

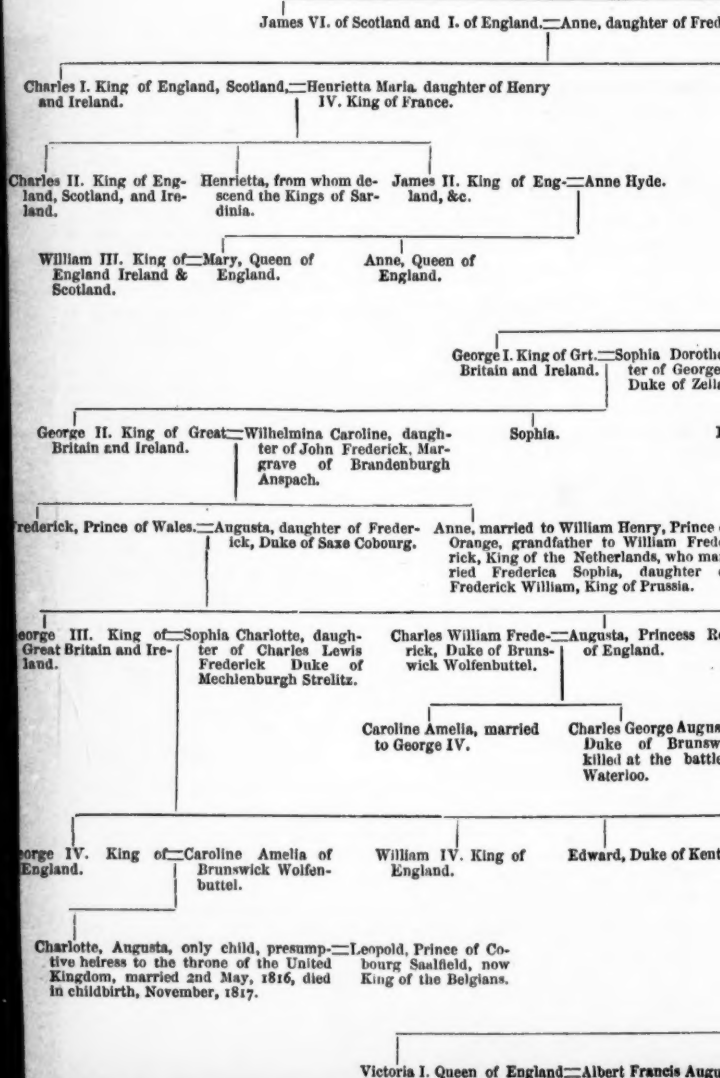
Lionel, Duke of Clarence
right of his wife.

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of

Roger Mortimer, Earl of
heir apparent to the throne

Edmund Mortimer, Earl of
without issue.

Edward IV. King of England
the special inheritance



NT OF MOST OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE FROM ELIZAB

am de Burgh, third Earl of Ulster and Lord of Connaught, slain 1333.—Maud, daughter of Henry Plantaganet, Grandson of Kin

Duke of Clarence, third Son of King Edward III., Earl of Ulster in—LADY ELIZABETH DE BURGO, daughter and sole he
of his wife.

Mortimer, Earl of March, and in right of his wife of Ulster.—Philippa Plantaganet, only daughter and heir.

Mortimer, Earl of March and Ulster, declared in the Parliament of 1385—Ellinor, daughter of Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent.
oparent to the Crown of England.

imer, Earl of March and Ulster died Richard Plantaganet, Earl of Cambridge, beheaded—Anne Mortimer, sole heir to he
ie. by Henry V.

Richard, Duke of York and Earl of Rutland and Ulster.—Cecily, daughter of Randolph, Earl of Westmorland.

V. King of England. The Earldom of Ulster thus merged in and became—Elizabeth, daughter of Richard Wydeville, Earl Rivers
ial inheritance of the Crown of England. Grey.

Henry VII. King of England—Elizabeth, heiress of the House of York.

James IV. King of Scotland.—Margaret Tudor, Queen of Scotland.

James V. King of Scotland.—Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Rhené, Duke of Guise.

Henry Stuart, Lord Darnly.—Mary, Queen of Scotland.

ther of Frederick, King of Denmark.

Frederick, Elector Palatine, King of—Elizabeth.
Bohemia.

Ernest Augustus Elector—Sophia.
of Brunswick Lunen-
burgh.

Cha
P.

Henrietta, daughter of—
Charles I. King of
England, first wife.

phia Dorothea, dangh- Frederick, King of—Sophia Charlotte.
er of George William, Prussia.
uke of Zella.

First daughter married to Charles II. King of Spain.

Mary Anne, married to Victor Amadeus II. of Savoy and I. of Sardinia. From whom Victor Amadeus III. whose daughters Maria Josephine and Maria Theresia married respectively Louis XVIII. and Charles X. Kings of France.

Frederick William I. King—Sophia Dorothea, daughter of
of Prussia. George I. King of England.

ry, Prince of
William Frede-
eds, who mar-
daughter of
Prussia.

Frederick II. (the
Great) King of
Prussia, died with-
out issue.

William Augustus,
Prince of Prus-
sia.

Louisa Amelia,
daughter of
Ferdinand Al-
bert, Duke of
Brunswick
Wolfenbutel.

Lon
ic

Princess Royal
and.

Christian VII. King of—Caroline Matilda.
Denmark.

Frederick Wil-
liam II. King of
Prussia.

Frederica Lou-
isa daughter
of Lewis
Prince of
Hesse Darm-
stadt.

Louis Philippe,
Duke of Or-
leans.

George Augustus,
of Brunswick,
the battle of
o.

Frederick VI. King of—Sophia Frederica of Hesse
Denmark. Cassel.

Duke of Kent.—Victoria Maria Louisa
Princess dowager
of Leinengen.

Ernest, King of
Hanover,

Frederick William III.—
King of Prussia.

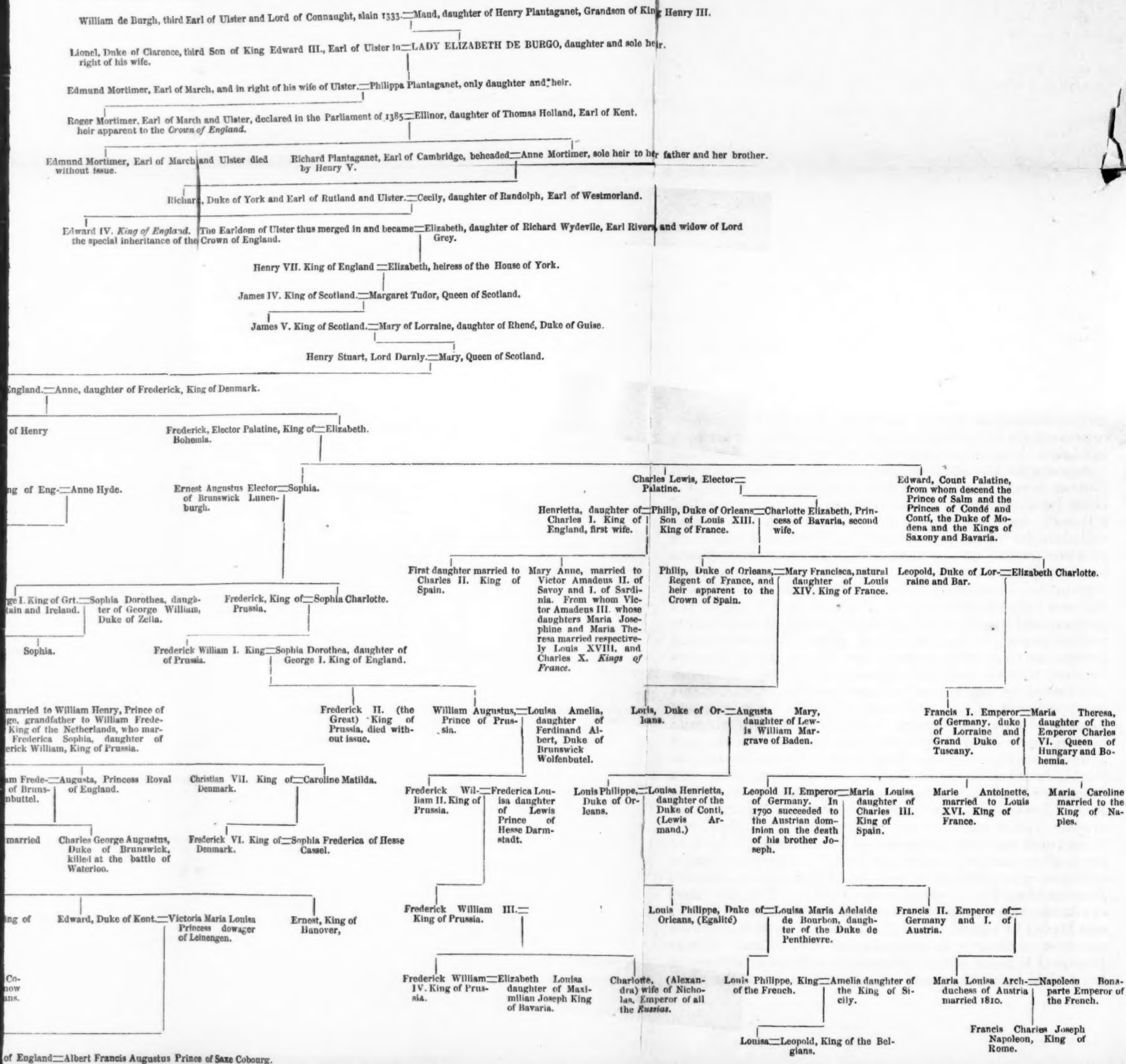
Frederick William
IV. King of Prus-
sia.

Elizabeth
daughter of Maxi-
milian Joseph King
of Bavaria.

Louisa
Charlotte
las, I
the I

Francis Augustus Prince of Saxe Cobourg.

DESCENT OF MOST OF THE CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE FROM ELIZABETH DE BURGH.



the other heads of the Burke family, was obliged to omit. Having the opportunity we willingly lay it before our readers as in itself a most interesting and valuable historical document.

This is a fitting place briefly to glance at these two families, O'Connor and De Burgh,—the invaded and invading. The family of O'Connor, "one of the most noble and historical in the annals of Ireland," is said to have sprung from Ir, son of Milesius of Spain, who, with his two brothers, invaded Ireland. The author alludes to a most whimsical Act of the Irish Parliament, whereby is gravely shown the title of Queen Elizabeth to all Ireland, inasmuch as on the expedition of Heber, Ir and Heremon, "they sought and obtained the sanction and guidance of a British prince," one King Gurmond, son to the noble King Belan, King of Great Britain, which is now called England; from whom they obtained permission to occupy the island! "The descending line from him meets its first illustrious link in Ollamh Fodhla, who reigned monarch of Ireland for thirty years, and was one of the most accomplished princes of his time. He it was who ordained the assembly of the Fes, or Parliament of Tara." He promulgated many good and fitting laws, and his merits are recognized by his bust being placed "in the series of legislators that adorns the dome of the Irish Court of Justice, between those of Moses and Alfred. Thus far, and for several subsequent generations, the trunk of this royal pedigree is common to many Irish Septs of great influence," down to Fergus, "son of Rossa Roe, who had been King of Ulster" until he was banished thence and obliged to seek refuge in Connaught. There he was hospitably received by the queen, and he and his three sons fought the memorable Cualgnian seven years' war, against Mac Nessa, by whom he had been expelled from the province of Ulster. The achievements of this war "furnished the chief materials for MacPherson's splendid imposition, entitled Ossian's Poems." There are several branches still existing of this great family, viz., those of Ballintubber, Kerry, Sligo, Offaley, &c. The attainders of 1641 included seven of the Sept of the O'Connor Kerry; and Daniel O'Connor was a captain in Lord Kenmare's regiment of infantry, in King James' Army List. Cornet Roger O'Connor of the Ballintubber branch appears in Lord Galmoy's horse; and Thady O'Connor, of the Sligo

branch, a major in Colonel Oliver O'Gara's infantry. Several attainders took place after 1617 in this latter branch.

When Henry II. invaded Ireland, Roderic O'Connor was King of Connaught, and knowing the great influence of this family, Henry concluded a concord with Roderic, and allowed him, as previously mentioned, to continue king under him. Shortly after, William Fitz-Adelm de Burgh, of whom presently, got a large grant of Roderic's dismembered territory.

The different attainders "fell with awful desolation" on several branches of the O'Connor family, and many of them in showing their zeal for the cause of James II., had the usual fate of his followers, ruin and exile for their pains.

William Fitz Adelm de Burgo, great grandson of Robert, Earl of Cornwall, half brother of William the Conqueror, was the first of that family that landed in Ireland. Son of a daughter of Louis VII., king of France, he married Isabella, daughter of King Richard I., and was ancestor to the Earls of Clauricarde and Mayo, Viscounts Bourke, of Mayo, Lords Castleconnell and Brittas, &c. "He," says Sir Richard Cox, in his history, "founded one of the best and noblest families in Ireland, which hath yielded many brave and worthy men, that hath proved eminently serviceable to their king and country, whereby their name, estate, and family are preserved in great honour and reputation to this day. On the 'reduction' of Ireland he was sent with Hugh de Lacy to take the submission of Roderic O'Connor as well as that of the King of Meath, which they did at the river Shannon. William founded the famous monastery of St. Thomas a Becket, near Dublin, and gave the advowson of Castle-Connell to the Abbey of Athassell. King John granted him a moiety of Ardrphin and Tibrath, and sold him the lordship of Castle-Connell. He was appointed governor of the kingdom in 1177. He is said, at a synod of bishops and clergy at Waterford, 1175, to have published the Bull and privileges granted by Pope Alexander III., in confirmation of the Bull of Adrian IV., constituting Henry II. Lord of Ireland." This nobleman, says Hardiman, in his history of Galway, "was the great ancestor of the powerful family of De Burgo and the Earls of Clanricarde. Of his numerous and opulent posterity by two wives, the first the daughter of the King of England, and the second the daughter of Daniel More O'Brien, the

last king of Cashel, Gratianus Lucius speaks as follows: 'Cujus propago adeo longe lateque per Hiberniam diffusa est, ut in singulis Insulæ regionibus latifundia plurima, et summam plerumque dominationem retulerit; honorariis titulis et summa rerum administratione potita.—Cambrensis Eversus p. 53.' "

His grandson, Walter de Burgh, Lord of Connaught, married a daughter of Hugh de Lacy, the younger, Earl of Ulster, son of the Lord Justice of Ireland, by Emeline, daughter of O'Conner, King of Connaught. This family, besides Ulster, owned immense estates in Ireland, three fourths of Connaught being at one time in their possession; as well as other lands, especially in Limerick and Tipperary. It is in allusion to him that the illustrious De Burgo, Bishop of Ossory says,—“Juxta pagum istum (Lorrha) Fratribus Prædicatoribus Cœnobium extruxisse anno 1269 Gualterum de Burgo, Comitatem *Ultoniæ*, Dominumque *Conaciæ*, tam certum est quam quod maxime, id vel uno Scriptorum omnium concensu ad evidentiam comprobante. Si autem quæras, quâ potuerat ratione induci Homo iste Nobilis ad fundandum locum hunc pium in Momonia potius quam in Ultonia, aut Conacia, ubi Comes et Dominus respectivè erat? Facile breviterque respondebo quod comes quidem fuit Ultoniæ jure Uxoris, Hugonis de Lacy Filix, Dominusque Conaciæ jure Patris; at jureavi sui, Gulielmi de Burgo amplissima habebat Latifundia in Tipperariensi agri Momoniæ qui tunc temporis sub Limericensis agri denominatione comprehendebatur. Quinimmo eo in Territorio amplissima erat Baronia, dicta *vernacule* Mac William, i.e., stirpis Gulielmi usque adeo extensa, ut bipartito Agro, seu comitatu isto, in Limericensem et Tipperariensem, et ipsa bipartita fuerat in West Clan-William et East Clan-William, hoc est in Baroniam occidentalem et orientalem stirpis Gulielmi, priore ad modernum Agrum Limericensem, posteriore ad modernum Agrum Tipperariensem spectante. Atque in utraque Baronia et circumvicina regione, ingens Burgorum à memorato Gulielmo descendantium, numerus etiamnum, me teste, viget.” *Hibernia Dominicana*, p. 274.

“Upon the murder of William De Burgo, the third Earl of Ulster, in the year 1333, the family of the Bourkes, seeing their chief cut off without issue male, and no man left to govern or protect that province, intruded into all his lands, which by reason of the minority of his daughter

and heir general, ought to have been vested in the crown ; and within a short time two of the most potent divided that seignory between them ; the one taking the name of Mac William Eighth, that is the upper, nearer, or Southern Mac William ; and the other Mac William Oughter, the lower, farther, or Northern Mac William ; but being sensible they were only intruders during the minority of the heir, they knew that the law of England would speedily evict them, and therefore held it their best policy to cast off the yoke of English law, and so become mere Irish, which they did accordingly, and by their example drew all the English of that province to do the like, changing their names, language, and apparel, with all their civil manners and customs of living, suffering their possessions to run into Tanistry and Gravelkind."—*Lodge's Peerage of Ireland*, vol. ii. 1754.

"This sept of the Burkes," says the Abbey Mac Geoghegan, "was honoured with four peerages in the persons of Ulick Burke, created Earl of Clanricarde, in 1543, by Henry VIII; Theobald Bourke, who was created Viscount of Mayo, in 1627, by Charles I., both which titles are still in being. There have been also two Lord-barons in the family, namely, Castle-Connell, and Brittas." The two latter were lost through fidelity to the Stuarts.

"The lineal progenitor of the present Marquiss of Clanricarde, commanded the regiment here under consideration, and his collateral ancestry crowded the army of James, holding commissions in thirty of his Irish regiments." *D'Alton*, vol. ii. p. 132. In 1667, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, confirmatory grants were made to ten members of this family, in different counties, to the amount of 75,402 acres of land.

Many of the family fought with devoted bravery on the side of James, often paying the forfeit of their lives, as at Derry.

William Bourke, to whom James sent word to defend to the last, the Castle of Grange in the county of Sligo, of which he was governor, "disappointed of the promised succours, at the moment the besiegers were about to enter the breach, blew up the castle, and with many of his enemies was buried in the ruins." Several were killed or taken prisoners at Aughrim and other places. "The outlawries in 1591 include this Earl by two inquisitions with William, Baron of Castle-Connell, and Ulick, Lord

Viscount Galway, Lord Brittas, and John his son; eighteen Burkes, or Bourkes, in Mayo; John Burke, of Ower, and fifteen others in Galway; six in Limerick, five in Roscommon, two in Dublin and Wexford respectively, and one in each of the counties of Sligo, Cavan, and the Queen's. In 1696, the Lady Honora Burke, alias Sarsfield, and then Duchess of Berwick, before alluded to, was entered in the outlawries. Sir Ulick, the Baronet, was also attainted, but adjudged within the Articles of Limerick."

Endeavours were made to invalidate all grants to the owners of the lands of Connaught after the time of Elizabeth. Juries were soon empannelled—*rich* ones that could afford fines in case of unsatisfactory verdicts; and under threats of such fines, and of loss of ears, bored tongues, and foreheads branded with hot irons, they were very often driven to injustice. The very judges and foremen of juries were bribed, in these cases, to an enormous extent.

In this iniquitous proceeding, even the vile Strafford was obliged to confess that the king had no legal claim, and after Roscommon and other counties had been plundered through intimidation, Galway was begun with. The jurors there did their duty, and were consequently bound over to appear in the castle chamber,—the Sheriff was fined £1,000, and the Jury £4,000 each, with seizure of estates and imprisonment until the fines were paid! Every sort of intimidation was put into requisition, and horse troops increased in order to "look on" while a whole kingdom was being despoiled. Even four shillings in the pound, out of the confiscated estates, were given to the judges as bribes to warm their interests in the proceedings, and the results were boasted of!!

It is melancholy to reflect that the object in all this was confessedly to exterminate all the Catholics of Ireland, those of English, as well as those of native descent:—the whole race of the latter, as Lord Clarendon says, the parliament party had "sworn to extirpate." In strict conformity with such hellish intentions were their laws. "Extirpation," says Carte, "was preached as gospel!" To this horrid purpose was rebellion fomented, and to this effect took place the burnings of villages, and the slaughter of men, women, and children, some of the latter being, as in the case ordered by the governor of Munster, St. Leger,

"untimely ripped out of their mother's womb." This brute having executed men and women, caused one poor woman literally "to be ripped up, from whose womb three babes were taken, through every one of whose little bodies his soldiers thrust their weapons!" This deed was in some degree parodied by a most bloodthirsty monster, Sir Charles Coote, who, having burned the town of Clontarf, slaughtered amongst the rest, "three sucking infants!"

So of Monroe; he killed seven hundred country people, men, women, and children, having first made a prey of their cattle which they were driving away! The same person having at his command an army of 10,000 foot and 1,000 horse, burnt the country in Westmeath and Longford, and "put to the sword all the country people they met." When the wretched people took shelter in the thickets and furze, it was no uncommon thing to set these on fire, killing as many as attempted to escape, or forcing them back to be burned. Even "the Lords and Commons" of England ordained "that no quarter shall be given to any Irishman, or to any Papist born in Ireland, which shall be taken in hostility against the parliament, either upon sea or within this kingdom;" and so, Lord Clarendon says, "The Earl of Warwick, and the officers under him at sea, had, as often as he met with any Irish frigates, or such freebooters as sailed under their commission, taken all the seamen who became prisoners to them of that nation, and bound them back to back, and thrown them overboard into the sea, without distinction of their condition, if they were Irish."

This Clontarf massacre, as Clarendon states, was followed by another brutal outrage on human nature. The people, men, women and children, of a village named Bulloge being, as well they might, terrified at what took place at Clontarf, threw themselves, in slender boats, on the mercy of the waves, when they saw Coote's soldiers coming: but the soldiers pursued them in other boats, overtook, and threw them into the sea! It is a sickening thought, that the vile lords justices of a country professing to be Christian, could give their governors orders to "wound, slay, kill, and destroy:" "to burn, spoil, waste, consume and demolish all the places, towns, and houses where the rebels are, or have been relieved and harboured, and all the hay and corn there;" and afterwards to declare joyously, that the soldiers carried out

their mandates. and "slew all persons promiscuously, not sparing the women, and sometimes not even the children"!! Hear what Lord Ormonde says took place after a battle:—"The army, I am sure, was not eight thousand effective men; and of them it is certain that there were not above six hundred killed: and the most of them that were killed were butchered after they had laid down their arms, and had been almost an hour prisoners, and divers of them murdered after they were brought within the walls of Dublin." Parsons commanded the "burning of corn" and to have "man, woman and child put to the sword"! Sir Adam Loftus did the same!

In carrying out the English idea of famine Sir W. Cole is praised for having "starved and famished of the vulgar sort, whose goods were seized on by his regiment, *seven thousand*; and nothing since the massacre of the unfortunate inhabitants of Glencoe, which left so indelible a stain upon the character of King William, can at all vie with the following. The garrison of Carrickfergus "issued into an adjacent district called Island Magee, where a number of the poorer Irish resided, unoffending and untainted by the rebellion. If we may believe one of the leaders of this party, thirty families were assailed by them in their beds, and massacred with calm and deliberate cruelty." So says Dr. Leland.

Other authorities make the number of the murdered far more numerous. Not one thousandth part of what could be told has been mentioned of the deplorable means that were taken to annihilate an entire people; yet what has been told is frightful enough. Nothing that was done before comes with such a thrill of horror over the minds of the peasantry at the present day, as the horrifying deeds of that vilest of men, Cromwell. No room for mercy was there in that morose mind; and in sadness and affliction had Ireland long cause to mourn his rule. The slaughter by this demon at Drogheda and Wexford would be incredible if narrated of the most blood-thirsty of Eastern despots, yes, even of Nana Sahib, the Eastern Cromwell, on a small scale, if told previous to the dreadful massacre of Cawnpore, which has damned that wretch's memory to all eternity. Cromwell was twice repulsed in his attack on Drogheda, and on the death of Colonel Wall, the soldiers untimely listened to the offers of quarter held out to such as should lay down their arms. When all had surrendered, however, and Cromwell

had heard that he had all the flower of the Irish army in his power, he issued "orders that no quarter should be given." The soldiers were obliged, often unwillingly, to kill their prisoners; and all the officers, with the exception of a few that somehow escaped, were killed in cold blood. Lord Ormonde, says Cromwell, on this occasion exceeded himself, and anything he had ever heard of, in breach of faith and bloody inhumanity; and that the cruelties exercised there for five days after the town was taken, would make as many several pictures of inhumanity as the Book of Martyrs or the Relation of Amboyna.

It is of the same time and place that Leland says—"A number of ecclesiastics were found within the walls; and Cromwell, as if immediately commissioned to execute divine vengeance on these ministers of idolatry, ordered his soldiers to plunge their weapons into the helpless wretches!" And then this canting scoundrel had the blasphemy to write to his English parliament, giving "to God alone the glory" of the hellish deeds which he had himself enacted; and that parliament appointed a day of thanksgiving for, and sent its approval to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, of the Execution done at Drogheda.

Depopulated by fire and sword, robbed and despoiled of estates, goods, and chattels, but not yet "exterminated," those who submitted did so with transportation as the alternative, and in one year 27,000 men were sent off. Forty thousand of his enemies did Cromwell thus send away to swell the armies of Europe, and to sicken the hearts of foreigners by the recital of his deeds. Anything to get rid of these enemies! It was averred, as quoted by Lingard, that 100,000 were driven from their country, men, women, and children, several thousands of whom were drafted to the West Indies—the husbands were sent to the Continent—the women and children, and those under military age, were sent to perish in the West India Islands. Fire, sword, plague, famine, transportation, all failed to exterminate, and therefore, says Clarendon, an "act of Grace" was resorted to. One half the province of Connaught, beyond the Shannon, "which by the plague and many massacres remained almost desolate," was pointed out to the unhappy Irish, and thence were they to betake themselves by a certain day under penalty of death. Those found in any other part of the kingdom after that

date, man, woman, or child, was to be killed by any one who met them. And then was Ireland pacified, and then did Cromwell's soldiers divide Ireland amongst themselves, the whole County of Tipperary being wisely reserved for the Regicide himself. "He made a wilderness, and called it peace!" Respecting Wexford, hear Dr. Lingard. "No distinction was made between the defenceless inhabitant and the armed soldier; nor could the shrieks and prayers of 300 females, who had gathered round the great cross, preserve them from the swords of these ruthless barbarians. By Cromwell himself the number of slain is reduced to two, by some writers it has been swelled to five thousand!"*

Sufficient has now been written to show how parties were pitted against each other—the one invading, persecuting, and maligning;—the other, for ages, losing, suffering, and indignant. As if to add to the virulence of party, religious differences came on the boards as the consequences of England's Reformation, and the long series of oppressions and confiscations, coming up to the very period, saw, at the time of the Revolution, Ireland all but a conquered country. Within a few short years of that time, the robbery of the natives was of a wholesale character—in the North, South, and centre, more especially. What interest, then, should the Irish have taken in the Stuarts?—those Stuarts who, from the first to the second James, inclusively, showed acts of dissimulation and dishonesty, towards them. Why, with their wounds still bleeding, did they muster their thousands to throw themselves between the outcast of England and his usurping son-in-law?

But a few years before the accession of James to the throne, and in the reign of his brother, the penal laws

* Lord Clarendon says that the subjugation of Ireland by Cromwell and his powerful army, after many years, was accompanied by such bloodshed and rigour, that the sufferings of the nation from the outset to the close of the rebellion have never been surpassed but by those of the Jews in their destruction by Titus! And Hallam says, "To have extirpated the Catholics by the sword, or expelled them like the Moriscoes of Spain, would have been little more repugnant to justice and humanity, but incomparably more politic."

were revived and enforced against the Catholics of Ireland. Their clergy were hunted down and banished, and they who harboured them were visited with fearful punishment. The prohibition of selling Catholics gunpowder, and the disarming of them then took place, and rewards were offered to those informing of persons in the army who were known to have been present during the celebration of Mass, which rewards were meted out according to the rank of the delinquent. The dispersion of Papists, at whatever place assembled, was enforced, and they were not allowed to enter the Castle of Dublin, or any of the great forts or citadels. A rule of extermination was all but preached about seven years before James became King; and it can therefore easily be supposed with what joy a long suffering, and still persecuted people, must have seen a Catholic ruler on the throne of England. The triumph of his cause would doubtless have restored to them their long lost rights, and the free observance of that religion to which they clung with such tenacity. Their taskmasters, on the other hand, must have seen in the triumph of James, the loss of those recently attained estates; and the more especially when the character of extreme violence with which their acquisition took place, was considered. These things will account for the virulence of the struggle which took place. It will also explain the conduct of Richard Talbot, Earl of Tyrconnell, in collecting with all his energy, a Catholic army,—as if where love came from one party in that unfortunate country, hate must proceed from the other. Such was then the melancholy antagonism of parties.

The English people succeeded in their Revolution in their own way—that Revolution while it had its evils had its benefits also—but of its evils only did Ireland participate. It might have been little to her, but for the reasons just given, whether England, in deposing one she called a tyrant, accepted his cold-natured and unheroic son-in-law—for he is no hero of ours.* Yet let us not refuse him

* “William was a fatalist in religion; indefatigable in war; enterprising in politics; dead to all the warm and generous emotions of the human heart; a cold relation, an indifferent husband, a disagreeable man, an ungracious prince, and an imperious sovereign.” Smollett, p. 167.

that meed of praise which is due to the fact that having come from a country where Protestant and Catholic, while observing their different forms of religion, at least lived in amity, he was shocked and disgusted to see the untameable virulence of the Protestant party in Ireland, which marked every step of the Revolution there with blood and slaughter.

The appointment of the noble Talbot to the colonelcy of a regiment was in itself an event of great joy to Ireland. He had long and warmly interested himself in her melancholy affairs—was a Catholic and an Irishman, descended from one of those highborn Anglo-Norman settlers that as before said often showed love to Ireland. “The achievements of this noble family,” says Mr. D’Alton, “are emblazoned in the history of every civilized nation; and, like most of the English aristocracy, they derive their origin from Normandy, claiming as their ancestors in far back time, the Talbots, Barons of Clueville, in the district of Caux.” Richard Talbot was a devoted friend and follower of James, through many an ill-starred day. Selected by Oates as one of his victims, his timely escape to the Continent alone saved him from destruction. Of a noble and commanding form, he had great capabilities and vast experience from early opportunities, and the vice-royalty and dukedom bestowed on him were well merited. If James had only succeeded in his intentions of establishing religious freedom, which intentions he early intimated to Tyrconnel, “The best blood of old and time-honoured families had not been squandered at the Boyne and at Aughrim, in Athlone and Limerick; a gallant population of thousands had not been expatriated, to seek on foreign shores their livelihood and their laurels; the violation of the treaty of Limerick, and the execrable Penal Laws of a hundred years would have been unknown.” (Vol. I. p. 8.) The original of James’ instructions to Tyrconnel is, with many other documents now in the possession of his noble kinsman, Lord Talbot de Malahide, and the paper is given at page 53, vol. I.

Had James’ intentions been of a totally opposite character, it could scarcely have been complained of by those Protestants of the time, who up to the very day, had upheld tyranny of the direst description. From the first day that the king entered Dublin, “the only capital which seemed yet willing to hail him as sovereign,” to “the last struggle

for the defence of Limerick, Tyrconnel evinced his honour and allegiance." Bowed down with age, corpulency and pain of mind, he was seized with a fit of apoplexy on St. Laurence's day, soon after he had done his devotions. His character and abilities were painted differently by different writers—but we agree with Sir Bernard Burke that "his history, like that of his unfortunate country, has been written by the pen of party, steeped in gall," and that if to the two qualities, wit and valour, which he possessed in an eminent degree, "he joined devotion to his country and fidelity to the unfortunate and fated family, with whose exile he began life, and at whose ruin he finished it, it cannot be denied, that in his character the elements of evil were mixed with great and striking good."

One of the most remarkable characters commemorated by our author, was Richard Talbot. Even in the reign of Charles, his representation of the state of things in Ireland was the cause of having many suggestions forwarded to Ormonde for the better government of the council, the magistracy, and the army. And when, as an officer of the Irish army, he had full opportunity, he very soon turned that opportunity to account. The illused power of the Lords Justices was curbed, if not destroyed; the Protestant militia was disarmed, and Catholics were admitted to offices of state and to corporate offices. Everything was Protestant on his arrival in Ireland; and when that is said, it is equivalent to saying that everything was conducted with a tyrannical hatred and injustice towards Catholicity. Talbot made up his mind that no half measures could answer, and that a Catholic people alone were likely to fight effectually for a Catholic king. Arms were therefore put into the hands of the Catholics. The tables were thus turned upon the Protestant party, and that party who had themselves acted so exclusively, had little real foundation for complaint on the grounds that their own tactics were put in force against them. "Ireland for the Irish," seems to have been his motto; for, from a correspondence in the state paper office, his desire is manifest to have none, or next to none, but Irishmen in his army. The impressions of his early years, when he witnessed the devastations by fire and sword, of the murderous Cromwell, shut out all hopes from his mind of aid or mercy from the opposite party. Had his bold game been successful, Ireland might have been spared

many a dreadful pang. So keen were his perceptions and so fully awake was he to his master's interests, that while the intentions of the Prince of Orange were still a secret to James and his ministers, Talbot received from Amsterdam intelligence of his design, of which he apprized the king; by whom, as well as by Sunderland, it was received with derision. Talbot lost no time in opening communications with the King of France; and so energetic was his general conduct that many Protestants left Ireland for England, giving up the game as lost; and others entered the Dutch army, soon to land in Ireland, when they hoped for their revenge. Others again, to the amount of some ten thousand, collected in Ulster, prepared for the contest which was then inevitable. These were composed of the English and Scotch settlers—"aliens in language, in religion, and blood"—from the natives whom they had plundered of estates which they were determined to hold. A well got up, but unfounded rumour of massacre made the Protestants band together more closely; and about this time, of Talbot's Irish army of eight thousand men, one half were in England in order to oppose the Orange invasion; where to say the least they were treated with the greatest cruelty. There were not more than 600 in Dublin. For the great number of nominal Irish regiments enrolled, there were in want of money, clothing, arms, and ammunition; seven or eight thousand muskets being all that could then be got from France; and in money 400,000 crowns. Within one month one hundred thousand had been enrolled, and the knowledge of this prevented the Prince of Orange acting in Ireland without a strong force. In November, 1688, the regiment of Lord Mountjoy officered by Protestants, was ordered up from Derry to Dublin; and the Earl of Antrim's regiment, officered by Catholics, was ordered to replace them; but a fortnight elapsed before this could be accomplished; and to this precious time was Derry indebted for its ability to resist, and to refuse admittance to the regiment on its arrival. This was done by a rising of apprentice boys, who acted against the advice of the mayor, sheriffs, bishop, clergy, and all the well-to-do of the town. Immediately on this was the magazine broken open and arms and ammunition, including those for the use of Antrim's regiment, seized upon, and the Catholic inhabitants expelled. Without one single piece of mounted battering cannon in Ireland; without more than 1,000 out of

the 20,000 stand of arms serviceable, preparations were made to besiege Derry. The month that elapsed between the closing of the gates and the beginning of the siege was well employed by the Derry men; yet so effectual was the siege that at one time the inhabitants suffered the greatest privations. The prices during the last days of the siege were:—A dog's head, 2s 6d; a cat, 4s 6d; a rat, 1s; a mouse, 6d; a pound of salted hides, 1s; a quarter of a dog—"fattened by eating the bodies of the slain Irish," 5s 6d.

Previous to the siege of Derry, Lieutenant-General Richard Hamilton, lately taken prisoner in England, and sent over by William to seduce Tyrconnel, was sent by him to give battle to the Williamites, the small number of 2,500 being all the force that could be placed at his disposal. With these, that able general encountered the enemy, 8,000 strong, at Dromore Iveagh. After a slight resistance the Williamites fled, their cavalry but feebly covering their retreat. They were scattered with terrible slaughter, and the result of the engagement is still known as the rout or "break of Dromore." This was the first time the two armies met. Such was the terror inspired by the runaways that four thousand men at Lisburn turned tail, in which they were ably assisted by the great part of the Northern army, who tarried not till they put sixty good miles between themselves and Dromore. Hamilton pursued them to Coleraine, where they took refuge, but his want of artillery there foiled him. Berwick, de Pusignan, with the different regiments of Bellew, Gormanstown, Moore, Louth, and Nugent, together with the horse of Tyrconnel, Burke, and Galmoy, were sent to his aid, and after some poor fighting on the part of the Williamites, Coleraine was evacuated. A month after the rout of Dromore a force of 10,000 Williamites, strongly posted at Claddyford, were attacked by Berwick and Hamilton with 600 horse and 350 foot. The foot directed their fire well across the river causing the Williamites to retire from the water side, of which the horse taking advantage boldly dashed into the river, headed by Berwick, and gained the opposite bank. The infantry soon crossed the broken arches by planks, and the whole Williamite forces with Lundy at their head, fled to Derry, leaving 400 of their infantry dead. While this was occurring, a similar transaction was taking place at Lifford, under de Rosen; and the Williamites now totally

routed in the field took refuge in Derry. If Derry had then surrendered, as was wished by the council and wealthier inhabitants, the cause of William would have been lost. As it was, famine and privations, borne with manly fortitude, would have caused Derry to succumb, had not the English fleet that rode within sight for forty long days on Lough Foyle, with 2,700 men, and all provisions on board, contrived to reach the town at the last moment. Nearly 2,000 men had then perished in that three months' siege. During the siege, de Rosen was guilty of a most nefarious proceeding, that of driving the relatives of the besieged, men, women, and children, of the surrounding country, under the walls of Derry, in order that by subjecting them there to the pangs and horrors of starvation, the garrison might be induced to surrender. The poor people were thus kept for two days and nights, to the horror and disgust of the Irish Catholic officers and men, who were obliged to obey.

On the 31st of July, de Rosen raised the siege of Derry, and on the same day the men of Inniskillen, certainly with forces superior in numbers and discipline, gained great advantages in two battles, over the Jacobites, headed by Mountcashel, with Hamilton as Major-General. The Williamite forces were favoured, especially in the evening, for Mountcashel's army had suffered much in the morning, 200 of O'Brien's regiment having fallen, while the remainder had lost their arms and *prestige*. Besides, the men were nearly all new levies and raw recruits.

To show to what brutal excesses religious rancour will drive men, it is only necessary to recite facts connected with these two engagements—one immediately following the other. At the battle near Lisnakea, between the army of James, under Anthony Hamilton, brother of Richard, and grandson to the Marquis of Abercorn, as Major-General, and the Williamites, under Colonel Berry, the former fled, and during a run for life of two miles, the unresisting mass was slaughtered promiscuously. A short time afterwards Berry was joined by the forces under Colonel Wolsley, and though the men were without food, they preferred advancing to engage the army before them, under Mountcashel, rather than seek food and rest; and this they did to the cry of "No Popery." The enemies engaged at Newtown-Butler, and in the middle of the fight, through an unfortunate misconception of Lord Mountcashel's orders,

an officer, instead of giving the word "*right face*," by which the men could be brought into the desired position; gave the word "*right about face*," by which all was turned into confusion, and a total panic ensued. A pursuit of the most murderous and disgraceful description ensued, and scenes were enacted by the Orangemen that would have disgraced the most savage of the eastern nations of any age. The unarmed and unresisting fugitives were butchered in the most shocking manner, and so great was the terror of the pursuit, that men, to the amount of 500, closely followed, fled into a wood and plunged into the waters of Lough Erne, as more merciful than their dread pursuers. They there perished. The rest were hunted throughout the entire night, through bush and brake, field and morass, and slaughtered with less compunction than if they had been wild beasts, instead of fellow Christians. The next day was far advanced before these bloodhounds could be recalled from their hideous hunt, while 2,000 of the Irish were slain, and 400, including their brave commander Mountcashel, taken prisoners. The hearts of the pursuers were steeled to mercy—the demon of Orangeism shook his gory locks triumphant; he was satiated. As to the *dictum* of Voltaire and others, that the Irish never fight well at home, it is unworthy of notice. Apart from the circumstances of the case, a nation, like "a house divided against itself" cannot fight as if all were of one mind; and a people, whose mental and physical degradation were the things most sought for through centuries of oppression, as history shows, ought not to be expected by their persecutors, as physiology teaches, to give us the noblest forms of heroism. Yet the Irish fought well. Of the 100,000 collected by Tyrconnel, 50,000 had to be disbanded for want of arms; and yet, England, and the English party in Ireland, could not conquer these people without the aid of Scotchmen, French Huguenots, Danes, and Dutch, with Schomberg, and William himself at their head—and even then their "conquest" was a drawn battle.

William landed at Belfast, on the 14th of June, 1690, where he remained to the 19th, with a force perfect in discipline and wholly devoted to his cause, and with the army of Schomberg and the Irish Protestants, he soon brought up his number to at least 36,000 well-appointed men—veterans in fight. He resolved to make up for the long inaction of his general, who was obliged by De Rosen and

James himself, so long and so disastrously to intrench himself at Dundalk. One of his first commands,—and to the disgrace of England be it spoken—and to the credit of the Dutchman, who was almost the only tolerant and reasonable man among the fanatics which he led,—was that the plundering and wasting of the country which had hitherto been the rule, should no more take place.

On the 29th, James took up an excellent position on the right bank of the Boyne, which river William reached on the 30th, observing on his march that the magnificent panorama before him belonged to a country worth fighting for. Whilst reconnoitering, two field pieces were brought to bear on him, and the first shot killed a man and two horses near to him, whilst the second, a *ricochet*, took a piece out of his uniform, and grazed his shoulder. The report of his death quickly spread. On the 1st of July the Williamites were early stirring, as were also their opponents, and the slaughter soon commenced. The entire of James' army consisted, according to the most reliable authorities, of 20,000 men, for we cannot include the garrison of Drogheda, which was not engaged, and this army had been newly raised, and were but a fortnight mustering in their quarters. They were well officered. 3,000 of these were French, and the remainder sent by Louis, were made up of Germans, Swedes, Danes, English, and Scotch. It was said that James, as if in anticipation of the day's result had sent baggage and cannon to the rear, in order to clear the ground, or as is said, to prepare for a run. In any case such a proceeding could only result in depressing the courage of his forces at the most critical moment. The left wing of his army, after a smart fight with the horse, foot, and artillery of General Douglas, was turned, Douglas reaching the right bank of the Boyne; while the Dutch guards, wading across, were welcomed with terrific volleys by the Irish, who occupied every available spot. They reached the right bank, however, and forming into line, advanced into the open fields, where they were furiously met by the Irish horse, but regiment after regiment came to their assistance and the Irish retired. The cavalry divisions, led by Berwick, Tyrconnel, and Hamilton, did all that brave men could do, but numbers superior to them, and better disciplined, left them no choice. In one of these cavalry charges, led by the brave Hamilton, the Danes and French Protestants

rushed again into the river, nor rested till they gained the opposite bank, but they were rallied by old Schomberg, who was immediately after killed by a shot through the neck. A part of Tyrconnel's regiment charged that of La Mel-lioner's with such impetuosity, that they rode right through all those who had landed, to the water's edge. William, at the head of his Dutch Guards and Inniskilleners, was more than once placed in jeopardy, and driven back by the Irish horse and De Lauzun's French troops, and at one time turned and fled; but Ginkel coming up, the centre after several desperate encounters, was forced. James, careless of his rear, which was looked to by Tyrconnel and Lauzun, was the first to start off through the defile of Duleek. He got to Dublin that night, reached Duncannon by sunrise next morning, and embarked for France—leaving a token of deep ingratitude in Dublin as he passed: Thus did he run away with a whole skin from the brave men who gave up all to declare for him; and this act causes him to be still remembered by a name more unsavoury than complimentary, which cannot be repeated here. The words "coward," and "poltroon," convey no adequate idea of the contempt which it is intended to express. Here were slain the Earl of Carlingford, Lord Dongan, son of the Earl of Limerick, Sir Neal O'Neal, the Marquis d'Hoquincour, Sir Charles Tate, &c. "Change kings with us," was the melancholy expression of Sarsfield, "and we will fight the battle again with you." The retreat to Duleek was conducted with great skill by Berwick, Lauzun, Tyrconnel, and Galmoy, who, like all the officers throughout the fight, were remarkable for deeds of heroic daring. "We charged, and recharged," says Berwick, "ten times," yet great confusion was inevitable owing to the determined flight of James and his scattered forces. After a cruel pursuit the Jacobites rested a few hours, and with early dawn set off for Dublin. Storey, the English chaplain, says of the brave Williamites—"Few or none of the men escaped that came into their hands, for they shot them like hares among the corn, and in the hedges, as they found them on the march. Drogheda was the next day summoned to surrender to a force of three regiments of horse, two of dragoons, and ten of infantry, with eight pieces of cannon. These men plundered the peasantry in the most disgraceful manner. The garrison viewed the flight of their friends the day before. The governor saw it was useless to

hold out, being assured if he did so no quarter should be given. The garrison accordingly surrendered, and the men, to the amount of 1,300, without their arms, marched to Athlone. They had not above 700 fire arms in the place, and the walls were unsound and unequal to a siege. Dublin was secured for William; Waterford and Dungarven were reduced; but the heroic Colonel Grace boldly garrisoned Athlone, and caused Douglas to raise the siege.

Tyrconnel issued orders to the leading officers to turn off when near Dublin, and march for Limerick; and here they were joined by detached parties and even isolated stragglers, who all, as if by one mind, sought that place.

William himself was equally unsuccessful at Limerick which he invested on the 9th of August, and where a breach was opened on the 17th. The assault was repulsed, and he himself again narrowly escaped death by a cannon ball. Fresh batteries were thrown up; trenches were advanced; fresh breaches were made, and the counterscarp was carried, but his men were forced back again and again with great loss, and he was obliged to raise the siege on the 30th, and return to England.

On the 18th of June, 1691, Ginkel besieged Athlone, and after a repulse on the bridge, attended with considerable slaughter, he resolved to ford the Shannon. His intention was perceived by Sarsfield, who communicated his suspicions to St. Ruth, whose egotistic reply was, that he dare not do it while he himself was so near. The attempt, however, was made, and successfully; the following morning, in the face of a terrible and well-directed fire, both of artillery and musketry. This rash confidence of St. Ruth lost the place, which was quickly evacuated, and Aughrim sought as the next best point to stand. Ginkel attacked St. Ruth there on the 12th of July, and was repulsed with great loss at the pass of Urrachree, but strong reinforcements coming up, he soon advanced both on the left and right. During this time the Irish lined the hedges and ditches; and the horse, both French and Irish, were posted behind. Both fought with the greatest bravery. The troops being thus called off to the wings, St. Ruth's centre was weakened, and this Ginkel resolved to attack. He did so, while the French and Irish taking advantage of every favourable place, fought with determined bravery. The castle of Aughrim, as well as two old Danish forts, kept up a well sustained fire. The Williamite centre was

driven back to the very edge of the bog, and St. Ruth exultingly exclaimed that he would then drive them to the Gates of Dublin. Strong reinforcements again arriving, the Irish had to ascend the hill, and in the heat of this contest he was killed by a cannon ball. As mentioned elsewhere, he did not communicate his plan of battle to his second in command, and the error was disastrous. There was now no settled plan of battle, and no bravery could avail against disciplined troops. The French, on seeing their general killed, began to retreat. In this movement the Irish horse followed, and the top of Kilcommedan hill was gained. They were pursued, and driven from the heights. The most heartless slaughter was committed by the English on their unresisting fellow-subjects. The English army must have been at least 25,000, that of the Irish 14 or 15,000. Numbers of the wounded were massacred—among the rest 2,000 soldiers, without their arms, and asking for quarter, were barbarously put to death. It was computed that 4,000 of the Irish army was here killed and wounded, while Parker, an English officer, states the Williamites' loss at 3,000.

Again was Limerick to show its gallantry. Sarsfield, ever brave, active, and watchful, collected his flying hosts, and resolved again to bid defiance to the enemies of his king from that city from which William had before to retire discomfited. On the 26th of August Ginkel invested Limerick, but the 22nd of September arrived before he could open his trenches effectually, and during this time some terrible encounters took place.

On the 1st of October, a surrender was proposed, and acceded to by Ginkel and the Lords Justices; granting to the besieged all the honours of war—terms which none but those who fought nobly and honourably could hope for—terms by which the valour of the besieged was implied—terms granted to persons equal in bravery, though second in success. Limerick was delivered up on a treaty—this treaty was afterwards shamefully violated by the winning party. The garrison marched out with all the honours of war, arms and baggage, and of the 15,000 constituting the garrison, 10,000 entered the service of the French king. These men were afterwards known, the bravest of the brave, on many a well-contested field—often turning the day against the English forces—as “the Irish Brigade.”

The names of men and families of high and heroic

repute, who are commemorated in this publication are so numerous that we can only hurriedly glance at some of them, again strongly recommending the work as full of genealogical and historical notices of about 600 families, the ancient aristocracy of Ireland. Connected with this we beg to point out as of peculiar interest (vol. I. p. 33) a classified list of those gentry of the several counties of Ireland in 1690 that King James appointed to carry out an assessment on a commission issued for applotting £20,000 per month on personal estates and the benefit, of trade and traffic, "according to the ancient custom of this kingdom used in time of danger." We may here, also, *en passant*, notice the flippant remark of Lord Macaulay, who had but too great a tendency to turn history into fiction. He says that the army of King James was composed of cobblers, tailors, butchers, or footmen. He had no proofs for such an assertion, and had he not been on his death-bed when Mr. D'Alton sought an explanation, there can be little doubt he would, with the proofs which could be given, have honourably recalled the assertion. Catholic Ireland was poor, owing to centuries of oppression, but yet she showed no want of a noble spirit when called on to defend her lawful sovereign; and the hero-worship of such a man as William should not have caused Lord Macaulay to do so great an injustice to Ireland in face of the fact that six of the colonels in King James' army, and five of the captains were peers, and that the other officers were the sons of peers, baronets, or heads of the oldest families—"as long as they had anything to inherit." Indeed such an assertion might have been made with more truth of the followers of Cromwell and William. If it had not been for the tailors and cobblers—"the apprentice boys" of Derry, the gates would not have been closed; as such a proceeding was against the wishes of the better class of citizens—those who had something to lose.

The author gives an interesting account of the Duke of Berwick, the illegitimate son of the King by Arabella Churchill, sister to the Great Duke of Marlborough, from the time of his entering, at the age of fifteen, the service of the Emperor of Germany, through many a well-fought field, till his death, as Marshal, Duke, and Peer of France, at the siege of Philipsburgh, in Baden, in 1734. In 1686 he distinguished himself at the siege of Buda, and

subsequently at Essech and Mochals. In 1687 his father's troubles caused him to be recalled to England, when he was created Baron of Bosworth, Earl of Tinmouth and Duke of Berwick. At the end of 1688, being warmly received by Louis XIV., he embarked with his father for Ireland, and commenced his struggle there, being first sent off to strengthen General Richard Hamilton in his design on Coleraine, as well as to sound the feelings of the people of Derry, of whose anxiety to receive the king he formed an ill-grounded opinion. Berwick remained before Derry with a force of 6000 men and only six guns, the garrison numbering 10,000, with from twenty to thirty pieces of cannon, subsequently aided by an English fleet of thirty sail, that had long remained skulking about, but then brought help with all the munitions of war. A horse was shot under him near Cavan: another at the Battle of the Boyne, and he distinguished himself in guarding the right bank of the Shannon, at the siege of Limerick by King William in person, by preventing the English from investing or even sending detachments to that side, although the river was fordable in many places. He there commanded the Irish cavalry, 3,500 strong. After Tyrconnel's departure for France, he made an ill-judged and unsuccessful attempt on the Castle of Birr, which caused great discouragement. He was then but twenty-one years of age. In 1691 he left Ireland, and served with the French army in Flanders; and in 1693 he was taken prisoner by his uncle, at the battle of Landen, but was soon after exchanged for the Duke of Ormonde. He subsequently married the widow of the noble Sarsfield, the Lady Honora de Burgh, daughter of the seventh Earl of Clanricarde. He piously and devotedly attended his father during his last moments, and after that event, in 1701, he placed himself "at the head of the Irish infantry regiment, and distinguished himself in the Italian Campaign of that year; when his, with Galmoy's, Burke's, and Dillon's regiments of foot, and Sheldon's horse, formed part of the army that was led on by the Duke of Savoy, at the engagement of Chiari. In 1703 his regiment was incorporated in the brigade of Piedmont, and actively engaged in its conflicts." "In 1705," says O'Connor, "Berwick's regiment, together with Burke's and Fitzgerald's, was engaged in all the battles which marked the valour and

skill of the two great commanders, Eugene and Vendome, who headed the united armies." The brigade thus concentrated, was commanded by Brigadier-General Walter Burke, and did wonderful execution at the battle on the Retorto and Adda, which the above author describes as "the fiercest contest that occurred during the seventeenth century." A second battalion was formed, and in 1706 performed important services in Spain. At the battle of Almanza Berwick led his cavalry and utterly broke the mixed line of the allies, and turned the tide against them. In the same year, (1707) at the siege of Lerida, one of the strongest fortresses in Europe, Burke's, Dillon's, and Berwick's regiments were greatly distinguished; and finally mounted the trenches of the captured fortress and citadel. The next year Berwick's, with Crofton's "Irish Dragoons," in the service of Spain, formed part of the besieging army at Tortosa. These celebrated regiments served in Spain in 1709, and in Savoy in 1711. In 1733 Berwick was again called into action, but was killed in the year following, as before mentioned. He left issue by the wife mentioned above, and his present lineal representative is married to a sister of the Empress of the French.

We now turn for a moment to Sarsfield or de Sarsfield, Earl of Lucan, a member of an ancient Anglo Norman family long settled in Ireland; a soldier of most noble bearing, and a patriot to whose memory the head and heart of Ireland still beats lovingly. The family held high position and large estates in Ireland. Early in the Irish campaign, a young soldier of high promise, he was stationed at Sligo for the defence of Connaught from the Ulster adherents of William, and was subsequently sent to maintain Athlone, about which time he was spoken of by the Count D'Avaux, in a letter to the minister of war in France, as a man of the greatest merit and promise. He was at the Battle of the Boyne, and he and Berwick were next in command at the first siege of Limerick, under Major-general Boisseleau. With a troop of horse he made a nightly exit from the city, and surprised a convoy that was conducting ammunition and provisions to the besiegers. He spiked their cannon and exploded their ammunition. The Irish on this occasion took eight pieces of heavy battering cannon, of which two were eighteen, and six twenty-four pounders, five mortars, with twenty-four carriages, one hundred and fifty-three wagons of artillery-ammunition,

twelve carts laden with biscuit, eighteen tin boats for the passage of rivers; four hundred draft horses, and one hundred troopers' horses, fully accoutred with pistols, &c, at the saddle bow. By the time King William raised the siege of Limerick, he lost, according to the accounts from his own side, 2,148 men between killed and wounded.

High honours were conferred upon him by King James; and these honours were acknowledged by the English; for in the treaty of Limerick he was styled Earl of Lucan. He was at the battle of Aughrim, and it is taken for granted that had it not been for the narrowmindedness of St. Ruth, the brave Frenchman in command, the result would have been very different. St. Ruth, imprudently, but like a soldier who measures his enemies and knows his men, kept his plans for the engagement to himself; but being killed early in the battle, he left an army without a head. Sarsfield had no special orders,—it was impossible on such an emergency to reconstruct a plan of engagement, and the battle was lost. Yet to no braver man than to St. Ruth, could the French king of that day have entrusted a command.

When Sarsfield landed at Brest, with a large portion of the 19,054 Irishmen, then expatriated, he was appointed by King James to the command of the second troop of "Irish Horse Guards;" and during the short remainder of his life, he addressed letters to those in power in England, showing the displeasure of the French monarch "that the articles of the Capitulation of Limerick had not been duly performed; and requiring that the delay in so doing should be immediately removed. In 1692 he was ordered to join the French army in Flanders;—having then the command of the troops destined for the invasion of England. In the next year he fell gloriously, heading a French division, at the battle of Landen;—with his last breath exclaiming, as the heart's blood flowed fast, and life ebbed away, "Oh! that this were for Ireland!" We regret that by a strange contrast this honoured name should have been disagreeably mixed up with the exploits of Garibaldi.

In our inability to enter into further details we can only add that our author's sketches of the following are particularly commendable:—Lord Trimbleston and the Barnewall family, vol. I, p. 117 to 124. The Earl of Abercorn and the princely family of Hamilton who claim descent from Bernard, of the blood-royal of Saxony, kinsman of

Rolla the great duke of Normandy: p. 179 to 196:—Lord Dunsany and the Plunketts, p. 219 to 225:—the O'Sulivans, p. 260 to 269:—Purcells p. 272 to 278—Geoghegans p. 296 to 307:—Hurleys, p. 321 to 327:—Nettervilles, p. 330 to 333:—O'Bryans p. 352 to 362:—Lysaghts p. 373 to 378:—Tyrrells 393 to 399:—Roche 81-7:—O'Ferrals 406 to 413:—D'Altons p. 418 to 427. And here let us pause for a moment, out of respect to the gifted author, who has placed this rich list before us, in order to show that he also belongs to those noble families who came to Ireland at the period of the invasion by Henry II. The first of the family who came to England fled from France, as tradition asserts, in consequence of having secretly married the daughter of Louis king of France. The family early obtained large possessions in Ireland, and founded and enriched many religious houses. In the army of James the name figures creditably; and on the eve of the war it is said they raised a considerable body of horse for his service. The different attainders include many of the name; and in the different courts of Europe their descendants will be recognized. The records of Vienna will bear witness—were it required—by *Maria Theresa*, how high the "Chevalier D'Alton" was thought of, and how his families' antecedents were recognized as a "very ancient stock in Ireland."

In vol. II, let us call the same attention to the families of Fagan pp. 16, &c. and 331 &c. Taffe's p. 48 to 53:—O'Tooles 63 to 68:—Macarthy's p. 96 to 106 and 115 to 120:—Fitzpatrick p. 120 to 128:—Mc.Donnell p. 171 to 171:—Mc.Guire p. 176 to 183:—O'Donnell, (as more especially interesting) p. 183 to 200:—Dillon p. 243 to 255:—Mc.Dermot p. 273 to 279:—Browne 317 to 323:—Goold p. 335 to 339:—Mc.Quillan (very interesting) p. 356 to 360:—O'Cahane (yet more interesting) p. 361 to 369:—Lacy p. 386 to 394:—Esmonde p. 395 to 399:—Fitz Gerald p. 418 to 425:—Eustace p. 404 to 450:—Wogan p. 450 to 454:—Hussey p. 457 to 462:—Nugent p. 470 to 477:—O'Mahony p. 499 to 504:—Conry p. 540 to 547:—Shauley p. 547 to 553:—O'Mulloy p. 554 to 557:—Grace, from the great Norman Raymond, p. 565 to 569:—Gafney, (historic and graphic) p. 585 to 590:—Mac Mahon p. 594 to 600:—O'More p. 606 to 612:—O'Neill p. 625 to 636 (and in other parts of the work):—O'Keefe p. 643 to 648:—O'Donovan p. 709 to 721:—Mac Elligott

p. 736 to 742:—O'Reilly p. 746 to 753:—with that of St. Ruth p. 781, &c.:—and three of the Chevers' family p. 785, &c.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I.—*Undercurrents Overlooked*. By the Author of "Flemish Interiors," "Realities of Paris Life," &c. in two vols. London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1860.

Were "*Undercurrents Overlooked*" not written in the full persuasion that it is able to offer a remedy for the deep-lying evils it brings to light, it would be worse than a useless book. Since out of motives of mere curiosity we have no right to break up the surface of society, in order to trace out the undercurrents of evil, or to lay bare to the public gaze the hidden sources of corruption. We offend against charity, if, without sufficient reason, we make known the faults of our neighbours, and against patriotism if we lessen, to no purpose, the reputation of our country. Not to gratify a senseless curiosity, not to while away the idle hour of a casual reader, but from a deep sense of the duty, which an English Catholic, more especially if a convert, owes to his Protestant countrymen, the author of "*Undercurrents*" has undertaken the by no means grateful task of showing to Englishmen the faults of their country and to Protestants the helplessness of their various religions, established or otherwise, to provide a remedy for the grave social evils of our common country. To hold the mirror up to nature, to catch a reflex of the national character, so as to satisfy by its distinctness the understanding, without wounding by its truthfulness the self-love of the susceptible reader, was the object the author had in view, in writing "*Undercurrents Overlooked*". The graphic and graceful ease of its style, the utter absence of all "priggishness," nay, a liveliness which sometimes

borders on the grotesque, but which on proper occasions, but not oftener, is succeeded by a gravity becoming the subject, or by an eloquent outburst of indignation or pity, too real in its expression to be assumed, combine to make "Undercurrents" a most readable book. No work of the kind would have been more popular with the reading public of England, were it not that Catholic institutions and Catholic charity, and the presence of the Catholic Church itself, were suggested, rather than shown to be the sole effectual remedy for the social disorders and neglect under which the poor and the ignorant labour, in the large manufacturing towns and mining districts of the country. Agricultural life, we may also remark, is not free from reproach. The overcrowded state of the labourers' cottages is productive of evils as great as are to be found in cities, and loudly calls for redress. The suggested remedy to the practical heathenism, which is so rapidly undermining the ground-work of society, is however the stumbling-block to Protestant criticism. The contrast set up between the successful working of Catholic institutions among the labouring classes of Paris, and the failure of Protestantism in its relations with the poor in England, is the motive for the unconcealed hostility of the great "autocrat of the book-trade," who has so recently been hauled over the coals in the "Guardian" and elsewhere, for his stupid system of nonconformist favouritism, as well as the cause for the indignation of many an illiberal Protestant critic. Hinc illæ lacrymæ, hence the crocodile tears of the "Saturday Review," with which, in maiden bashfulness, it deplored that the author of "Undercurrents Overlooked" should so far have forgotten the proprieties of life, as to have plunged into the dens of London iniquity, and instead of painting these fearful scenes in "couleur de rose," should have preferred to have given them the dark and inky hue of real life, thus blotting the fair evangelizing fame of Protestantism. The surmise in which the "Saturday Review" indulges, that these scenes of real life were borrowed from the imagination, is another evidence of hasty judgment, inasmuch as we are able to vouch from personal knowledge for the graphic truthfulness of the life-like descriptions in "Undercurrents." For we ourselves often accompanied the author in pilgrimages to the "far off East," or witnessed in the homes of the poor endeavours as persevering to

become familiar with their needs and with the sources of their misfortune or of their guilt. How much truer is the knowledge gathered from personal contact, how much sounder the judgment thus acquired by the author, and how much more valuable such an opinion, than are the hasty conclusions of the writer in the "*Saturday Review*," who, closeted in his study, suffering, if we may hazard a guess, from "clerical pique," disputes facts, denies deductions, and is content to let the poor and the outcasts of society take their chance, so long as he may offer up, undisturbed by such writers as the author of "*Undercurrents*," his grain of incense to the national and established Protestantism, and to cry out at appointed times, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

In "*Undercurrents*" as well as in the "*Realities of Paris Life*," an earlier work from the same hand, the author, disregarding "Mrs. Malaprop's" intimation that "comparisons are odoriferous," has drawn striking contrasts between the poor and suffering classes of Paris and London, between the social state of the two countries, and between the remedies brought to bear on the disorders and the corruption which prevail alike in each city. The writer shows with what unwearying perseverance the Catholic Church has borne up against the fearful tide of unbelief, with what masterful charity she has endeavoured to overwhelm in its very sources the degradation and guilt, which have ever made the turbulent masses of Paris the dread and scourge of society in every succeeding revolution. The religious associations, the charitable confraternities, with the hold they have upon the suffering classes of the one country, are compared with the Poor-law arrangements and the Workhouse system of the other. If in these contrasts the balance should somewhat too often, for our self-love, incline in favour of Paris, we must yet remember that the social and religious character of the working classes is chiefly concerned in these comparisons. It would be a hardihood of patriotism amounting, indeed, to an egregious national vanity, were we to contend that the social and moral disorders of the poor, which religion alone knows how to heal, were better treated in London than in Paris.

The self-denying ministers of charity, the living followers of the poverty of Christ, the numerous religious orders, the Brother of St. Vincent de Paul, the Sister of Charity, the confraternities and associations for visiting

the poor, instructing the ignorant, reclaiming those that have gone astray, are means of grace and divine instruments which are carrying out with visible success the work of regeneration in Paris; but where in London is a counterpart to such labours to be sought? Is the munificence and liberality of our English generosity, which fills the columns of the "Times" with subscription lists and splendid donations, as often as the public attention is aroused, and its aid invoked to alleviate some crying misery, some portentous evil, or some heart-rending case of distress, to be reckoned as an equivalent to the personal charity, to the individual superintendence and to the constant daily visits, which men and women, living in the great or busy world of Paris, find time and feel it their duty to afford to the haunts of poverty and crime?

We manage these matters differently in England, and in a manner, we must confess, more agreeable to the selfishness of our nature. Indeed, we know of the poor only by hearsay, and we do charity by deputy. We pay six millions in poor-rates, and never care to enquire how that large sum is spent, and what are its results.

"Can we imagine," says our author, "a picture of human woe more sad, more depressing, more desperate than that we meet within the walls of a workhouse?" Is it not the ultimate degree to which can be aggravated the afflictions of penury? We can scarcely enter one of those half-prisons, half poor-houses, without exclaiming: "Surely pauperism is the very quintessence of poverty!" And we mentally add, "Ought these things to be so? *Must* the last feeble days of the aged and destitute poor *necessarily* be so miserable?" Those who have visited Catholic institutions and dwelt in Catholic countries, can boldly answer, "No!" For they have witnessed, not in theory alone, but in practice, the working of a system as ancient as that Church which gave it birth, and can testify to its continued efficiency in every case where it has been left free to act upon its own principle of love and charity, and voluntary service. When we recal the hospitable refuges of Rome, of Spain, of Germany, of Flanders, of France, of every spot where the love of the Church has planted an asylum, and the zeal of religious orders has peopled it; when we recollect the cheerful aspect of the place, the generous welcome which greets the inmates, the care with which they are tended, the attention paid to their spiritual

and temporal need, the active sisters, the devoted chaplain, the daily mass, the open chapel, the tranquil walls adorned with holy emblems and suggestive pictures, the atmosphere of kindness and charity which prevails and influences the whole community—we ask ourselves, nay, we ask every one, if the imagination of man can conceive a more striking antithesis than that which this description offers to the parish workhouse!" Again, listen to what this writer says on the favourable contrast which the prison offers to the workhouse, so much so as to make it almost appear that the pauper is a greater offender in the eyes of the administrators of the law than the criminal. "We remember," says the author of "*Undercurrents*," "hearing paupers singing litanies over the wash-tub at the poor-house of La Cambre, at Ixelles, in Belgium. In England we should be less surprised to hear them muttering curses against the overseers. It is true, as we have already stated in another work on prisons, that on the Continent generally, criminals are not *pampered* as they are in England,—they are fed as criminals should be, wholesomely and sufficiently, but no more; and therefore doubtless a foreign prison forms a striking contrast to an English prison. But we doubt whether an English workhouse would oppose any contrast at all to a foreign prison; we rather suspect they would be found about on a par. In some respects the workhouse *is* a prison, but it presents perhaps the most severe form of prison life—it has all the severity, without any of the discipline. It is easy to ask why distressed persons do not apply to the workhouse? Who would enter there, if they could help it? Are not the poor deterred in every possible way, and besides, as we have shown above, when—pressed by absolute starvation—they do solicit relief, how often do they obtain it? A great English writer of the present day has truly said: "The felon is the predilect object of public charity in England, while it is the poor who claims the sympathy of his fellow-men abroad."

We only wish that those writers who have filled Italian dungeons with fictitious horrors, would cast their eyes upon the workhouses at home; what need for improvements, moral and physical, would they not discover: what hardships, what cruelty, what injustice! They would see men whose only crime is their poverty, deprived of the consolations of religion, debarred of the opportunity of wor-

shipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, they would learn that children, perhaps the orphan children of those who fell in defence of their country, are taught, in a refinement of cruelty, to revile the faith of their fathers. Have these writers of the press no eloquence to spare from alleged Italian misdoings for an abuse much nearer home—the abuse of their power by the guardians of the poor? When the religious liberty of Catholic paupers is however concerned, why is the voice of the English Press, so outspoken on freedom abroad, so completely and so universally silent? Before England preaches a crusade of universal liberty abroad, she ought at least to be just to her Catholic subjects at home, even though they be paupers, prisoners, or workhouse children.

In this brief notice of "*Undercurrents Overlooked*," we have been obliged from want of space to confine our remarks to one aspect of the work, and chiefly limit our attention to the chapter on *Workhouses and Municipal Relief*. It is, however, but fair to add, that in the two volumes there are many chapters of equal interest. In the first chapter, the author carefully examines into the "social condition of the lower orders," and remarks upon the general deterioration of their morals, and especially on the cruelty so often now-a-days practised by parents towards their children. The opinion of Mr. Wakley, the coroner, is then quoted as trustworthy evidence on this subject, to prove the alarming increase of child-murder. "I again say," repeats the Coroner, "that I believe there are hundreds and hundreds of murdered children in the grave-yards of this metropolis alone." "Here is a pretty state of things," he adds, "and it is the same, I believe, all over the kingdom."

The writer then enters into some recent statistics on drunkenness. "No fewer than 85,472 persons were charged last year with drunkenness, and of these nearly 52,000 were convicted." And then proceeds to show how much more common this vice has become in women than formerly. After some interesting observations on the tyranny of middle-class employers, and on the deplorable condition of factory children, the writer next describes the dwellings of the poor in the close and crowded alleys and courts—the miserable and unwholesome room, with its numerous occupants, the roofless garrets, the cellar with its dampness, the yard with its effluvia; these wretched and crowded

dwelling-places, not only destroy the health, but corrupt the morals of the poor. The number of the inhabitants occupying the "2,208 rooms, which Dr. Letheby visited officially in 1857, was 5,791, composing 1,576 families." "One house," Dr. Letheby more especially mentions, "in which reside forty-eight men, seventy-three women, and fifty children." It is not necessary to enter into details, "I consider it my bounden duty," Dr. Letheby concludes, "not to mask these fearful facts, not only because this state of things perpetuates fever and organise disorder, but also because it develops a moral pestilence far more frightful, and prepares for society a generation of men deprived of every instinct of morality, and ready to commit every outrage which misery and degradation can inspire."

"Perhaps it is not generally known," observes our author, in the conclusion of the first chapter, "that it is now some years since model lodging-houses, supplying many comforts to the poor, were established in Rome at the expense of the Pope."

The second and third chapters contrast in vivid colours the "London Sabbath," with the Continental Sunday. The subject and its treatment we are sure will at once arrest the attention of all readers. We need only observe that in the latter chapter the religious associations of Paris, such as the "*Oeuvre de la Sainte Famille*," are described by one who evidently is familiar with their working, and that the characters and religious activity of such holy men as P. Milléroit and Monseigneur de Segur, are depicted with the detailed and graphic power of a keen appreciation. The two next chapters are occupied with the pastimes of the people in Paris and London. We only regret we have not space to give our readers an idea of the amusing and characteristic differences which are so well portrayed. The chapter which follows, on Workhouses and Municipal Relief, we have already noticed; then comes an important chapter on Pauper Lunatic Asylums, full of interest and of curious and instructive matter. These singular and able sketches of many things, both in Paris and London, of which we were ignorant, and of some with which we were before familiar, and in which, after this perusal, our interest is agreeably increased, conclude with a chapter on Preaching in England and France. The characteristics of the gifted Dominican, Père Lacordaire, are brought out with great exactness, and the requisites of a good preacher

are well illustrated by P. Felix, P. Reculon, and other French popular orators, and in England by that "master at once of eloquence and knowledge, Cardinal Wiseman."

II.—*May Templeton: A tale of Faith and Love.* Revised and Edited by the Author of "Eastern Hospitals and English Nurses."

There is too great a dearth of English Catholic novelists, to allow of any severe criticism on the few good works of fiction we can truly call our own. Of Catholic light literature, may be said most correctly, that it is essentially "slow." Praise then and thanks be to those who have endeavoured to infuse a little life into us by any effort of their imagination; who have struggled with more or less success, to keep on a par with the story-tellers of the day. "*May Templeton*" is evidently a first effort; its very freshness is its characteristic beauty. There is a world of the genuine, warm, true feeling, that gushes from a young and enthusiastic pen. In the composition of the story, we cannot overlook many faults—irregularity and unconnectedness:—transitions from one scene to another, far too frequent and abrupt. But several of the characters are well drawn, the conversations sensible and well sustained; and, what is better still, our interest in the heroine is kept up very unflaggingly. In her pictures of life in various classes, she has succeeded admirably. In particular, we refer to the professional life through which *May Templeton* passes. Her appearance as

"A hired singer! in a London ball-room—earning her mother's bread!

"The feeling of degradation subsided. The demon, pride, fled, scared and defeated, from her heart, as with a smile, she arose,—crossed the crowded room unescorted, and, with child-like grace, took her seat at the instrument, pressing softly to her bosom an image ever hanging concealed there. May was no longer alone—no longer forgotten! She spoke and was replied to in accents softer and yet more distinct than any near her. She listened and was listened to by an untiring ear; 'she loved and was beloved again!' The lowliness—the cold neglect—the impertinent curiosity—were all forgotten, ere the first notes of her voice sent a hush through the apartments, and every eye was turned towards the piano, while the

conversation subsided into a lulled whispered enquiring of 'Who is she?—professional!—you don't say so!—I should never have thought it!—What an uncommon-looking face!'"

The deep pathos and feeling of the author's mind come out touchingly in the last scenes between May and her brother Algernon. She is watching the little fellow through his last night on earth.

"To please him she went to open it, (the window) while the other watcher beside Algie's bed unfolded his wings. The stars shone lustrously enough outside, but May saw them not. She returned swiftly to the bed, though not swiftly enough, for Algernon was gasping—struggling for breath—his hands clenching the bed-clothes—every feature convulsed with agony. Seek not—wish not—ask not to retain him here.—'Suffer my little children to come unto me, nor attempt by one wild prayer to keep them from my bosom.' So spake a voice to her soul. A voice well-known and well-beloved, for the sheep never mistake His voice; and, though in broken trembling tones, she hastened to obey. The angel watchers knelt beside her. 'Go forth, O Christian soul.....may thy place be this day in peace, and thy abode in Holy Zion;' but the child's agony ceased not. It was fearful to behold; he moaned with pain; while the glazed eyeballs, a moment before almost unearthly in their beauty, appeared to start from the socket. What could mother's or sister's love avail now, when even prayer seemed baffled beneath the power of sin's last dread enemy—and yet, must he part from her thus? That were surely too terrible.

"The boy's last chanted words that Easter morning flew to May's lips, and, unknown to herself, found utterance: 'Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi; dona nobis pacem—pacem—dona nobis pacem.' It was over—the struggle and the agony. Algernon started up; the voice was ringing as of old; 'O May, how bright it is! The sun is rising. See, May, see—my pain is gone. O May, how beautiful! how glorious! Look, May—look—look—look!'

"Her eyes followed involuntarily the direction of the small uplifted hand, but nothing was visible. The room was quite dark, except from the faint glimmer of the candle in the distance. She turned back to soothe Algie and hush him to rest. The child's sudden movement had deceived her; but he was no longer there—hushing no longer needed. Her 'singing bird' had flown home; only its pretty fragile cage lay on the pillow. The small ten years captive had gone to learn a new 'Agnus Dei,' in the choir whose song is never ended, and yet never weary, and to help to wave the thuribles of undying incense before the altar of the Eternal Easter, among the acolytes who serve the perpetual High Mass up there.

"May shed no tears. The smile on the parted lips forbade all weeping. 'I in patria,' 'thou in exile,' was their language now—mute, yet positive."

"May Templeton" may be placed in any young person's hand with safety, and may be read by all with profit. The higher and nobler feelings of the human heart are brought into play, whilst vice is placed in a truly abhorrent light. "Nicely written" is what can with truth be said of it as a whole; and though the author does not compete with an Edgworth or an Austen, she has the promise of being a valuable addition to the scanty number of Catholic novelists; and, in launching on the world her maiden efforts under such favourable auspices, she has shown what may and ought to be done for the English Catholic library of fiction and romance.

III.—*The United Irishmen; their Lives and Times.* By Richard B. Madden. Third Series. London: Dolman, 1860.

We are not acquainted with the earlier series of this work; the volume before us contains the lives of the two Emmetts and Dr. McNevin, with a quantity of miscellaneous information, bearing upon the character of these brave, unhappy men, and upon the wretched history of the times they lived in. To this, the second edition, have been added various papers, more or less valuable, but all authentic, since they were derived from the eldest son of Thomas Addis Emmett, the elder of the two brothers, and in many respects the superior man. His conduct during the rebellion was characterized by prudence as well as courage; he saw the moment when the enterprise of the "United Irishmen" became hopeless, and endeavoured to make terms with government in order to stop the effusion of blood, and in so doing he acted with sagacity and good faith; that government did not keep faith with him, is to say only that it *was* the government of Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh. The result of the unfair dealing used to him by the English government, (which found some excuse, we must admit, in the bad feeling of the American minister,) was, that he and others spent four years in prison before the commencement of their exile to America, if exile it can be called; certainly the banishment from their country

was an occasion of deep pain to men who held a good position there, and passionately loved it, and who were to leave behind them dear friends whom they were never to see again; still America afforded to most of them a happy and prosperous life;—to Emmett especially. He went to the bar, rose to the top of his profession, reared a large family in honour, and died amidst the universal regrets of his fellow-citizens, leaving such a name for worth, talent, and usefulness, as might well make England blush that she should thus have driven such a man—and, alas! many as good as he—from her shores, by her fanatical misgovernment. In America Dr. McNevin also found shelter. His career was very similar to that of Thomas Emmett; they were united in Ireland in the same society, shared the same imprisonment, and cementing their friendship in America by an alliance between the families, they rose together in an honourable career, and in the esteem of all who knew them. Robert Emmett, the younger of the two brothers, came, as is well known, to a sadder end. His youth and talents, the gentleness of his character and purity of his motives, above all, the devoted love which has thrown a kind of halo around him, all these have caused his memory to be held in regretful veneration. Yet, in truth, he deserved his fate; he took up the project of insurrection without reasonable ground of hope, carried it on without prudence, and had so little command of the men he had ventured to call into action, that short as was the street row, for it was little more, in which the insurrection terminated, it was disgraced by causeless and cruel murder. Nor can we acquiesce in the blame thrown upon government for having suffered the conspirators to bring their plans to an issue in order to quash them more decisively. There are abundant proofs, even in the volume before us, that these unhappy men knew that government had information of their designs; that they were not only dogged by spies, but betrayed by their own friends, both in France and Ireland. They could not, then, complain that they were “led on” by a false security; nor, considering that their object was to bring the foreign enemy into the land, could they reasonably expect much indulgence after their failure. Their true excuse is in that wretched state of things in Ireland which drove men desperate; “the free quarters, the house burnings, the tortures, and the military executions,” which Thomas Emmett alleged

—uncontradicted—before the Secret Committee of the House of Lords. The total suspension of the constitution, the whole Catholic population living subject to the direst and most insulting penalties, while all alike were liable to the supervision of spies and informers, to secret illegal imprisonments; in short, subjected to a system of cruel and crafty despotism, which has perhaps never been surpassed in iniquity. Herein is the excuse of the “United Irishmen;” the means they would have used cannot be justified. But no one can remember what men they were, how pure their motives, and how great their provocations, without desiring that they should receive justice from posterity. We sympathise, then, in the feelings of Dr. Madden, but we cannot praise the execution of the task he has undertaken. His materials are jumbled together in the utmost confusion; the narrative is obscure and wordy, and with so little arrangement that often the same facts, in the very same words, are two or three times repeated. If the “Lives of United Irishmen” is ever to become a popular work, it must in some subsequent edition undergo great alterations.

IV.—*Third Report of the Inspector appointed to visit the Reformatory Schools of Great Britain.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty. London: Eyre and Spottiswood. 1860.

The system of Reformatory Schools is one of great interest. It was a noble experiment to rescue our youthful offenders from a life of crime, and all are keenly alive to the importance of the results of that experiment. The movement was conducted on those principles which alone are truly national, that the religious influence which is brought to bear upon the young criminal, with a view to his reformation, should be that in which he was taught when young to regard as true. The advantage of such a system of freedom and equality of all religions in such a work, might be thought to be self-evident: and so indeed it is; but in most of our prisons we leave it to the courage of the prisoner to ask for any Minister of Religion except the Church of England Chaplain. The very one therefore who requires to be met half-way, and more than half-way, and who needs religious influence most, is not pro-

vided with spiritual help; for the interference of an official, representing a religion that is not the prisoner's, either the instrument of an unfair proselytism, or the temptation to a conscience-searing hypocrisy, does not deserve the name.

In the Reformatory School the young criminal is entrusted entirely into the hands of those of his own religion. Catholics have happily been by no means behind hand in availing themselves of the powerful means of doing good afforded by the Reformatory Acts; and we are therefore much interested in the Report of the Government Inspector of these establishments. We extract from this, the "Third Report," such portions as concern Catholic Reformatories, thinking that these details must interest our readers.

	Inmates.	Officers.	Industrial.			Treasury allowance.		
			Profit.	Loss.				
BOYS.			£. s. d.	£. s. d.		£. s. d.		
Brook Green ...	77...	7...	...	68 12 0	...	1,350 14 2		
Market Weighton ...	118...	13...	...	15 19 8	...	1,933 4 3		
Mount St. Bernard's ...	238 ..	23...	378 6 3	5,337 7 6		
GIRLS.								
Arno's Court, Bristol ...	143...	13...	278 19 2	1,920 4 0		
Dalbeth ...	14...	5...	4 18 10	165 15 0		

	Nett cost per head of maintenance.			Weekly food.		Weekly clothing.	
	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	£. s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Brook Green ...	21 19 6	...	2 6	...	0 6		
Market Weighton ...	17 6 10	...	2 0	...	1 3		
Mount St. Bernard's ...	14 18 6	...	3 4	...	1 3		
Arno's Court ...	10 0 0	...	1 10	...	0 4½		
Dalbeth ...	30 5 9	...	2 10	...	0 11½		
Average through England { boys...	19 5 7	...	2 6½				
{ girls...	15 6 10	...	2 6				

Brook Green has £135 2s. 3d. additional expense for rent: and Arno's Court has an entry of £902 8s. for building.

During the year one Catholic Reformatory has been closed:—

"the Catholic Girls' Reformatory at Beauchamp Lodge, Hammersmith, (the Convent of the Good Shepherd,) certified June 22, 1857. This school was opened to receive young Catholic female

offenders from London and the vicinity. It was supposed that these would be very numerous. Their numbers, however, proved to be much less than had been anticipated; and ample accommodation existing at Arno's Court, the 19 inmates of Beauchamp Lodge were transferred thither, and the certificate resigned in May."—*Report*, p. 7.

And a new Reformatory has been opened, at Westhorn Mills, Parkhead Glasgow.

"It promises, in its situation, and the extent and capabilities of the buildings, and, I may add, in the ability of its chief manager, Mr. Robertson, to be a very useful establishment. By the 31st December 26 boys had been received into it."—*Ib.* p. 58.

The following are Mr. Sydney Turner's Reports of the Catholic Reformatories.

"Catholic Reformatory for Boys, Brook Green, Hammersmith. Inspected December 15, 1859.

"The limited extent of ground attached to this school, allowing only of a small garden, entails many disadvantages on its managers. The workshops (tailors' and shoemakers') appear, however, to be carried on more effectively than at the period of my former visit. The appearance and manner of the boys show their want of more means of physical exercise and training. Great attention is paid, however, to their religious and general instruction, and they are fairly healthy, managed with much kindness, and seem orderly and cheerful. Considering the disadvantage which the 'Brothers' who superintend them labour under in being mostly foreigners, the quiet successful progress of the school may fairly encourage its promoters."—*Ib.* p. 42.

"Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory at Market Weighton. Inspected November 23, 1859.

"This institution has largely increased in the number of inmates, the average for the year being 118, and the number at the date of my first visit, being 131. Only one case of absconding had occurred during the year. The land is improving under careful cultivation. The discipline of the establishment, the convenience and good arrangement of the premises, are very marked. The boys have generally a cheerful and healthy appearance. A very effective band has been formed from among the boys, and provides a useful means of encouragement. The boys attend prayers in the chapel daily; a small 'section of honour' contains 16 boys, the director making this distinction essentially a prize for the most trustworthy. There are only two cells, and those are not very frequently used, a variety of other penalties for misconduct being resorted to instead, such as extra drill, shortened diet, and corporal punishment. The reports of all faults and offences are made

on Sunday, but the punishment then assigned is carried out on the Monday. Corporal chastisement is only inflicted by the prefect or superintendent of discipline."—*Ib.* p. 54.

"The Catholic Reformatory of St. Bernard's Abbey, Whitwick, near Loughboro'. Inspected November 12-14, 1859.

"This very important establishment has encountered very serious difficulties, and has been the subject of very great anxiety during the past year, arising mainly from the misconduct and inefficiency of several of the 'Brothers,' *i.e.*, the officers charged more immediately with the moral and industrial training of the boys. Steps are being taken to place these officers on a better footing, and so to secure, as far as possible, both a superior class of men and more of them. It would be improper to speak of these arrangements more definitely at present. Pending the reorganization of the staff of superintendents and teachers, it has been found necessary to stop the further admission of boys, so as to reduce the number of inmates, and facilitate the necessary changes. Some part of the present difficulty, no doubt, arises from the institution having been too rapidly increased. The admissions in the first two years amounted to above 250; a serious strain on a new and still imperfectly organized establishment, the cost of the buildings necessary for so large a number pressing also heavily on its resources. But a more active cause was the retirement of the founder of the reformatory, Dr. Burder, from his position as superior of the abbey. The community of St. Bernard's have no doubt done their best to meet the demands which the reformatory has made upon them, and have shown great readiness in adopting the measures that seemed likely to be advantageous; but the still recent origin and rapid enlargement of the institution require the combination of great experience and ability, with that influence over others, and still more that zeal and interest in the objects of the work, which Dr. Burder possessed, to ensure its successful management. The discipline of the boys and their out door work are now on a more satisfactory footing than they were a year ago. I trust the difficulties which have to be encountered may be successfully met. In many points the Cistercian order, making, as it does, the industrial employment of its members so marked a feature of its rule, appears eminently qualified for undertaking a reformatory. A number and variety of industrial teachers, combining religious influence with a laborious example, would seem to be at once secured. The situation of the Abbey of St. Bernard's is very healthful and remote from any considerable town or village; and the extent of land, requiring and likely to repay assiduous cultivation, which is attached to it, offers great advantages to such an institution, and with all the drawbacks above alluded to much good has been effected in and by the school. There is much, therefore, to justify the hope that it may yet become the best and most successful as it is the largest Catholic establishment of the kind in England. It may be mentioned that a large

reformatory is established at the main seat of the Cistercian order, the Abbey of La Grande Trappe in Brittany ; and it was mainly owing to the advice and encouragement of the late abbot of that community, as vicar-general of the Cistercian order, that Dr. Burder, as abbot of St. Bernard's, undertook the formation of a similar reformatory in England. The accounts of the school are now separated from those of the abbey, and are kept on a more accurate and careful plan."—*Ib.* pp. 40-1.

"Arno's Court (Catholic) Reformatory for Girls (Convent of the Good Shepherd), near Bristol. Inspected September 15, 1859.

"I found the additions and improvements to these premises, which I spoke of as being in course of execution in my last Report, nearly complete. The good order and personal improvement of the inmates have equally advanced. The industrial and mental training of so large a number of girls entails some difficulty and much responsibility ; but, as far as I can judge, both are being satisfactorily provided for, in the essential points of constant and useful employment, and fair average school instruction in reading, writing, cyphering, and singing. As mentioned in the body of the Report, the girls under detention at Beauchamp Lodge, Hammersmith, (21 in number,) were transferred to Arno's Court in May last ; an arrangement which secured to the latter institution the valuable services of the lady (Mrs. Lawson) by whom the instruction and management of the reformatory department at Beauchamp Lodge had been more immediately superintended.

"The funds of the community of the Good Shepherd have been largely drawn upon in connection with the new buildings of the institution, but the great economy effected in the management and maintenance of the girls in the reformatory has left a considerable balance from the amount paid by the Treasury on their account applicable for building purposes. The industrial returns for the year amounted to £278 19s. 2d., reducing the cost per head (on 143 girls) to £10.

"Arno's Court has borne a considerable part in the reduction of the juvenile crime of Liverpool. Nearly 100 Catholics girls have been received into it from that borough and the adjacent district. The amount contributed by parents for the year was £52 3s. 6d., or about 7s. per head. I find it difficult to obtain the same proportion of contribution from the Irish parents, whose children furnish the majority of the inmates in our Catholic certified reformatories, that I realize from other classes. I am not sure that this arises from any really greater inability to pay. It is often due to their greater skill and perseverance in making out the plea."—*Ib.* pp. 34-5.

"Catholic Reformatory for Girls at the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Dalbeth, near Glasgow. Inspected June 28, 1857.

"This school had made very fair progress at the date of my

visit. The number of girls has since considerably increased, and Mrs. Lockwood, the former lady superior, has resigned her office. She has been succeeded by Mrs. Newson. The establishment is still but recent, but so far has worked successfully."—*Ib.* p. 58.

The tenour of these Reports is of the most satisfactory character, and will greatly encourage all who have the welfare of these establishments at heart. But there are some Reformatories besides these in which we are hardly less concerned. From the extracts from Reports we now proceed to give, we learn that in two of these institutions Catholics and Protestants are brought up together. We cannot coincide with Mr. Sydney Turner's approval of such a system.

"The North-eastern Reformatory for Boys, at Netherton, near Morpeth.

"A very satisfactory feature of this Reformatory is, that Catholic and Protestant boys are trained together in it, arrangements being made to give the former the necessary facilities for Catholic instruction and worship by the assistance of the Catholic priest at Morpeth, a clergyman from the neighbourhood attending to give the same advantages to the boys belonging to the Protestant communion."—*Ib.* p. 44.

"United Industrial Schools, South Gray's Close, Canongate, Edinburgh.

"The system of uniting both Catholic and Protestant children in the same school appears to work very advantageously here. I examined the children of the latter division in Scripture, and the whole school on general subjects, and was very well satisfied with the results. Certainly the religious instruction of the Protestant children has not suffered from the arrangement, and the whole school appears to go on well, particularly in its industrial departments. The success of this endeavour to combine children of the Catholic and Protestant communion together may justify the conclusion that the difficulties in the way of such an arrangement are rather those of theory than practice. The advantages to society of destroying anything like unkindly feelings and sectional prejudices among the children themselves are evident enough."—*Ib.* p. 62.

Important as the subject is, suggested by the statement of these two Reformatories, the following is more important still. The "Report" does not inform us whether in the Reformatories at Netherton and Edinburgh, the education is professedly impartial, as it is called, or "God-

less," as it is still better called; but we suppose so from the words we have quoted; but evidently at the Glamorgan Reformatory the education is professedly Protestant, and no Catholic priest is permitted to give instruction to the young Catholics who may be committed to it. The statement of the Inspector that the Managers "are in a position to make this arrangement, and might be required to do so," will, we hope, be acted on.

"The Glamorgan Reformatory for Boys, at Howdref, near Neath.

"Some difficulty has been experienced in reference to the commitment of children of Catholic parents, a large number of Irish families being found at Newport, Cardiff, Merthyr, &c. In most of the cases that I have investigated, the religious and moral training of the children had been so neglected that it was scarcely possible to speak of them as being themselves of one denomination or another. Several applications have been made for the removal of these boys to the Yorkshire Catholic Reformatory. The great distance of this school, and the expense and total separation from their parents consequent on their transfer thither, and in some cases the positive refusal of the boys themselves to go, have caused most of those to be withdrawn. I should be glad to see some arrangement made, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act 20 & 21 Vict. c. 55. s. 6., for the religious instruction of such children by a minister or teacher of their own persuasion, in the school itself. Having received a grant from the county rate, the managers of the school are in a position to make this, and might be required to do so. It would on many grounds be advantageous, and the example of the North-Eastern Reformatory shows that it need not be attended with any serious difficulties."—p. 32.

The following table will be found to contain interesting statistics.

	Dead.	Doing well.	Convicted of crime.	Doubtful and unknown.	Total discharged.
Brook Green, ...	1 ...	23 ...	2 ...	6 ...	32
Market Weighton,	0 ...	1 ...	1 ...	1 ...	3
Mount St. Bernard's,	1 ..	23 ...	6 ...	16 ...	46
Arno's Court, ...	0 ...	1 ...	1 ...	1 ...	3
Total Catholic } Boys & Girls. }	2 ...	48 ...	10 ...	24 ...	84
Total Protestant boys,	13 ...	259 ...	62 ...	160 ...	494
Total Protestant girls,	0 ...	26 ...	10 ...	23 ...	59
Total Protestant } Boys and Girls. }	13 ...	285 ...	72 ...	183 ...	553
Total boys and girls,	15 ...	333 ...	82 ...	207 ...	637

V.—*Theobald; or, the Triumph of Charity. A Corsican Story*
London: Catholic Publishing Company, 1860.

This story is so very much superior to the general run of things of this kind, that we have pleasure in recommending it. The narrative turns upon a Corsican Vendetta. A young man, shot by his hereditary foes, leaves an orphan boy and girl, who are educated in France, by pious people. When he is grown to be a man, the young Theobald returns to Corsica, where he finds himself marked out as his father's avenger, both by the friends and the foes of his race. His father's sister solemnly welcomes him as head of the family, and ceases not to prompt, advise, and encourage him to the needful deed of vengeance. From Christian principles, he refuses steadily to take up the vendetta. Of all his little world his sister only understands or approves him. The difficulties and trials of this position may be imagined; they are simply described; and the story is brought very naturally to a happy conclusion. The writer is evidently well acquainted with Corsica, and with the character and customs of the people, and has thus been able to give a degree of vigour and truthfulness to the incidents, which are by no means common.

VI.—*Interpretations. Showing Scriptural Reasons for the Study of Prophecy. The Resettlement of the Seed of Abraham in Syria and Arabia Scripturally Explained; with Geographical Proofs and Maps. The Smiting and Healing of the Land of Egypt. The Rising again of Tyre. Year-Day and Day-Day Systems of Interpretation, Harmonised in a Straight Line throughout the Book of Daniel. The Napoleon Dynasty and Last Head, viewed in the Light of Prophecy. The "Last End" shown to be at Hand, if not already begun. With an attempt to form a Brief Summary of our Present Position, and Future Prospects.* By Major J. Scott Phillips. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt. 1860.

It is by no means a congenial task with us to pass under review the work whose marvellous titlepage we have just transcribed. The keenest sense of the ridiculous besets us as we read what this poor gentleman has written and thinks that he has drawn from the Word of God; but he

regards them as his religious convictions; and pious evangelicals look upon such a book as "spiritual reading," and so our laughter ends in heart-ache. We cannot plead guilty to being very conversant with Protestant "Interpretations of Prophecy," so that we cannot say whether this exceeds or falls short of them in extravagance. Fall short it hardly can do. Major Phillips has given us several maps, the sight of which fills us with amazement. Here is a Map of Palestine, with a long line drawn parallel to the coast, and marked "The Line of Construction." Along it, spaces are assigned to the Twelve Tribes of Israel, like the divisions in an allotment garden. Then our geography is surprised by a river which we never before saw in a Map of the Holy Land, leaving the Mediterranean at the word "Benjamin," passing through a square called "The Holy Oblation," labelled a little further on "The Straits of Azal," and passing through the Dead Sea to the Red Sea. From this we turn to another map, to find the square on a larger scale, and the "Straits of Azal" flowing through the "Valley of Eschol" and the "Valley of Achor," amidst a wilderness of letter-press, consisting of texts of Scripture, and directions of which no effort of ours could convey an idea to the reader. Here is a specimen—

"ACB Major axis of the Mount of Olives.

CD Perpendicular thereto exactly dividing the Mount of Olives and reaching direct to Azal.

EF The waters from the threshold of the Temple which at 4,000 cubits meet waters to swim in a river that could not be passed over.

G The thin line shows Jerusalem as it now exists, &c., &c."

It will be understood that the "Straits of Azal" are not precisely "as it now exists," for Major Phillips has managed to find out what is going to be. And this is how he discovered it:—

"Now, having deeply studied that admirable work by the Rev. E. B. Elliott, 'Horæ Apocalypticæ,' and being peculiarly struck with the great benefit of taking Scripture literally, wherever it could be fairly possible—we were in great difficulty on reading all the above passages, and the name of a certain unknown place, Aza—to make out what spot could possibly be called Azal. And after searching into all the commentaries at our command, and being

thoroughly dissatisfied with their 'spiritualizing' this chapter, as it were, *en masse*; we thought to take a common sense view of the matter—and so taking our Eton Atlas, drew a line showing the major axis of the Mount of Olives, and a central perpendicular thereto, at the same time having in mind the fact of the depression of the Dead Sea 1,312 feet below the Mediterranean, and many prophecies concerning the waters to be granted to the Promised Land. Immediately on tracing the perpendicular to the coast of the Mediterranean, and over Ascalon, the whole matter cleared up; and is not this the literal interpretation thereof?

"Ascalon, Azalon, or Azal, stands on the Mediterranean. Jesus Christ, the Lord of Hosts, shall stand when all nations are gathered together against Jerusalem: in that day shall He stand upon the Mount of Olives. And an earthquake at His bidding, and beneath His tread, dividing the land of Syria, a very great valley reaching from Jerusalem to Azal will admit the ocean waters from the west; and that valley will surely, stretching to the Dead Sea, open thither a way for the ocean waters to the east. But the Dead Sea level being 1,312 feet below the Mediterranean, a rushing strait will rapidly be made. The living waters of the ocean falling a total of nearly eight times the fall of Niagara, with an average descent of twenty-two feet per mile on sixty miles, and entering the Dead Sea at the northern extremity, will speedily cause its vast waters to rise; and while a mighty whirlpool will be created in the basin of the Dead Sea, the rising waters will be quietly permeating the drift sands of 4,000 years, which now conceal the southern bed of the river Jordan. Yes, as surely as the waters of the Mediterranean will enter the Dead Sea at an angle, and admirably prepared as the geographical construction of its surrounding mountains is, to produce a grand gyration; so surely will that gyration of commingled waters rise from a hollow swirl, to a mighty overpowering swell. And when at length the waters stand upon an heap, as Scripture phrases it, and the sustaining power of gyration ceases to uphold, the mass of waters falls and separates and strikes against the surrounding mountain sides. And now, 'Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; let the floods clap hands before the Lord, for He cometh to judge the earth and the people with *His* righteousness; and God will make a way in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert.'

"The tumultuous waters finding no other outlet, will rush down the Jordan's bed, cleansing it as in a moment. The Dead Sea, rising above its desolated shores, will overflow by the valley of Edom, completing the straits of Azal into the long Red Sea, by the Gulf of Akabah."—pp. 34-36.

Then, "at the close of the millennial dispensation" there is "to be suspended a city in the air, with its beautiful 'foundations, garnished with all manner of precious stones,'

above the total area of oblation." (p. 56.) The foot-note goes on :—

"We argue that since the foundations are described as of 'all manner of precious stones,' they will be visible, not concealed beneath ground; and therefore, that the city will hang as it were, suspended exactly over the holy oblation. And here we would note that the 12,000 stadia of Rev. xxi. 16 *might* be the circuit of a square base of a pyramidal city.....Our deduction of the cubit and reed from the stadium of the wine press of Rev. xiv. 20, being amply confirmed, even though the base of the holy city, New Jerusalem, descending from heaven, did not coincide. But this we leave for judgment, only perhaps the idea here given is the most enlarged, especially as with 'God' nothing is impossible. And yet there is something to our minds consecutive in the holy city, New Jerusalem, towering far into the heavens, precisely over the space of the holy oblation."

If the poor gentleman has had a predecessor in his "consecutive" idea, it must have been Dean Swift, with his Laputa.

Modern inventions our interpreter by no means ignores. There is to be "possibly a railway from Gibraltar to Azal" (p. 39.) and "in the blessing of Asher we read a just emblem of a modern railway." "When science is purified and exalted beneath a reign of peace and righteousness, the materials of closely-plated ships, leviathan constructions, pointed to by God in the Book of Job, may well be wielded by the strong arms of a virtuous and powerful generation into a railway bridge across the Straits of Babel-mandel." (p. 61.)

Major Phillips's *bête noir* is Louis Napoleon, so of course the number of the beast fits in as usual. Here it is:—

"L	-	-	-	-	-	50
u	-	-	-	-	-	5
d	-	-	-	-	-	500
o	-	-	-	-	-	0
v	-	-	-	-	-	5
i	-	-	-	-	-	1
"Romiith, 666	}	c	-	-	-	100
Lateinos, 666		u	-	-	-	5
Napoleonti, 666		s	-	-	-	0
						<hr/> 666"

Then we have "The Fourteen Years of the Feast of Trumpets," dating from Dec. 1, 1852. "L'Empire c'est la paix"—seven years! L'Empire c'est la guerre—seven years!" "The close of 1866, or the beginning of 1867, being the approximate period of our Saviour's second Advent."

"Is this all a dream?
Or is it in whole or in part,
AN ASTOUNDING REALITY?" (p. 99.)

"The man clothed in linen (clothed upon with Christ's righteousness—a part standing for the whole) with an ink-horn by his side—our Britain with its free press." (p. 125.) The remedy for 'The fuel of fire' which is accumulating in our otherwise happy country" is 'the free and open Bible, not vapified by mythicalizing philosophy or specious, however well intended, spiritualizings" (p. 124); but "let us turn to the bright and shining pages of the *Holy Book*, and let us career with fervid spirits and on the wings of memory and imagination" (p. 58). With what wings did Major Phillips "career" when "the American aerial machine" was found by him to have the characteristics of the four beasts of the Prophet Ezekiel?

The Major tells us that the wise "will tell the foolish to go buy books and read," in order that they may meet the Lord in the air. The foolish may certainly buy such books and read: but we are afraid that they will not be much the better for the process. We fear that "the method of taking the Scriptures, literally in their primary crush," may not exactly "prove to be that method which is sought." (p. 67.)

VII.—*Elementary Books for Catholic Schools.*

1. *The Primer.*
2. *Reading Book, No. I. Sequel to Primer.*
3. *Reading Book, No. II.*
4. *Reading Book, No. III.*
London: Burns and Lambert, 1860.

There is no mistake so great, and we fear so common, as that any one can teach a child, at least whilst it is very

young. We are sure that there is far more truth in the opposite extreme, and that there are very few who are capable of skilfully conveying knowledge to children, or to those who are very like children, the poor and uneducated. The simpler the subjects to be taught, the greater is the difficulty of teaching. Just as Dr. Johnson was puzzled how to describe *a net*, except in hendecasyllables, so it is no easy undertaking to attempt to convey simple ideas into the minds of those who are entirely unfamiliar with those that are more complex. All this of late has become a received doctrine amongst those who have had most experience in teaching; and few things are more satisfactory than to see that men of mark and ability do not consider it beneath them to devote much labour to the preparation of books of instruction for the young.

We have prefixed to this Notice the names of some "Elementary Books for Catholic Schools," which have lately appeared. They are Reading Books, beginning with a Primer, or Horn Book, and ending, at least as far as the Series has yet gone, with a Reading Book for moderately advanced students. In addition to the guarantee given us by the official *Imprimatur* of the Vicar-General of Westminster, we understand that these little books have received a most careful revision at the hands of a Sub-committee named for that purpose by the Catholic Poor School Committee. And they have the further advantage that they are sold at a very moderate price—no light consideration when they are required in large numbers by schools, the funds of which are not always abundant. On this very score of cheapness many Catholic Schools have felt themselves driven to use the Irish Commissioners' Reading Books; but we may now congratulate School managers that those religionless and un-Catholic books are now supplanted by works that are all that we could desire for our children.

What subjects children should be taught to read has long been a disputed question. That much harm is done by choosing the most sacred themes, and wearying a child with them, and leading it to identify them with its lessons, is now acknowledged on all hands. We are further of opinion that it is a mistake to attempt to teach anything else, together with, and at the same time, as reading, by the choice of instructive lessons. The book or passages should be chosen simply because they are the best suited

as reading lessons, and not because they teach other subjects also. If there be a quality that is to be looked for besides the structure of the sentences and the class of words employed, it is that the lessons should, if possible, be amusing and entertaining, so that the weariness of learning may be relieved, and reading may be liked for its own sake. Carefully chosen passages from Church History, Lives of the Saints, Poetry, Natural History, or Fables and Stories, will supply just what we require, and necessarily much instruction must be conveyed as they are read, though this was not the primary object in their selection. This requirement seems to us to have been the ruling principle of the compilation of these Reading Books, by which we have incurred a fresh debt of obligation to the Poor School Committee.